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METHODIST REVIEW

JANUARY, 1916

STUDY OUR EPISCOPACY

(Second Article)

In the Second Article, "Restore our Episcopacy," in the November-December Review, Chancellor Day, with his characteristic energy and mastery of the English language, returns to the attack. I can say with him, heartily, that "I read his article with unusual interest," and "I was not disappointed in the remarkable force of his statement, nor the art of his arrangement." But I also "was not convinced." Dr. Day writes:

> Far oftener than otherwise I have found Dr. Buckley's contentions conclusive, although in three great cases he has failed to convince me, and in two of them he did not convince the church.

Delightful! When such is the case it is a powerful stimulant to each writer, also to readers interested in a vital problem.

But soon he turned to my article, saying:

> His historic facts were too common and elementary to have been overlooked and they helped my contention more than his.

He closes his introduction with this affirmation:

> His logic was at more than one point, as I shall show, inconclusive, and his philosophy, contradicted by the records of old age, would be very unfortunate to apply to men of increasing years.

Let us see! The Chancellor may find himself in a maze of difficulties.

I

Dr. Day asks if I "will contend that we have an Episcopacy which is not permitted to resign and from which men are not retired except in extreme age and infirmity?" No! "That we

have an Episcopacy that travels at large throughout the whole connection and that is not limited by local districting?" No! "Will he say that we have an Episcopacy that chooses its residences according to its own judgment?" No!

"If we have not such an Episcopacy, have we the 'old-time' Episcopacy?" I now answer *yes,* substantially we have. Dr. Day practically declares that these alone made the "old-time" Episcopacy; a very erroneous idea.

The Third Restrictive Rule has protected the Episcopacy in its *fundamental* and *essential* powers. We have an Episcopacy that is "elected by the General Conference," that "presides in our Conferences," that "fixes the appointments of the preachers for the several circuits," etc., and "in the intervals of the Conferences changes, receives, and suspends preachers as necessity may require and the Discipline directs." In addition to this the Discipline of 1808 requires the Bishops "to travel throughout the connection at large."

This law has been unnecessarily mystified; but what the Bishops were then doing, and at the present time do *to a considerable degree,* reveals fully the meaning of the requisition. They are to attend and preside in the Conferences, and when not so engaged are not to remain exclusively *in or near their residences,* but are expected *to itinerate among the churches,* examining, instructing, and preaching. This I contend that they do.

The retiring of them, the limiting somewhat by local districting, the appointing of their residences, are not *fundamental* and *essential* features. Therefore I do not believe that

> We have done away with the Episcopacy of our fathers—the authority, the scope, the privilege, the power, and dignity of the earliest days.

I believe this to be an extravagant and unwise statement.

II

An intelligent stranger reading or hearing that the Methodist Episcopal Church had "done away with the Episcopacy of the Fathers" could, and probably would, think that the church was seriously declining. In our own church we sometimes hear

the statement made that the power "of the earliest days" is gone, and that we no longer possess the dignity and spirituality of our fathers. But I do not believe it. I believe that in the Episcopacy, the ministry, and the laity will be found dignity and spirituality *in the same proportion* as in the "earliest days."

Neither do I believe that our fathers were *absolutely* perfect and self-controlled.

Asbury and Coke for a time so disagreed as to make it almost necessary that they should not meet.

Jesse Lee, one of the greatest of our fathers, opposed several propositions which Asbury approved, and, in the Conference, Lee, who was speaking, saw from Asbury's expression that he was against him. Immediately Lee asked Asbury whether he (Lee) had common sense. Asbury said: "You have *uncommon* sense." "Then," said Lee, "if I have uncommon sense I ought to have an *uncommon* hearing." Asbury turned his back to Lee and wrote letters until the speech was finished.

On another occasion Bishop Whatcoat—perhaps the most spiritual of the earlier Bishops—rose in the Conference to "recommend the suppression of passion and ill-will in debate, and that reason should rule in every loving contest."

For more than ten years a controversy (over giving the Annual Conferences power to elect presiding elders) continued, which involved Bishops on both sides, and divided both ministry and laity, and so high was the feeling that there was great danger of splitting the church. So much so that Soule, after he had been elected Bishop, would not be ordained, and was not for four years.

All these men would have given up their lives for Christ. They were all aiming with equal zeal and integrity to promote what they sincerely believed to be the permanent interest of the church; *but they had similar dissensions to those of "our time."*

III.

Dr. Day says: "Dr. Buckley gives the impression that the *Bishops recently retired accepted their fate cheerfully. He is greatly mistaken.*" The person who is "greatly mistaken" is Dr. Day. There is no expression by me on that subject in the article.

Concerning this subject, however, I will quote from the Biography of Bishop Andrews by Francis J. McConnell (now Bishop), which is unsurpassed:

Bishop Andrews was retired from active work in the Episcopacy by the General Conference which met at Los Angeles in 1904. . . . When the Conference met, the Bishop was in his seventy-ninth year. Inasmuch as a vote to keep him on the effective list would mean that he must be considered effective for a period of four years longer, it seemed wise to the majority of the members of the Conference to retire the Bishop while he was still in excellent health and strength rather than to ask him to continue a work which at any time might prove too heavy. There is no doubt that the vote for retirement came as something of a shock to Bishop Andrews. He felt strong and vigorous, he was able to do more than his share of the labor of the Episcopacy, and felt that he could carry the burden through another period of four years. The shock, however, soon passed away. The Bishop accepted the judgment of the Conference with good grace. By the time he had reached New York on his return he felt that while there was some hardship about the method of episcopal superannuation, on the whole the Conference had acted wisely. *As for the principle of retirement in itself, the Bishop conceded in private conversation that this was entirely correct.* He felt that the church must insist upon the right to retire the Bishops, and though he shrank somewhat from the method, he could not help feeling that in a church in which the superannuation of ordinary ministers is every year a necessity, the superannuation of Bishops should not be resented by the Bishops themselves.

IV

Dr. Day exclaims:

Has he forgotten Chicago? Among other things the Bishops were charged openly before "the enemies of the Methodist Episcopal Church" *with having lectured for money.* Dr. Buckley was one of the most earnest speakers against them.

Dr. Day catches at his friend too quickly: The debate to which he refers was upon the question whether a Bishop should receive extra compensation (other than expenses) for his services in *dedicating churches,* and "such other like services."

In speaking on the resolution in the General Conference, I said: "We simply mean by this resolution that some General Conference officers and some Bishops have made charges for dedicating churches, and have specified the sum in writing. We know this to be a fact. *We do not say that it was immoral; we do not say that it was wrong;* we do say that it is a custom that has grown

up in modern times; we do say that we want to check it. . . . You say this is a reflection on the Bishops. I repudiate it. There is not a Bishop here that we do not believe to be a true man; and I do not believe there is one here that would object to the passage of this resolution—that is to say, if this body wants to do it."

But lectures outside of specific church work were not objected to in the slightest, nor have been. Bishop Simpson was in the habit of receiving large sums for his lectures, and others have done the same, and unless they should interfere with their duties as Bishops, no possible objection could be made.

V

Dr. Day says that an elder in an Annual Conference is not retired except at his own request, or for moral cause; and that Bishops are not given the same consideration.

Many ministers have been retired against their own desire. The District Superintendents inform me that it is one of the exceedingly unpleasant duties of a District Superintendent to be obliged occasionally to tell some brother *who is not conscious that his powers have failed,* so that he can no longer do the work of a pastor, that it will be necessary for him to superannuate.

Men are frequently retired not because they desire it, but because they are no longer acceptable in the pastorate. The cabinet reaches its conclusion, then tries to secure the *reluctant* consent of the brother; the Committee on Conference Relations hears the case and makes its report, and the Conference bases its action on the recommendation from the District Superintendent and the Committee.

The brother, being a member of the Annual Conference, may speak on the question. Otherwise the analogy is complete—except that the elder retires on an allowance of from $200 to $500, and the Bishop on an allowance of $2,500.

If the elder still attempts to remain he has recourse to an appeal; but how many make this appeal? How many more accept the decision of their Conference though *undesired* by themselves! I failed to make this clear in my first article.

VI

Dr. Day says:

> The doctor's statement that I referred to "these men and their advocates as tearing the Episcopacy to pieces" is wrong. The men I referred to were not elected.

I quote exactly from Dr. Day's first article:

> Our General Conference has a large number of men who take themselves seriously as *candidates for the Episcopacy* even if the church at large does not take them so. They have been flattered at home and will consider an election at the head of the delegation as a practical nomination. These are not sporadic cases. The trouble affects the efficiency of our ministry in general, in Conference politics, in the merits of great causes, in the discussion of momentous questions, in the reputation and advancement and election of Conference brethren. And the great shout of protest comes out of the throats of these men. *It was a body made up of many such men and more of their advocates and champions that tore our Episcopacy to pieces.*

If Dr. Day will read again the remarks which I made upon that statement in my former article, he will see that I did not say the "men to whom he referred were elected."

VII

Dr. Day in acknowledging that he has changed his position with respect to the retirement act passed by the last General Conference, asks: "Is a man not permitted to change his mind?" and quotes Josh Billings that "the difference between a fool and a wise man is that a wise man changes his mind sometimes."

Yes, but Josh Billings also said: "Opinions should be formed with great caution and *changed with greater.*"

VIII

Dr. Day certainly uses exaggerated sentences when he says that those who were retired were "turned out into *nowhere*"; that Bishop Foster was left "naked and old and comfortless"; and in his second article when he says again, "He is turned out to nowhere, and he must pick up work if he can."

Instead of being "turned out into *nowhere*" the General Conference passed a law relating to the status, powers, and privileges of superannuated Bishops.

If invited by the Bishop presiding he may take the chair temporarily in a General or Annual Conference; and at the request of a Bishop presiding in an Annual Conference, he may ordain candidates previously elected to orders. Moreover he is still an advisory member of the Board of Bishops, and a member of the different Boards and General Committees of which the Bishops are *ex officio* members. He is relieved from traveling through the church, may choose the place of his residence, and will receive a comfortable salary to the end of his life.

It will appear from this that he may exercise nearly all of the important functions of an effective Bishop, save that of the appointment of ministers to their several charges.

All of the retired Bishops "pick up work if they can," and have had more offers of work than they were able to accept.

If this be "turning out into nowhere," a very great many would wish to be "nowhere."

IX

Chancellor Day says:

> The highest judgeship in our land is a life tenure. . . . I met this summer Chief Justice White, *who would have been retired long ago upon our plan.* I was impressed with the earnestness with which he spoke of returning to his work. When the remark was made that he should not hurry back to Washington, that he had earned a full vacation, he replied, "But I must take my share and do my part."

Edward Douglass White, Chief Justice of the United States, was born November 3, 1845. Since he had not yet passed his seventieth birthday when the Chancellor met him, how could he have been "retired *long ago* upon our plan"!

X

No one honors old men more than I, nor more appreciates their work. And to belittle their services to the church and the world has been farthest from my thoughts in these articles.

The examples given by Dr. Day are shining lights and well worthy the admiration and veneration he pays them. But with very few exceptions they were men engaged in the *quiet* pursuits of study and writing.

The others *are* (as Dr. Day thinks I will say) "the exceptions that prove the rule."

It would be as bad logic as any Dr. Day accuses me of to say that because the blind doge of Venice could lead his men at ninety-four in the storming of Constantinople, we must not retire our Bishops earlier.

It seems rather unnecessary to remind Dr. Day that although brain cells may not be "all of a man," they are the source of his mental vigor.

He says Dr. Clouston's philosophy is a "most wretched philosophy to preach to either young men or old men."

I say both young men and old men should listen to it—the young, that they may learn to take care of themselves in their youth, and the old, that they may heed its warnings to do less work.

It is a true philosophy followed by the many and increasing number of men who visit their physician once or twice every year for a thorough examination to see that they are not overworking, to test their blood pressure, etc., and many more would be saved if they followed it.

A distinguished man in the Methodist Episcopal Church —a splendid man—on his seventieth birthday stood in his office and said: "Gentlemen, I am as strong and quick and vigorous as I ever was." The next morning the newspapers announced his death. Had that man "chalked down his years" and let up in his work, he might have lived many more useful years.

A long list might be given of men in our own denomination, who kept on at work and died, or broke down entirely, who, had they not clung tenaciously to *all* their tasks, might have lived to accomplish a good deal in some of them.

Dr. Day in his reply has confined himself to the "brain cells" and neglected to note the conclusion of Dr. Clouston. I quote it again with my own remarks, which still apply.

The power of judgment "*does not imply such an intense or continuous output of nervous force as do intense or long-continued feeling, willing, inhibition, or origination. Calm wisdom, in short, is not an exhaustive mental effort.*"

The Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church are the greatest exhibition of *"intense or long-continued feeling"*; and when great efforts of brain and mind are required, with speech, sight, or hearing lessening; and especially when those efforts are both in public and secret; and, being compelled to travel at set times, whatever the weather or the distance, sooner or later there must be the break down in one or more of the organs so long mercilessly worked.

The office has, as Dr. Day says, "been an inspiration to them"; but it is merely *poetic* license to say that "it has not worn them."

Modern conditions undoubtedly help some men to "do their work with greater ease and endurance than those under which our fathers toiled"; but modern conditions also have brought perplexities in their train and problems that our fathers did not have to face.

The Bishop of to-day may not know the physical discomforts of the "old-time" Bishops; but he has mental problems of which the "old-time" Bishop knew nothing.

I believe there is no comparison for the work of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It requires tremendous vitality and force.

FINIS

I suppose that I shall go on believing what I have written, and Dr. Day will continue to believe that Bishop Foster

> was robbed of the comfort of the reflection that the great church counted him her Bishop, that she revered him as a Bishop. No, this was not permitted to him, to Andrews, to Foss, to Warren.

And also he will continue to believe that

> by meddling with Providence we have wasted force enough in this period of our history to bring the millennium if it had been the mustard seed of faith used with sound sense.

These and other of his statements seem dreams.

Notwithstanding the mournful cry of Dr. Day "Restore our Episcopacy," the Episcopacy is here. From the day it was born it has been at work on great Christian projects. Those who "Study our Episcopacy" and feel its spirit will not groan but rejoice.

I still believe with Bishop Merrill that "*The superannuated relation is not appalling.* I like the word superannuated better than the word non-effective. It is a good Methodist word, sanctioned and sanctified by long usage. *The relation is an honorable one, and I cannot see why one entitled to enter it should hesitate at the threshold or dread the relation or the name of it.*"

I believe it to be a wise provision—both better for the church and for the Bishops themselves.

The advantage of the new method lies in preventing the discussion of individual cases in the General Conference, and precludes the possibility of some well-meaning delegate whose sympathy outweighs his judgment, precipitating a debate which places the church in an unfavorable light. This places all the Bishops upon the same plane. They know when retirement is coming, and become accustomed to the idea, avoiding a violent wrench.

It is well worth a trial.

My grandfather was a judge of the County Court, known to all as a "just judge." When a small boy I was sent with a message to my grandfather at the Court House. There I heard two prominent lawyers, opponents on a case, in violent argument. Their eyes flashed and they looked the picture of animosity. I was excited, and expected to see them come to blows at the noon recess. What was my surprise on my way home to see them dining together in a nearby tavern, laughing and talking in perfect harmony. When I told my grandfather what I had seen, he said: "They'll be at it again in the afternoon. They are fighting for other people."

Dr. Day and I disagree; but in love for the Methodist Episcopal Church and friendship for each other, we have always agreed.

J. M. Buckley

ECCLESIASTICAL POLITICS

The writer who undertakes to discuss ecclesiastical politics finds himself at the outset in a rather painful dilemma. If he does not know anything about the subject there is, of course, no need of his writing. If he does know anything, the question is, How did he come to know? Especially in the case of one who has come to position in the church is any claim to knowledge in this realm apt to be regarded as highly suspicious. But it may be urged in reply that discussion on such a theme does not depend upon the possession of information illegitimately acquired. Certain charges of political manipulation are apt to be urged against any church like the Methodist Episcopal. These charges are urged not so much because the critic is in possession of detailed information concerning political methods, but because an organization like ours seems in the thought of some to lend itself very naturally to political maneuvers. A consideration of the general grounds on which one may expect accusation of political activity in Methodism is always in order. It may be that there is a sense in which church activities inevitably seem political, no matter how worthy they may be. It may be there are some defects of organization which can be remedied. In any event an attempt to understand any dangerous possibilities in our organizational scheme is in order. The Methodist Church acts through a General Conference whose membership runs well over eight hundred delegates. Methodist ministers meet together annually in conferences ranging in size from thirty to over three hundred members. An observer can hardly have passed twenty years in the ministry himself, after twenty previous years in a Methodist parsonage, without arriving at some conclusions concerning the meaning of politics in the system thus made up of Annual Conferences and the General Conference.

It is not likely that the severest critic of our polity would suggest anything like political corruption as that term is used in

secular politics. There are no charges that votes are bought and sold, that ballot boxes are stuffed, or that tellers make false counts. The sharpest censor of our political morals would instantly avow that he means nothing of this kind. We instance this point at the outset. We must not forget that there is this great admitted difference between ecclesiastical and secular politics. When a speaker affirms, as one of considerable prominence did recently, that General Conference politics are worse than anything ever known in secular politics, we may be perfectly sure that the speaker does not quite mean what he says. We dismiss the charges of outright dishonesty at once simply because there are no such charges. To get to close quarters with our real question we listen first to the critic who affirms that he objects to that form of politics in ecclesiastical circles which consists in making political promises in return for political favors. The district superintendent gives a preacher to understand that a promotion is at hand in return for a vote toward a General Conference delegacy. Or, as others maintain, the holder of a General Conference position is pushed along up if he throws his influence toward some one else for the place thus left vacant. Now no one would deny abstractly that this kind of dickering is possible. And no one would deny concretely that possibly such deals have taken place. There is real peril here. The peril, however, can hardly be as extensive as is sometimes imagined. If it were, direct evidence would be more abundant. As for promises, we must all remember the proneness of human nature to take almost anything as a promise. Anyone who has had any sort of official relationship to a church knows, for example, what slight signs from churches are sometimes looked upon by ministers as "calls." Most official promises come down in the end to general expressions of willingness to "do what may be possible" for a particular man. As for the advantage which a General Conference officer holds for further advance, this advantage arises from the fact that his position enables him to become known over the denomination rather than from the fact that his advancement leaves a place open for some one else to fill. In the election of bishops in 1912 one General Conference position was left open. In 1908, two were left open, and in 1914, three. This makes a total of six

positions vacated out of a possible twenty-four. So far as these particular six men are concerned it would be entirely within the facts to say that desire for the places they were leaving open was a negligible factor in the advancement.

Still we must not overlook the fact that a large part of the criticism on Methodist Conferences as hot-beds of politics comes out of the resentment of men who feel that promises have been broken. We shall have occasion to remark later on that so-called political methods are not apt to be extraordinarily effective, but we wish to say at this juncture that the saddest outcome in the experience of him who relies upon political method is apt to be this bitterness of resentment at men who have apparently broken pledges—and yet all the bitterness can be accounted for without charging anybody with lying. Run through in thought for the moment the types of persons that we are apt to meet in a body of over eight hundred men. The worker for the advancement of this or that leader will save himself from much distress if he will learn properly to discount compliments. Some of us who make complimentary reference to this or that person who is being voted for mean exactly what we say. If we say we have enjoyed a sermon or a speech we may mean that and nothing more. We may not even mean that we agree with the speech, or that we wish to vote for the speaker. Others of us who pass compliments mean nothing more than a general expression of good will. We would be vastly astonished to learn that a good-natured and friendly remark has been noted as a pledge to vote. Then there are still others of us, thoroughly honest in intent, who in conversation have rare power of softening a harshness of the truth. That is to say, we are naturally kindly and charitable. We wish well, and we mean well, but we can so emphasize everything pleasant and so keep out of sight everything unpleasant that, practically, a false impression is produced. In attempting to correct the faults of our fellows we often do so in such gentle ways that our friends feel complimented instead of rebuked. There is very little friendly criticism of any value. Friends are too kind. To get a valuable contemporaneous estimate of ourselves we must listen to our enemies. Of course the enemy exaggerates and distorts, but he is apt to hit the raw

center where the fault lies. Again, among the eight hundred men we meet quite a goodly number who, while being sincere, present "different aspects of the truth to different persons." When two persons to whom these different aspects have been presented compare notes they may experience considerable surprise. But the weakness is not at the point of integrity. Some men are under the influence of the last conversation to which they have listened, and others never think anything through to a conclusion. Then there are other human beings who speak out of varying moods, and others still whose apparent acquiescence in another's remarks means that they understand rather than that they sanction. The presence of these various types in such large numbers in any assembly of eight hundred men is enough to account for the vast distance between what some think the vote will be, and what the vote actually is.

All this leads us to our first positive suggestion on this not altogether pleasant topic; namely, the need of straight frankness of speech between man and man. A Methodist Conference is a poor place to make statements that by any interpretation can be misunderstood. While ministers and laymen dislike to hurt the feelings of their brethren, any extensive observation of human life ought to show us that less injury is done by a plain bluntness which is incapable of being misunderstood, than by a soft kindliness which misleads and deludes and finally embitters him who has been its object. He who, in a rush of good feeling, makes a promise, or even suggests one, ought to have close at hand resources of clear statement which will make his promise something other than a snare. Abraham Lincoln was once greatly impressed with a newspaper article which a brilliant correspondent had written. In the first flush of his enthusiasm he seized his pen and wrote to the correspondent, "Come to Washington. I will appoint you to any position you may wish." He returned a half hour later and added, "which may be open." After another half hour he made a final addition: "which you may be qualified to fill."

A further charge against our system is that combinations are formed for the advancement of men—leaders agreeing to "throw" so many votes toward one party's candidate in return for like

favors; that if three places are to be filled, for example, three different groups of delegates, ambitious for three different leaders, will get together on a basis of mutual understanding. Here, again, there is no need of denying the possibility, but the extent to which the possibility becomes an actuality is a question. We occasionally hear of leaders who can "command" such and such a number of votes. We can be fairly certain that in such a church organization as ours the number of votes that can be commanded in any follow-your-leader fashion is very small. Startling stories have gone around at Conferences of how at this or that signal a hundred men changed their votes, and how an order was "passed down the line." Possibly the signal was given, or the order passed down the line, but the question as to the change of votes is another story. Voting in Conferences is secret. It may be theoretically possible to control votes by wholesale, but if the investigator will diligently run down such rumors and reports he will find that they net him amazingly little substance. The very size of the General Conference is a protection to the church against log-rolling combinations. Granting that all sorts of political schemes are started by rather coarse-grained individuals, the simple fact is that it is impossible by a merely political maneuver to tie up four hundred and twenty-five Methodist preachers and laymen in a political scheme. What gives color to the claim that this can be done is the obvious fact that in a close vote twenty-five voters banded together may be sufficient to carry a man to victory. But, if twenty-five men are voting with a merely political motive, what about the other four hundred? The other four hundred are voting with motives that seem to them to be entirely worthy, and any twenty-five out of the four hundred can as truly say that their honest convictions were as much back of the success of the result as the vote of the twenty-five politicians. Moreover, we must remember that there is a sense in which combinations are perfectly legitimate. Suppose there were three secretaryships vacant on one of the great benevolent Boards. What sort of delegate would he be who would vote for three men without any thought of how they would fit together in carrying out a plan? Or suppose a number of ministers are to be elected to the Board of Bishops. Who would want them all of one kind? We must not

say outright that any and every scheme for putting a number of men into position together is necessarily an evil combination. So with the objections to geographical combinations. No feature in our polity has been more often condemned than that which insists that geographical factors shall count in elections. And yet there is no feature for which more can justly be said. Take the broad difference between the East and the West. It is one of the commonplaces of church administration that transplanting a preacher from the Atlantic seaboard to the Rocky Mountain regions or the Pacific Coast, or vice versa, is one of the most hazardous ecclesiastical procedures imaginable. The writer of this article has many times refrained from telling eastern audiences all the truth about difficulties of pioneer conditions, in some parts of this country, for the simple reason that he has not wished to impair his own reputation for veracity.

We have said that it is not possible to secure a majority of over eight hundred Methodists merely by political methods. It is beyond belief that four hundred men sent to a General Conference will give themselves to the carrying out of a merely political scheme. The question is sometimes asked, however, whether the very size of such a body is a protection against the sort of effort which leads to an emotional stampede. Is it not possible, in such an assembly, to arouse great tides of feeling which will sweep men into positions far beyond their just deserts? Here, again, we must say that such an outcome is no doubt abstractly possible, but who has known of such an event taking place under circumstances which imply deliberate manipulation? In all great assemblies emotional crises occasionally occur, but they seldom occur as the result of deliberate working up. When the tidal wave arises it is most apt to come as a resultant of forces which no individual or set of individuals can control. About the surest way to bring a plan into failure is to attempt to manufacture emotionalism in its favor. Moreover, a careful study of the General Conferences of the last twenty-five years ought to convince any one that the influential leadership has become less and less of the so-called "oratorical" type. If the reader will take time to consult the files of the Daily Christian Advocate he will very soon discern that

the men most influential on the floor of the General Conference are those who deal in facts and reasons. We may admit that there have been at times attempts to make sentiment for men by putting them up for public addresses at the seat of the General Conference. But the return for this sort of tactics is usually very small. One of the keenest observers that our church has ever produced said, after a General Conference in which there had been an unusual number of persons elected to church office, that of all the persons whose names had been mentioned in connection with official position only one had created favorable impression at the seat of the Conference by public address. To such an extent is this true that the commoner charge is apt to be that the men avoid speaking at the seat of General Conference sessions for fear of taking the political risk; which shows, by the way, how one determined to make a charge of political maneuver can make it under any circumstances. This complaint has been lodged against men whose only reason for not making addresses has been that they have not been asked to do so. If a man sweeps into position as a result of great oratorical triumph we may well remind ourselves that the triumph is, very likely, legitimately born out of the circumstances. These charges of emotional stampede almost seem humorous when we ask ourselves how many of the sixty or more General Conference officers now serving the church were elected after displays of oratorical fervor, or as a result of great emotional stress on the part of the General Conference.

The General Conference is a body which decrees results after discussion either on the floor or elsewhere. Walter Bagehot has pointed out that the greatest virtue of government in a democracy is that the government is by discussion. It is absurd to think that men can be selected for positions in a genuine democracy by any other process than by discussion. It is, then, perfectly legitimate for one who believes that such-and-such a man would make a good church official to tell others so. An assembly of the most righteous men on earth could proceed in no other way; and such an assembly could, without the slightest wrongdoing in any particular, lay itself open to the charge of being political in its methods. Of course it is always possible for the critic to say that voting should

be a religious exercise, and we devoutly believe this, but this can only mean that the discussion which preceded the voting should be religious also. What other method is there for getting at the merits of a denominational situation except by discussion? If a man whose name is mentioned for office is himself having nothing to do with a movement in connection with his own name, this very fact itself should become known. But this makes it possible for ill-conditioned men to report that statements of such a man's disinterestedness are used to make political capital. Great voting assemblages always have proceeded upon the knowledge gained in discussion inside and outside of the voting place itself, and they will always thus proceed. In a perfect community of citizens met to select their best men for positions of power the cynical visitor from outside could always find what would seem to him to be unworthy political activity.

The question of legitimacy in political method finally becomes largely a question as to what is permissible in discussion. It is not permissible, for example, to utter slander of men. It is not permissible to make derogatory statements as to matters-of-fact concerning men without giving the men a chance to explain. The whole problem here is one of fairness in our dealing with our fellows. So far as the men voted for are concerned the problem as to their utterances concerning themselves becomes finally one of good taste. Who can deny that men in our ministry do speak to other ministers about their own fitness? We here come to a very delicate phase of this problem. Years ago a certain man prominent in General Conference circles used to say that he felt as definitely called to the bishopric as he felt called to the ministry. Assuming that this man was honest, and he was, what other recourse had he but to admit his own readiness to accept the Episcopacy? Of course all this provokes a smile, but the truth is that many men who insistently or gently urge their own claims for church position do so in all seriousness. That is the trouble; they are too serious. But this is a difficulty that is inherent in human nature. A discerning writer once published an important book on the self-consciousness of great men, making most astonishing revelations as to how important leaders have thought of themselves. There

is no use blinking the fact that many who are not so great think of themselves as qualified for any and every sort of official relationship. But what are we to do about it? All that a General Conference delegate can do is to vote. If he is convinced that such a man's estimate of himself is correct he will vote for him; otherwise not. The pathetic feature of all this is that when a man who has been, we will not say urging, but admitting his own claims, fails of election, he is apt to be sure that he was defeated by political methods. But to put together under the term "self-seekers" all who favor themselves for election to high position would be woefully unjust. Some of the most consecrated men the church ever has known have been the first to admit their own qualifications for leadership. The very openness of these men sometimes does them grave injustice. The writer of this article once knew a man who was often approached by men telling him of his fitness for General Conference office. The man would invariably reply with an expression of gratitude and a request that the speaker communicate his thought to others: and people called him a politician. As a matter of fact the outspokenness was all there was of the politics. The man was perfectly transparent and utterly devoid of any sort of littleness. When he was finally chosen to General Conference position he served the church faithfully and well. There is, indeed, question as to his good taste and his sense of propriety, but when we speak of taste and propriety we would best all be charitable.

Coming back for the moment to the limits of fair discussion in political matters, we must remark that there is no ready rule to determine such limits. Anything like unfair statement falls condemned before a Christian judgment, but there must always be room for frank speaking and for open criticism. Much of this criticism hits off a man's weaknesses in a way that does good, and not harm. At a General Conference it was urged against one of the men being voted for that he was an iceberg. When the friends of the "iceberg" protested against his being called by such a term the chief spokesman of the critics replied, "I will no longer call him an iceberg; I will simply say that if I were an ocean liner I would keep out of his way." After a somewhat fairly intimate

acquaintance with the man thus characterized I surmise that the critic hit upon a quality which the man and his friends would do well not to forget, and the phrasing of the criticism will probably prevent them from forgetting. Really great interests are at stake in church elections, and if a man can be torpedoed by a telling phrase in which there is nothing of personal rancor or adroit unfairness it may be just as well for him to go down. It is a just question as to whether men ought to be put in important positions before they have run the gauntlet of incisive criticism. Nothing more grievous could befall a church than a softness of speech which would allow weaklings to get into power. Frank dealing is the way out. There was once a Methodist orator of great power whose brothers in the ministry would not allow him to come to position of official influence. In his early years the preacher had made a bad break which showed a constitutional weakness. He was tried by his Conference, found guilty of indiscretion, and sentenced to be reprimanded by Bishop Simpson. He went on through the years to appointments of considerable importance and men asked why he was not elected to high church office. Between him and that office stood a group of determined ministers who declared to him that at any sign of willingness on his part to listen to those who would put him in high authority they would at once bring out for full discussion the weakness which he had previously shown. In the regular work of the ministry this man served well, but his brethren feared for a break if he should be put in a position of unusual prominence. The essential justice of the view of these ministers was revealed in the fact that in after years the man broke again in the very same weakness as in his earlier manhood, and broke in such fashion that it was thereafter impossible to use him in any place. It is doubtful if there was in his time any more forceful preaching ability than his in the entire church, but the brethren who dealt thus honestly and openly with him rendered their church a service.

It is by this time manifest that we are dealing with a problem which arises not so much out of the way our church is organized as out of the way human nature is organized. To attempt to deal with ecclesiastical politics by passing laws, or even by adding new

paragraphs to the Discipline, would be the height of folly. So far as the personal element is concerned our only relief is in the cultivation of speech so clear as not to be misunderstood, and in the gradual growth of a sense of propriety. A general toning-up of good taste is at all times in order. It is not fair, on the one hand, to say that our Annual and General Conferences are the scenes of wicked scheming. This is simply not true. But, on the other hand, it would be hard to find eight hundred or even one hundred men, the majority of whom are far along the road toward perfection, in the observance of the proprieties. It must be remembered that when men meet together for group action they are exposed to a set of temptations which they do not often encounter in the more strictly individual relationships of life. In our dealings with one another as individuals our codes of the proper in conduct are rather clearly marked out. In almost any form of group activity, on the contrary, there are no thoroughly wrought-out codes. What is permissible or unpermissible must be left largely to each one's sense of propriety, and where this sense is not highly developed we may expect actions which are not indeed consciously evil, but which nevertheless fall short of the ideal.

Meantime, as we wait for the slow growth of the finer spirit, it may be well for us to remind ourselves that there is one change of emphasis in our church activities which would speedily bring a large measure of relief. We refer to the shifting of stress from persons to programs. Even if the discussion concerning persons is conducted on the highest plane imaginable it is apt to get lost in the trivial and inconsequential. Conferences meet for action upon certain measures more or less important. Those who are familiar with the administration of churches know that, when a church seeking a pastor can clearly answer the question as to the distinctive type of work to be done by that particular church, the choice of a suitable man is much easier than when the debates turn round the qualities of the men without reference to the church's program. So in the election of men to offices the most important question is as to the policy the church ought to adopt. With the policy once determined swarms of questions as to individual men settle themselves at once. The church to-day is confronted by missionary

opportunities the like of which the world never has seen. In the social sphere the challenge is for the reorganization and spiritual uplift of men in the industrial and civic relationships. The chances everywhere for evangelism of the really effective sort were never so numerous. If the church can first determine what it must do in relation to these mighty calls the problem of men will more speedily adjust itself. It surely ought to be able to discuss measures and keep the discussion on a high plane. To determine upon the measure first and then to select the men is much more rational than to pick the men and then give them instructions. The writer was once present at an Annual Conference in which a motion carried to instruct the delegates already elected to the General Conference to work for a certain important measure at the General Conference. As soon as the vote was passed it was perfectly evident that the Conference had gone at things from the wrong end. It had elected a half-dozen delegates, of all varieties of attitude toward the proposed measure, who could not under any circumstances work together. If the instructions had been passed first, and then the delegates elected, an entirely different set of men would have been chosen. This is just a hint toward the larger problem. Suppose a General Conference is clearly determined upon proceeding forthwith to certain definite missionary and social and evangelistic policies. Suppose that qualifications for carrying out these measures are kept distinctly to the fore—what a mass of discussion of the kind ordinarily heard at the seat of a General Conference would forthwith become irrelevant! With the great moral urgencies uppermost in the minds of the voters, how much time would the delegates have for considering the question whether this or that man should be elected to something to "vindicate him" against some criticism or other, or to reward him for some real or fancied service or to please him with a complimentary vote? The sole question would be, "Can the man do this work?" and all other questions, which did not throw light upon that one, would be cast out as irrelevant. If it be urged against this suggestion that we would then have men trying for political purposes to adjust themselves to programs whose popularity they might anticipate, the reply is that this

would be no great evil so long as the men remain sincere. If it be objected that this is altogether too ideal a program, the reply is that this method is followed in scores of business organizations, in many legislative assemblies, in labor-group and social-reform organizations without number. We may add also that precisely this plan was once followed in a General Conference in the reorganization of one of the great church Boards; that the plan was carried through without any suggestion of political manipulation; and that it resulted in very large practical success.

Francis J. McConnell

METHODISM'S PLACE IN THE SUN

In the world-movement of religious life Methodism holds a place that is distinctive and peculiar. While its primitive features have been modified, by contact with other denominations, it has suffered no material change and has given in all directions at least as much as it has received. It has maintained its original character not, as some would have it appear, by being a static organization, but by virtue of being a movement; continuing in its original direction with speed possibly somewhat slackened but with continually broadening lines. Bergson in his Creative Evolution uses several striking figures to illustrate different phases of the onward movement of life; the spread of a sheaf of grain, the bursting of a shell, the rush of a jet of water through its own falling drops. One gets from them a composite impression of the evolution of life as being like the course of a rocket which, in the act of exploding, sends back to earth only a few fading, blackening fragments, while at the same time it generates by its explosion a new upward impulse, and so perpetually renews its flight. Whether or not we accept this account as sufficient we cannot help feeling the fascination of the idea and its aptness as an illustration of the world-movement of religious life. Passing by all prior developments to begin with the Christian religion, we may trace this supreme system through a process of evolution which manifests itself in a succession of spiritual impulses. It has advanced ever, not by breaking away from its past, but by breaking through its present, maintaining an historical continuity of movement rather than of external organization. The true apostolical succession shows itself independent of ecclesiastical forms and creeds and ordinations. It is the succession of a developing spiritual life.

The spiritual forces working in primitive Christianity produced an amazing fertility of movements, among which may be discerned the germs of all heresies and equally of all orthodoxies. As these scattering fragments faded into obscurity and oblivion a new impulse was developed which manifested itself in a tendency

toward closer organization based upon the notion of catholicity. A popular error, which the Roman Church industriously fosters, holds that all Christendom was once Roman Catholic. The truth is that Roman, Greek, Armenian, and Coptic communions all sprang from the same source, in obedience to the same impulse. This impulse was generated by the desire for some accredited norm or foundation of belief. All sorts of schisms and erraticisms ran rampant among the early churches claiming acceptance, some of them, as the original and changeless deposit of the faith, and others as the "latest assured results" of the most advanced development of the faith, until simple folk were quite bewildered and longed for some reasonably sure ground of authority. In their perplexity they turned to the church and, while no assembly that ever convened was truly catholic, the people were satisfied that they had attained the spiritual end for which they were seeking, a real avouchment of the Christian faith. To maintain this situation two things were required. On one hand, a perfectly unselfish administration of the affairs of the church, and on the other a people who could not read and who did little thinking. Neither condition existed for any length of time. The several organizations which laid claim to catholicity began almost at once to harden into set forms of spiritual tyranny. The sacerdotal and sacramentarian aspects of church life were unduly exalted, and through them the priesthood sought to enforce absolute authority not only over the forms of worship, but also over the religious thinking, the spiritual experiences, and the eternal destinies of men. For some time this occasioned no serious inconvenience because it was largely unnoticed. In the general breakdown of civil government and national life that marked the Middle Ages spiritual interests had little attention, and men were content with the conventional forms, but when law and government began to lift their heads above the surge of the prevailing disorder, and men gained a little quiet in which to breathe and think and pray, new movings of the life of the spirit appeared. Men began to find themselves hemmed in by the existing forms and by the attempt to coerce their minds and souls into absolute subjection. A spirit of restlessness and resistance sprang up in vigorous and adventur-

ous souls who dared search for truth and God, and this spirit spreading among the people pressed increasingly against its barriers. The consequence was the outbursting of a new spiritual energy which could not find room for itself within the so-called catholic organizations.

The new impulse was the product of the struggle of spiritual life to be free and personal. The demand for a religious faith resting upon external authority had spent its force. Henceforth it was left to the non-progressive peoples and began to fall into separate and fading fragments. As authority became no longer a support, but a restraint, the movement toward authority centered its strength in the Roman Church. It was the strangest and most complete development of the idea of authority, and apparently in it alone resided the spiritual energy which was capable of generating a new spiritual impulse. As the impulse to a free and personal spiritual life arrived at self-consciousness and self-expression it came into violent collision with the existing ecclesiasticism. The rage of pagan Rome against primitive Christianity did not equal the virulence with which papal Rome persecuted a Christianity which taught men to find their way to God without the intervention of a venal priesthood. A free spiritual life found room and leave to live only where it was able to secure the protection of a strong civil power. Under these conditions the immediate output of the movement toward spiritual freedom was a flourishing crop of State churches. Wherever the new movement prevailed a new relation between church and State came into existence. Instead of a supreme and absolute church lording it over the State there was a church, more or less national in character, under the protection and support of the State. Before long the State began to assert the right to control the church and to dictate religion to the people. The principle of religious liberty was not yet established and even religious toleration had obtained no secure footing. It has been said of the Pilgrim Fathers that they came to America to be free to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences —and to compel everybody else to do the same. Religious organizations differing on matters of no real moment contended for the patronage of the civil authorities in order to secure

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immunity from persecution and the privilege of persecuting their opponents. The sole gain for liberty was that a man might find a country with whose religious forms and beliefs he could agree. In proportion as the advance was slight the impulse behind it was soon spent and the forces of spiritual life began to gather themselves for a new outburst. Men had scarcely shaken themselves free from the catholic tyranny when they found the exercise and expression of the spiritual life impeded and fettered by considerations of state policy and the personal interests and schemings of worldly politicians. A religion of real spiritual life, of initiative and downright moral earnestness, comported as little with the aims of the State politicians as with those of the catholic ecclesiastics. Under the *régime* of the State churches religion settled into nothing more than a new formalism with ritual and routine carefully prescribed in the interest of the eternally stationary.

The pent-up spiritual forces, developing more freely and rapidly than ever, burst out into a new movement of extraordinary power that is even yet far from having reached its height: the free church movement. The essential feature of this movement is its rejection of the notion that authority over the souls and destinies of men inheres in any creedal statement or particular form of church organization. Such authority cannot rest in human hand, even by delegation. The church is a voluntary union of Christian men for the purpose of realizing Christian ideals. It is divine in just so far as it is the product of a divinely bestowed spiritual life which draws men together for its cultivation in spiritual worship and its development through spiritual service. The immediate effect of this freedom was a bewildering multiplicity of independent religious bodies. Any man who could gain a handful of adherents might set up a new organization and call it a church, although he could not always endow it with the vitality of a church. The movement had its beginning in England, where the spirit of free religion had always been especially active, and came to its culmination in America, where religious liberty was established by law. The movement has not as yet passed its formative stages and is developing new tendencies from within. The divisive tendency, which in its earlier stages seemed to

threaten its speedy disintegration, appears to be on the decline and the tide is setting strongly toward closer union. The impulse toward liberty, having established freedom among churches, is now moving on to the establishment of a larger freedom within church lines. While separatist bodies continue to be set up they are no longer resulting in great denominational organizations and soon disappear, either by being absorbed into the larger churches or by the destructive operation of their own disintegrating forces. The very small denominations are undergoing a process of attrition and absorption which seems to prophesy their extinction at no very remote date. The day of the little and narrowly exclusive church is passing. The existing churches are seeking reasons for closer union and methods of making their present degree of unity more effective. We are approaching the time when the church which attempts to isolate itself will perish by its isolation. At the same time, as one of the causes operating for unity, there is a decided tendency toward a new emphasis on social righteousness. Whether or not this tendency shall find room for itself in the existing forms of church life, its development into a well-defined movement seems spiritually certain. It is not to be denied that reactionary and mammonistic forces in the church, operating by peculiar methods through the peculiar influences which wealth and power know so well how to wield, are working against the effective socializing of religion. If this awakening impulse should be checked or suppressed in the free churches it would simply make a new channel for itself and the churches would be the only losers. We may be reasonably sure that the future development of the free church movement will be along the lines of federation and the social interpretation of the gospel.

In the free church movement Methodism occupies a very conspicuous place, and in Methodism this movement finds its most complete and conspicuous expression. Methodism was the first of all the great religious bodies which sought to fulfill its mission without seeking the help or alliance of the civil power. From its very beginning it was organized wholly in accord with the free church idea. Sporadic and transient movements toward freedom there were, but no other such a definite and permanent organiza-

tion. Only one other great religious denomination can make a rival claim, and that claim is uncertain. Some churches there were which strove for the patronage of the State, but, failing to secure it, had left to them the alternative either to die or to become free churches and fight for the right to live. Some churches to-day are State churches in the land of their origin and free churches everywhere else. Methodism never sought to become a State church—did not in the beginning seek to become a church at all. It became a free church by the simple process of striving to maintain and develop its spiritual life and deliver its spiritual message. It parallels the history of the whole free church movement. It had its beginning in England and has its culmination in America. It was affected by the divisive tendency which marked the early stages of the movement. Witness the seventeen varieties of Methodism in this country, to say nothing of the other varieties in the rest of the world. It is now feeling the impulse toward federation. All the branches of Methodism in Canada have united in the Methodist Church of Canada and this church is now discussing a union with the Presbyterian and Congregational communions of Canada. In this country there is definite and steady progress in the direction of a union between our own church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, together with one or two smaller but very significant bodies of Methodists, to form a great church which by its very magnitude will exert an immense influence over the whole free church movement.

Methodism has been well to the fore in its recognition of the social teachings and implications of the gospel. The program of social service instituted by John Wesley has not been surpassed, probably not equaled by that of any religious organization since the very early centuries of the church. In our country Methodism has been a conspicuous factor in every advance toward social and civic righteousness. It was forward in the fight against slavery, it is fighting in the foremost rank in the battle against the saloon, its protest is loud and clear against the exploitation of children by regular labor in factories, mines, and other such occupations as only adult constitutions are fitted to endure, against long and exhausting hours of labor for women, and in favor of the fair

living wage, of the eight-hour day, and of the protection of workers in dangerous occupations. The social creed of the churches is, for the most part, the expansion of an utterance of a Methodist General Conference.

Of all the free church types Methodism is the largest and most widely diffused. Its communicants number about seven and one half millions in the United States, with three or four times as many adherents, not massed in particular sections or localities, but distributed generally and rather evenly throughout the entire country. It exists in practically every country in Europe, in almost every country in South America, in all of North America, in Africa, North, East, West, and South; in the greater part of Asia, in Australia, Java, the Philippines, and in many of the scattered islands of the Pacific. The geographical position of Methodism among the free churches is central and strategic. This estimate of the place of Methodism is strengthened by a study of its inner development. Every religious movement unfolds according to a certain general program, beginning with a spiritual impulse which expresses itself in an appropriate theology and embodies itself in a suitable working organization. It begins always with a new impulse of spiritual life, which springs out of the old life and carries much of the old along with it. The new movement arises not because the old has wholly failed, but rather because the old has chiefly succeeded. One function of a spiritual movement is to render itself inadequate. The unmistakable evidence of senility in a religious organization is to regard itself as final. This corresponds to hardening of the arteries and portends paralysis. A new spiritual movement preserves all that is real in the old life by discarding old forms and finding room for growth and transformation. The movement which brought forth the free churches—the impulse toward a strictly real and personal spiritual life, unmediated by priesthoods or ritual forms or ecclesiastical machinery—seems to have reached in Methodism its central development and efflorescence. Methodism was the product of a spiritual impulse of such amazing reality and power that it could not help announcing itself. There is a trite saying to the effect that "Methodism was born in a university." This is an exception

to the rule that trite sayings become trite because they are so indisputably true. The error arises from a failure to discriminate between the small group of Oxford students who were nicknamed Methodists and the subsequent spiritual movement which came to be known as Methodism. All that Methodism owed to the "Holy Club" was its name. Spiritually the members of that club were in bondage to an ascetic legalism. Out of this bondage the founders of Methodism found their way into a large spiritual freedom whose ranges and boundaries are even yet not fully realized. If the Wesleys and Whitefield had taken out into the world only what they brought from Oxford they might have produced some slight stir, but they would not have produced anything at all comparable to the Methodist movement. Methodism was born when these men were "born again." In the midst of vain searchings for peace of soul they caught a vision of a spiritual life unaffected by such merely temporal considerations as poverty and suffering and danger, a life in which, even now and here, "sickness and sorrow, pain and death, are felt and feared no more." Toward this they bent all their studies and strivings and prayers. At length George Whitefield broke rapturously into an experience so wonderful that his "joys were like a spring tide and overflowed the banks." A few days afterward Charles Wesley "found himself at peace with God, and rejoiced in hope of loving Christ." Still later, without knowing what had happened the other two, John Wesley, cool, poised, steady, the man of sober logic, of sanity and self-control, while engaged in so unexciting an exercise as listening to the reading of the preface to Luther's exposition of the Epistle to the Romans, "did feel his heart strangely warmed." At once the presence of a new power became manifest. Their preaching was invested with a strange spiritual quality which stirred men in such unwonted ways that all the constitutional guardians of the conventional were seized with holy fright and at once the churches were closed against them. The movement, instead of being shut in and slowly asphyxiated, was thrust out where there were room and air. These men who had found the life more abundant went out and "preached everywhere, the Lord working with them and confirming the word with signs

following." Sign one was a unique power of moral transformation. The novel testimony found equally novel attestation. The record is that defaulting debtors began to pay their debts, drunkards became sober, liars became truthful, thieves became honest, the profane became reverent, the quarrelsome became peaceable, and the impure became chaste. Sign two was a new evangelistic zeal. Every converted man, without quitting his allotted place in life, became therein an evangelist. The movement ran swiftly through England and America. It awakened the non-conformists, stirred even the Established Church and renewed the religious and moral life of the nation.

A spiritual movement, when once it is fairly under way, proceeds to find expression for itself in an appropriate theology. It has been somewhat popular of late to decry theology in the vain hope of thereby exalting religion. Only a few years ago a great evangelist said to applauding audiences, "I love religion, but I hate theology." That is about as reasonable as if he had said, "I love health, but I hate hygiene." A genuine movement of spiritual life without a corresponding movement in theology is an impossibility. A man who really has religion cannot help trying to think it out. A genuine theology is simply a reasoned statement of religion. The attempt to construct a new theology on a scholastic basis is foredoomed to failure. No matter how adroit may be its critical skill or how acute its reasoning, it will lack the breath of life. A true theology is a growth which marks the gradual development of self-consciousness in a spiritual movement. The technically theological interest of early Methodism was very slight. One of the chief novelties of the movement was the extraordinary freedom of opinion which it maintained and encouraged. Such theology as it held with conviction was developed, not in deference to any speculative interests, but in response to the practical demands of its soul-saving message. Its distinctive doctrinal message—not the one set down in the Articles of Religion, but rather that which was delivered by the living voice of its preachers—ignored the mysteries of metaphysics and dealt with questions related to the personal experience of salvation. It proclaimed salvation as universal—open to every man, upon absolutely equal

terms, without secret reserves or discriminations; as personal and immediate—requiring no priestly or ecclesiastical intervention; as free—not earned or purchased by the sinner, but given upon the reasonable conditions of repentance and faith; as complete—covering the whole life of the man, reaching the full depth of his guilt and the full extent of his moral disability; as consciously experienced—so that every man might be assured of his own salvation by the indubitable witness of his own soul.

In its broader and more theoretical phases of teaching Methodism began with the doctrinal system which it found, adapting it more or less unconsciously to the requirements of its evangelistic message. The result was a change by almost imperceptible degrees from the existing doctrinal statements to others more in consonance with the free and joyous experience which was the determining factor of the movement. This work of modification is still in process. It is doubtful whether it ought ever to be ended. Progress is stayed when doctrines are crystallized into set statements which purport to be final. Nothing much is accomplished by fixing doctrines in terms in which after a while nobody will care to preach them. The condition of freedom and progress which exists in Methodism is illustrated in the history of our teaching on the atonement. At first it was frankly Calvinistic and substitutional, with only such modifications as were absolutely necessary to keep it from clashing with a sincere and consistent offer of salvation to every man. These modifications increased, producing a growing sense of their inconsistency with what they sought to modify. Then we advanced to the form of doctrine which for many was sanctified by the authority of Dr. John Miley—a theory which was explicitly anti-Calvinistic—but we did not long rest in that. We have not definitely rejected it, as we did not wholly reject the idea of substitution, but we are feeling that it is not adequate and we are groping our way toward a statement which will be less mechanical and more vital, which will find more than one factor in the problem, and which will give us an atonement not only for sinners but for the sins of sinners, and one which will accord perfectly with the experience of forgiven men. Methodist theology is in this unfixed state of movement and prog-

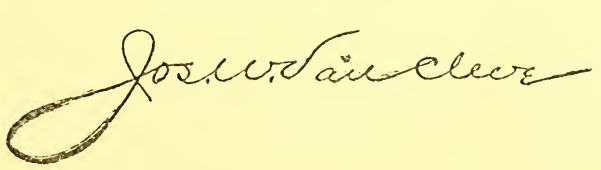
ress not in subservience to the endless lucubrations of self-styled scholars, but in the free effort to give expression to a vigorous and developing spiritual life. A definite spiritual impulse, at the same time when it is coming to self-consciousness and self-expression, is also getting itself embodied in a suitable working organization. A vital religious experience felt as divine is imbued with the spirit of propagandism. Only as it loses life and becomes conventionalized does it become reticent. The hush of reverence is a beautiful thing, but when it overpowers the sense of reality it is somewhat excessive. The primal instinct of spiritual life is to make itself known. From of old its word is, "We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." Along with this spirit of propagandism, and forming an essential part of it, is a high moral and spiritual tone. A movement of spiritual life instinctively organizes itself for the effective communication of its message and for the development of its moral life.

Methodism has, or rather is, a unique organization. Its organization, like its theology, was developed in the process of its work. It began in absolutism and has marched straight and steadily in the direction of democracy. A more thorough-going autocracy than the rule of John Wesley would be difficult to imagine. All legislation was by his decree, all property was held in his name, all administration, by whomsoever carried out, was under his authority and in all matters of judicature he was the court of last resort. Only that he was the father of the movement and was highly revered as such, and the further fact that he was known to be absolutely devoted to the work of God, caused the system to be tolerated. The democratic tendency inherent in Methodism has been impeded in England by Wesley's Deed of Settlement, but in spite of that document much progress has been made. In America, where the drift toward democracy has been unhindered by external restraint and has enjoyed the advantage of a favoring environment, progress has been more rapid. At first the authority of Wesley was as absolute here as in England, except that of necessity it was exercised through a representative. That function soon fell to Asbury, who had a will of his own and gave the societies a Wesleyan rule strongly Asburyized. When

the independent spirit of American Methodists compelled Wesley to set up a separate communion to provide for the administration of the sacraments, Asbury, desiring to be independent, refused to be consecrated bishop on Wesley's appointment and demanded to be elected by the preachers. The result was to establish the power not in the hands of Asbury, as he apparently wished, but in the hands of the preachers. They proceeded to organize the church, to elect bishops, and even to the unheard-of boldness of assigning limits to the authority of Wesley himself. At that time all authority was in the hands of the ministry. After many struggles, continuing through many years, laymen were admitted to General Conference, in a small minority, upon election by representatives chosen by the Quarterly Conferences, which were nominated or appointed by the preachers. The preachers retained a strangle hold on legislation. At length laymen were admitted in numbers equal to those of the ministers. Then Electoral Conference came to be chosen by the members of the congregations, and at last women were made eligible to seats in the governing body. In the same gradual way the authority of the church has been extended over the bishops. They have been made responsible to the General Conference, which has asserted its power to remove them from office. They have been assigned to their places of residence. The limitations necessarily imposed upon the administration of the bishops severally, and which they had arranged for themselves according to long custom, have been virtually assigned by the General Conference. In local administration the trustees may now be chosen by the congregation instead of the Quarterly Conference. The only steps wanting to the democratization of our system would seem to be the admission of laymen to the Annual Conferences and the election of local officials by the congregations.

Prior to the organization of Methodism three distinct forms of church polity existed, the Episcopal, the Presbyterial, and the Congregational. These held themselves separate with little or no fusion or crossing of lines. Every religious organization was definitely and uncompromisingly some one of these forms. Each of them was maintained as of divine authority and essential to the existence and integrity of the church. Methodism, more by

instinct or happy accident than by set design, assumed the liberty of Christians to adopt their own forms of organization and government and their right and authority thereby to constitute a perfectly valid church. In so doing it occupied without any foresight, and probably without any forethought, the only position upon which a union of Christendom ever can be effected. In accordance with this principle it felt itself free to embody in its organization every excellence which it found anywhere and it made large use of its liberty. It agrees with Congregationalism in its estimate of the importance of the spiritual liberty of the individual. It is one with Presbyterianism in holding that the ministry is valid and complete in two orders. In its appreciation of the practical value of the episcopate it approaches as near to Episcopalianism as liberty will permit. In its unified executive authority centering in the Board of Bishops, and its supreme administrative and legislative authority concentrated in the hands of the General Conference, it closely approaches the unity of the churches which claim to be Catholic, while by virtue of its representative character it possesses a freedom and flexibility which they cannot hope to rival. Its organization is so perfectly articulated that it can reach with surprising quickness every member in its vast communion. The tenacious continuity of its pastorate, in point of time and in point of extent, is unparalleled. In no other religious body is it so easy to effect pastoral adjustments. In no other is every congregation so certain of a pastor and every pastor so certain of a parish. In this day of tendency toward federation the organic position of Methodism is especially strategic. If there were a centripetal movement of all Christendom for the purpose of reaching the larger communion of the Kingdom of God, that movement would converge and come to rest somewhere near the position of the Methodist Episcopal Church.



JESUS'S PROOF OF THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD

Of any one of Jesus' sayings or acts it might be said, If we could understand what it is, "root and all, and all in all," we should know what Christ and God is. For his words and deeds issue whole and unsullied from his inner life, which is "the human life of God." But it is only possible to see the whole glory of Christ the Son of God mirrored in a single saying or act when we have already learned to view him in the unity and wholeness of his purpose and work. Then only can the particular word or deed be seen in its vital relations and so be really understood. Yet, while every word and deed of Jesus really issues from the depth, there are some words and deeds which more than most afford us a large, clear look into the depth. Such a one is Jesus's answer to the question of the Sadducees concerning the resurrection of the dead (see Matt. 22. 23-33; Mark 12. 18-27; Luke 20. 27-38). That this answer made a wonderful impression upon Jesus's hearers is evident, for the Sadducees were silenced and the people were astonished. And it is certain also that it makes a strong impression upon readers of the Gospels to-day, and that it does not fail to help to a clearer insight. Yet it seems equally certain that the full force of the passage has too often been missed. That such is the case may be made evident by a survey of the most accessible commentaries. Few of the older ones, and far from all of the recent ones, seem to have found the narrow door into the deeper meaning of the text.

The Sadducees, "who say there is no resurrection," surmise that Jesus shares the popular belief on this point. Accordingly they come to him with a puzzling question shrewdly calculated to make the doctrine appear absurd. No doubt the same question had often been put to the Pharisees—to their sore embarrassment; for the current Pharisaic doctrine represented the resurrection as the reestablishing and immortalizing of the present bodily life: "Therefore in the resurrection whose wife shall she be of the

seven? for they all had her." Naturally the Pharisees, from their standpoint, could find no ready answer. To Jesus, however, who knows the divine purpose of the resurrection, the question is no puzzle at all, but only a sign of the spiritual poverty of the questioners. He instantly repudiates their error and lays his finger upon the cause. "Is not this the cause of your error, that you understand neither the Scriptures nor the power of God?" He then goes on to answer them more particularly, but not as they expect. For he wastes no words in rabbinical dialectic and exegesis, but swiftly lays bare the root of their error, which was their profoundly false religious attitude. From their rationalistic standpoint they have considered the problem of the resurrection and have found it unsolvable. "But if only you really knew God," says Jesus, "and really knew his Scriptures, you could not fall into so grave an error."

Before coming to the very heart of the matter Jesus first takes up the more superficial and obvious part of the difficulty—the gross formal misconception of the resurrection that prevails among the people. The incongruities or even apparent impossibilities in the popular notion give the Sadducees no warrant to repudiate the glorious hope of a resurrection. "If only you knew God aright you could doubt neither his purpose nor his power to grant his people a resurrection to a higher, nobler life." "In the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in matrimony, but are as the angels in heaven." Thus Jesus disposes of a preliminary or minor difficulty. He does it by an appeal to a worthier thought of the purpose of the life to come, based upon a worthier thought of God. But it is clear that the mere disentanglement of this puzzle is for Jesus no real solution of the problem. Thus far he has merely shown the inner consistency of the higher conception of the resurrection and its perfect congruity with the thought of God's power. He has exposed the utter groundlessness of a Sadducean objection; he has cleared away a certain obstacle. The positive proof is yet to come. Jesus passes with eager swiftness to the real issue: "But as to the dead, that they do rise—!"

It is commonly held that Jesus's argument falls into two

distinct divisions; that up to this point he has argued from the thought of "the power of God," and that now, having concluded his use of that argument, he leaves this thought and passes on to the "Scripture proof." This seems to me an unfortunate misapprehension. No doubt Jesus, in showing the groundlessness of the Sadducean argument as to what is "absurd" or "impossible," does draw upon the thought of the power of God. Nevertheless his chief appeal to that thought is to be found in what follows. For Jesus the certainty of the resurrection rests, in the last analysis, upon a personal knowledge of God. So, of course, when the Sadducees point out the "impossibility" of the resurrection Jesus declares that their error is due to an ignorance of God; an ignorance of his power. This is the great principle to which Jesus appeals even in overcoming a preliminary difficulty; he makes even larger use of it in dealing with the main issue. The main argument may be called a "Scripture proof." But what, in Jesus's view, is Scripture proof? Certainly not what it was for the scribes—a merely formal, technical determination of the grammatical sense of the text. The Scriptures are not for Jesus a mere body of laws, of history, of doctrines. They are the witness of God's self-revelation to men. In them God displays himself to the eye of faith, through them God speaks to men, by means of them men may find the living God. For Jesus the interpretation of the Scriptures is never anything less than discovering in them the mind of God. He himself lived in the Scriptures, for he found God in them. The grammatical and historical "interpretation" of the Word is very necessary in order that access to the inward truth may not be hindered by rubbish, but it is not yet real interpretation. Jesus shows us how to look for and find God in the Scriptures. Without violating in the least "the plain sense" of a passage he knows how to read *behind* the lines. The scribes sought only to determine the literal sense of the text, and Scripture became a dead thing under their hand. Jesus read the written Word in order that he might commune with the living God, and Scripture pulsated with the life of God. Those who, like the Sadducees, read the Scriptures without listening to hear God speak through them must find them "silent" respecting many a

deep question of life. The Sadducees' fatal ignorance of the Scriptures was bound up with their ignorance of God. A God-seeking reading of the Scriptures would have led them to a knowledge of God, and a real knowledge of God would have enabled them to read the Scriptures aright. Jesus would afford them a true Scripture proof of the resurrection. But he knows no Scripture proof that is not at the same time a proof—an experiencing—of God himself. The Sadducees had made much of the alleged silence of the Scriptures, and especially of the books of Moses (which were for them the Scriptures *par eminence*), respecting a resurrection. So Jesus takes them to one of the books of Moses, to a place that is anything but obscure, rather to a very high, conspicuous place, familiar to all, "the place concerning the Bush." "But as to the dead, that they rise, have you not read in the book of Moses, in the place concerning the Bush, how God said to him, I am the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob?" (Exod. 3. 6). Jesus then adds: "He is not a God of dead but of living men. You are in grave error." Doubtless this is only one of the many passages which Jesus might have cited, but to him it is a very luminous one. He is therefore pained that so many of God's chosen people should be blind to the glory of that revelation. What does the passage mean for Jesus? And what should the Sadducees have learned from it?

Chrysostom, and many since his day, have held that the argument turns upon the present tense: "I *am* the God of Abraham." A majority of modern interpreters, however, take a less superficial but still unsatisfactory view. Meyer, for example, states the argument as follows: "Seeing that God calls himself the God of the patriarchs, and as he cannot sustain *such* a relation toward the dead (that is, the absolutely dead), it follows that the patriarchs must be living (for God) and destined to rise from the dead" (Commentary on Matthew). According to this view Christ appeals to logic and makes use of a syllogism, which, fully constructed, would run as follows: God is the God only of the living; God calls himself, and is, the God of the patriarchs; therefore the patriarchs are not dead, but living. Dr. A. T. Robertson's note on the passage (Commentary on Matthew) is as follows: "Only

the living can have a God. It was an astonishing turn of a familiar passage and a complete answer." Similarly Schleiermacher in his Sermons on the Gospel of Mark: In this speech of God's "Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are presupposed as living." God would not have called himself the God of the patriarchs "if they had been dead, but they must have had a life with God, since otherwise he would not have called himself by their names. So the Sadducees should have learned from this passage that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were already risen." A minor inconsequence in Schleiermacher's reasoning deserves a passing word. Even from his own premises the only valid inference is that the patriarchs were "alive for God," which is less than "already risen." Jesus promises a resurrection, but he nowhere teaches that the dead are already risen. He himself was the first to break the bands of death. The patriarchs, he taught, were indeed alive to God and *destined* to rise. But the general position indicated, even apart from Schleiermacher's minor fallacy, is open to grave objections. The one fatal fundamental objection is that it represents Christ's argument—at least in its latter portion—as intellectualistic rather than religious. He is supposed to have forced upon the Sadducees an irresistible logical conclusion—to have pointed out in this familiar passage "a necessary implication" which they had strangely "overlooked." Against this interpretation I venture to maintain that Jesus's appeal here (as everywhere) is religious, not intellectualistic. That is to say, he does not seek merely to correct intellectual errors, to cause men to know God by making them orthodox; but he points men to God himself, to the living God. So, when he is dealing with the law, he teaches men to think of the commandments not as something impersonal, apart from God, but rather as the expression of God's personal will. And since the traditional interpretation of the law has narrowed and degraded it, he, speaking out of an inner knowledge of the heart of God, declares its full divine purpose. For Jesus, all religion—all prayer, all service, all striving for righteousness—is nothing less than a fellowship with God and a seeking for more of the same. Shall we suppose that the Christ, whose whole life was given to glorify and hallow the name of his Father,

could here, in face of a question that so touches the honor of God, be content to vanquish the doubters by a syllogism? Spiritual blindness was never yet cured by logic, however cogent and brilliant it might be. When Jesus says, "You are in grave error," he knows that the only cure is the vision of God. So here, as everywhere, he is bearing witness to the Father. Instead of insisting that the Sadducees should mind their logic, he seeks rather to lift their thoughts to God and to find in the true thought of God their guarantee of a resurrection. What the Sadducees in their reading of this passage (and of the Scriptures generally) had "overlooked" was not merely this or that logical implication in the language, but it was the living God himself. The Sadducees are convicted of ignorance of the Scriptures, not because they failed to notice a legitimate logical inference, but because they did not see God in them. It was ever thus—the god of this world blinds the eyes of the unbelieving so as to shut out the very sunshine of God's revelation of himself (2 Cor. 4. 4).

But even if it were a question of pure logic, the interpreters cited are very far from consequent. In the first place the conclusion which Jesus drew from the passage concerning the Bush, namely, "that the dead rise," lies wholly outside the limits of the syllogism that they have constructed. For that syllogism manifestly yields a conclusion respecting only Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; but Jesus's declaration is universal: the dead rise. Surely the happy fate of those patriarchs, friends of God, is no guarantee of a universal resurrection. Some surer ground of confidence must be found. Moreover, Jesus himself does not draw the inference indicated in that syllogism. He does not say: "Since God called himself the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, therefore those men are not dead but living." Rather he bids his hearers direct their thoughts to the wonderful self-revelation of God to Moses at the Bush, and he brings into clear relief the one great fundamental truth there attested, upon which rests not only the faith in the resurrection but all true religion: God reveals himself as the living God and therefore as the God of the living.

If the Sadducees had stood on common ground with Jesus regarding God and the Scriptures no radical doubt of the resur-

rection could have arisen in their minds. Or if any minor difficulty on that point had arisen Jesus could have made the matter plain on the basis of their faith in "the God of the living." But this common basis was wanting. For the Sadducees, God was not the God of the living. They were rationalists or deists. So far were they from merely "failing to draw the inference shown to be deducible from the words" (Meyer) that they had not even grasped the truth of the major premise! Jesus seeks to set them upon this foundation—to help them to faith in the living God and God of the living. Had they known God as he had revealed himself to Moses they had not doubted the resurrection. Such doubt would then be an inner contradiction, an impossibility. On the other hand, to have a real persuasion of the resurrection before one has a personal knowledge of the living God is a psychological impossibility. At Horeb God reveals himself to Moses as the living God. Not merely in the single sentence which Jesus quotes from the record is this revelation attested, but in the whole passage. Doubtless Jesus has in mind the unity of the whole divine episode, and it is fair to assume that, in quoting a highly characteristic sentence from the record, he means to present the whole scene to the recollection of his hearers. For that sentence can be appreciated in its full force only as an organic part of the whole. The climax of the passage is the revelation of the divine name. "Who shall I say sent me?" asks Moses. "Thou shalt say, I AM THAT I AM sent me to you." Henceforth the name of the God of Israel is Jahweh, the living God. Now the thought of the living God means more than "existing"—the existence of God is taken for granted—it means more even than "self-existing," "eternal." "Thou shalt say, I AM hath sent me to you"; that is, "the freely working, the self-revealing, consequently the living and helping God" (Kittel). Clearly the earlier sentence: "I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob," has a like import. God reveals himself to Moses not only as the God of his fathers, but as his God also, and as the God of his brethren in bondage, to whom he is sent with a boundless promise of divine favor. Thus past, present, and future are linked together in the gracious purpose of the living God.

In two respects, therefore, the passage cited affords the view of God as the living God: it bears witness to the eternal personal life of God himself and to the gracious will of God to grant to mortal men a share in that life.

The eternal personal life of God means immeasurably more than the eternal *being* of God. Human philosophy could attain to the latter thought. The eternal power and intelligence of a great First Cause may reasonably be inferred from nature. But the personal life of God, immanent yet transcendent, filling human life and history with a divine meaning—this is known only as God reveals himself in living ways. So when God reveals himself to Moses as the God of his fathers he shows, in the first place, that the past is not past for him. For Moses the fathers are long since departed; only a shadowy picture of them lingers in the minds of men. Whatever they were or wrought seems to have passed into nothingness. And the life of "the living"—what is it? Is it not a continual transition from the past to—yes, to what? We call it "the future." Abstractly, the future is that which is to be. We look forward to it with mingled hopes and fears, wondering what it will bring. And when it has brought us its burden we must experience the truth of the old word: "This too shall pass away." Shall we, then, call it "life"—this ceaseless chasing from past into future, which in turn instantly becomes past? Does nothing, then, abide? Is there no reality? The past? That, we say, *was reality*, now it is no more. The future? That *is to be*—but what is to be? That we cannot tell, only that it cannot abide. And as to the "real," the "living," present, it is but a speeding arrow. Such is the world of sense. But it is not so for God. God reveals himself as the Eternal, the Living, with whom there is no vanished past and no uncertain future. The events in human history are also events in the life of God. In his eternity they are all gathered up; not one drop of the stream of time is lost. The living God gives reality, continuity, and meaning to human life. Therefore in revealing himself to Moses, and calling him to a great task, God teaches him that his purpose is not a transient whim, but the eternal will of the living God. So also Jesus, by reference to this passage, would teach us to understand that our

life too has its place and its meaning in relation to the eternal life of God. But it is not enough that we should recognize the eternity of the personal life of God. Nor is it enough to know that our life-experiences have their meaning in God's life. Our souls cry out for a personal share in God's eternal life. Our conscience is an unwearied prophet of our destination to find a heritage in that eternal life. It is not true that our share in this transitory existence satisfies the demands of our nature. We are persons, and each individual person feels, whether dimly or clearly, that he was not made to die. "He has set eternity in their heart." The soul instinctively cries out against the thought that man's highest destiny is to "join the choir invisible" of those whose only resurrection is "in minds made better by their presence"—an immortality of influence, a "corporate immortality." The individual man is no mere specimen of his kind, like the beasts. He revolts from the thought that he is of significance "only as a serving member of his kind." In his inner being he is sure he has an imperishable value in his own person. Now it is just this assurance of the priceless value of the individual in the eyes of the living God that Christ desired to give and did give. No doubt the overwhelming revelation of God's love for the individual came in the person of Christ himself. Nevertheless our Lord saw the unmistakable proof of God"s personal love and favor also in the Old Testament. God does not call himself the God of the fathers simply to reveal his own eternity. He is speaking words of grace. The mighty God would dispel the terror of Moses's mind. "I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob." Is not that the same as to say, "I will be *thy* God also; and as I kept faith with thy fathers so will I be with thee: fear not!" God is pleased to call himself by the names of his worshipers. It is a thought unknown in relation to the gods of the Gentiles. The heathen do indeed expect, under certain conditions, the help of their deities, but the living God seeks out men, wins them, calls himself by their names, loves them with an everlasting love. Such a God will not let his loved ones die, but will do for them according to his love and power. The love that once called us by name into the beginnings of a fellowship with the living God will one

day call us into the perfection of that fellowship in the company of all the redeemed.

So Jesus does not use the record of God's self-revelation to Moses as a means of proving by grammar and logic first the fate of the patriarchs and then—by a very doubtful analogy—the fate of the human race. Rather he takes the wonderful passage as a means of bringing his hearers to a true vision of God himself. The resurrection of the dead is not a corollary of the thought of the resurrection of the patriarchs, but the resurrection of the dead is the sure implication of the revelation of the living God. The grand certainty of the eternal life of God and of his eternal purpose of grace toward men gives to those who thus know God in this world a glorious hope of a resurrection. Even the Christian's crowning proof of the promised resurrection is just like this in kind, only brought to its consummation. Knowing and proving the love of God in Christ, the living Christ, the Christian can sing—

"We two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind."

J. R. VanPelt.

BEGINNER'S LUCK

I HAD it myself the first time I played golf. My opponent was a veteran at the game, whereas I did not know the difference between a "driver" and a "kleek." Of form I had none. The fashion of my performance, that first day, would have made a caddie weep for the traditions of the game. Yet I made the rounds of the links with all possible aplomb, defeated handily my teacher, and stalked off the course to croon over my prowess. "Beginner's luck," they called it. Perhaps so, superficially. At least that initial showing was far and away the best I ever made. Next day's experience with the same borrowed clubs left my conceit a "foozled" thing, nor has any subsequent dalliance with the furtive golf ball ever caused me to crave spectators. I had "struck twelve" the first time—and forgot that after "twelve" comes "one," both in clocks and in life.

"Beginner's luck." No, not that; or, at most, not much of it. "Luck" is the wrong word. It is too convenient and too shallow. And it misses the point. What the beginner often has, in a first exploit with golf-ball, or brush, or dramatics—even in moral adventure—is not *"luck."* At least he is more likely to have it than is the expert.

The second time I invaded the golf-links I carried a fine stock of wisdom with respect to "stroke" and "form," particularly the latter. I was admonished to watch a cracksman; to observe how he set his feet, how he toyed with the appropriate stick, how he poised himself for the swing, and how, catching the ball in a rushing swoop, he finished with his club high in the air. Yes, that was the way: it was undoubtedly the only way. I must profit by example, of course. And I dug up enough turf to sod a city dooryard. They told me not to bother too much about hitting the ball, but to get the "form." And so, having no greater wisdom than my teachers, I kept on getting "form" and missing the ball until, at length, I decided that some other game was better suited to my talents. Of course it may be objected that I stopped too

soon, or even that I was hopeless material. Very likely. I am not disposed to quarrel with my preceptors on the links or with devotees of the famous Scottish game. All I object to is the explanation of my first day's success. I object to hearing it called "beginner's luck." And I still object even when I discover that the real truth of the matter has a double edge and cuts both ways.

The true novice in any game, whether golf or love or life, possesses one clear advantage. He is himself—the realest thing he will ever be. Neither prepossessions nor fear of defeat, neither the technique nor the *finesse* of the game troubles him—yet. Hence with all the full assurance of faith and the asset of an undivided mind, he goes out to win. At least he will enjoy the adventure. And to keep alive that spirit of adventure, to be always the *amateur* (using the word in its fine old sense), to carry over into the technical masteries and careful achievements of later days the happy, unembarrassed daring of the beginner, is one of the finest of fine arts.

Try this truth anywhere. Sometimes you will hear a well-trained athlete described as "stale." By which the initiated signify certain physiological or pathological things. The man is overtrained, perhaps; fined down too far. He had lost physical snap and verve. Very well, I accept the professional's explanation —with this reservation, that I think he has failed to complete the diagnosis. Your contestant for athletic honors may be defeated, mentally, days before he meets his public Waterloo. His "staleness" is primarily of the brain. He has gone through the motions too often. He knows the rules of his particular game so well that they have ceased to grip him. He has lost the passion of his early devotement. In other words, the man has, at least temporarily, died in the professional. A friend of mine suddenly decided to paint. Always a lover of pictures, and owner of many rare examples of the painters' craft, he bought a modest outfit of pigments and brushes and, without teacher or rules at first, without obsessions or awe of critics, he transferred some of the paint from tube to canvas—No, I am not preparing to say that he discovered in himself a genius who had missed his vocation up to then. This only: that his first attempts were more promis-

ing than the work he did after taking unto himself a teacher. Beginner's luck? Not at all. Not more than is gravitation or cohesion. Merely the law of naturalness, which too often flies out of the window when the teacher comes in at the door. The world is well supplied with graduates in music and sculpture, painting and literature, who have so thoroughly lost ardor that were their mistress a real woman instead of a goddess she would not even thank them for their caresses and compliments.

The greater the artist the more flagrant, probably, his violation of certain canons of his particular art while himself is being true to his dream. To the critic who thought to break a lance with Turner by observing that she "never saw any such sunsets as his," that wizard in color replied, "Don't you wish you could?" And when some one described his "Snowstorm at Sea" as "soapsuds and whitewash" he said, "I wonder what they think that storm was like. I wish they had been in it." Said Flaubert to his pupils: "Look—until you see what everybody else has seen; and then look until you see what nobody else has ever seen." So Corot did. None other ever saw such trees, or, seeing, dared to image them on canvas. Israels, the Jewish painter of Holland, had teachers, of course; we cannot get on without teachers. His distinction, however, is not to be found in what his teachers taught him, but in what he might have taught his teachers. That unique genius he kept uncorrupted, unemasculated, to the last. When MacDowell first began to write music he gave great annoyance to the critics. They could not classify him. "Whom is he like?" they asked, cynically. And, not being able to say, they saw no place for him in their Valhalla. When, lo, the miracle happened again, and the man who could not be ticketed became a vogue. Better a Walt Whitman, with all his emotional extravagance and technical outlawry, than the literature of prunes and prisms whose chief anxiety is to be pupil of a famous master. Not only in morals are the great lines valid, but in all art, whether of brush or pen or trowel:

> To thine own self be true:
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man.

One finds the same thing in literature. What does the author put into his first poem or book and not into the second, or any subsequent one? You will hear critics aver that the latest volume by a given popular writer falls below the standard of his earliest published work. Perhaps the critics are wrong. Writers usually think so. But if the critics are right what they are really saying is that a man may grow stale in the employment of his own genius. Nothing else ever takes the place of fire—not even finish. Fire will go a long way in lieu of finish, but, finish leads nowhere, lacking fire. If Sir Walter Scott's latest work kept the grade of his earliest it is because he never let the fires bank. If "Bobbie" Burns sings as ravishingly at the close of his life it is because he has kept the youth-spirit alive. If George Eliot's Daniel Deronda averages with Adam Bede it is because, with Eliot, each fresh novel was a dash, a leap. Coleridge, on the other hand, lost the passion of his work years before he stopped producing.

And speaking of books, am I not touching here a problem of student life? That problem is to carry forward always the verve and piquancy of spirit which a normal student brings to college with him. Freshness is not the worst possible fault of a member of the incoming class. Staleness is hugely worse. I mean the inability to be surprised; the opening, without thrill, of a new book; the blighting touch of *savoir faire*. Asked to name her dearest wish a brilliant Scot confessed, "I wish that life, for me, may never lose its halo." I am thinking about that halo, and the tragedy of losing it. Over any new task there hangs a sort of halo. I do not ask how it got there. I merely ask if one will keep it there: if after he has crossed the *Pons Asinorum* he finds the country beyond just as wonderful, if the second year in botany or physics shall be keyed to piquancy, if he can close a book with the expectancy he gave to the opening of it for the first time.

What debt the world is under to "beginner's luck" in the hard fields of business and the great avenues of statecraft, not to say the brilliant realm of invention. The fault with Osler's famous dictum as to the dead line of forty is that he made his test quantitative instead of qualitative; of the calendar rather than of the spirit. A man may be old at twenty-five, or young at

fourscore, according as he "plays the game." Thank heaven for the "fools" of passionate enterprise who have rushed in where the "angels" of caution and precedent feared to tread. Tally of the epochal inventions of the past century credits a majority of these world-changing devices to men actually young and the rest to eager spirits who declined to "take in sail" (as Browning puts it) even when life's afternoon breezes grew heavy. Edison, in his maturer years, is trying to precipitate the star dust of a youthful dream. George Westinghouse made his greatest contribution to humanity when he was scarcely more than a youth. People smiled when they first scanned Marconi's photograph, he looked so juvenile to have done so much. Trammeled by the usual prudences of an extra twenty years Dr. Carrel might easily have missed the Nobel Prize.

Disraeli once declared that "almost everything that is great has been done by youth," and to substantiate his statement he furnished a sample list. Alexander rearranging racial boundaries before he was thirty, Gustavus Adolphus completing his huge task and dead at thirty-eight, Cortes not more than thirty when he opened up Mexico, Luther defying Rome while still a young man, Pascal in his twenties shaping the world's thought for centuries to come, Raphael done with painting and earth at thirty-seven—these are samples from a list almost incredibly long and indescribably brilliant. I am quoting from it, however, not for the purpose of over-accenting youth in years, but as illustrating the value of the spirit of youth; for when the youth-spirit dies in a man that man's best work is done.

Shallowly viewed the Constitution of the United States is a startling piece of "beginner's luck." How otherwise shall we explain that instrument which men have seriously described as the most inspired ever penned—next to the Bible? Granted their breed and brawn, their stern sanity and almost fierce convictions, the framers of the Constitution were not the greatest men of all time, or even of their age. But somehow they gathered into themselves, from all the soil of a new land, from rebirths of feeling, from the receding smoke of conflict, the daring, unquenchable, unapologetic spirit of eternal youth and spoke that spirit into

paragraphs immortal. And is it not the same truculent, undismayed spirit which, and which alone, may be trusted to guard that sacred instrument? We have been hearing, latterly, much about strict constructionists and liberal constructionists. Doubtful if all the patriotism is to be found in either camp. But this is clear: that cold, precise, calculating hands are never quite safe—even when they call themselves conservative. To forge in heat and moil and passion is one thing, to worship the product is quite another matter. Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison were makers; they could not have been persuaded to fall down, idolatrously, before their own handiwork, whereas certain later protectors of our traditions have gone perilously near idolatry. What is needed, obviously, as Lincoln said in his Gettysburg address, is an ever-fresh reincarnation of "the spirit of '76," and '89 and '61, to the end that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people may not perish from the earth."

"All the world loves a lover"; loves him for the same reason that a woman is apt to love him—for his blindness, if you please. Let all the hard things said against the "blind god" be true, then let this be said: that his blindness is safer than the wisdom of the wise and prudent in affairs of the heart. The kingdom of love, like the kingdom of heaven, "suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." Poor John Alden, sitting embarrassed and stammering, trying to reel off certain philandering phrases for his captain, is delicious. Let him drop his hat and take Priscilla in his arms. Cold-blooded critics have made savage sport of Romeo's ardent phrases:

> Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
> Having some business, do entreat her eyes
> To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
> What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
> The brightness of her cheeks would shame those stars
> As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
> Would through the airy region stream so bright
> That birds would sing and think it were not night.

Gammon and spinach doubtless, but I warrant you Juliet did not think so. Nor would any other normal woman. Or, if she did, she would prefer it to the stern sanities and nice decorums of the

less venturesome lover. The way to a man's heart may be "through his stomach," in other words, by indirection, but the one best way to the citadel of woman-heart is by storm. A friend of mine whose daughter is just beginning to be discovered by the other sex says that the winning suitor at the present time is the boy who climbed the telephone pole nearest my lady's window. Of course! Knowing nothing at all of the rules of the game, he has hit by instinct, by "beginner's luck," if you please, the time-honored way of a man with a maid. Let Sir Knight scale a trellis, or break a lance, or dive for a lost trinket, and he will wear my lady's flower as against Crœsus, who waits for that flower to drop into his lap, or Beau Brummel, who wonders if the blossom will match his scarf. Marion Crawford observes that the best women seldom fall in love with the best men. I do not vouch for the correctness of the observation. It is one of those theses safest left in the air. But whatever truth there is in it is another verification of the advantage of the "fool" who rushes in "where angels fear to tread."

And religion—why should one expect this philosophy to balk there? Rather it is in religion, at least in the religion of Jesus, that it finds crowning illustration. Never to the "wise and prudent," never to hair-splitters in doctrine and hagglers over ecclesiastical decorum, are the mysteries of the Kingdom of heaven revealed and its power vouchsafed. One day, when his disciples were discussing, learnedly, the royal way to the City Celestial, Jesus "took a child, and set him in the midst, and said, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom as a little child shall not enter therein." I do not believe we have yet admitted the full implication of the thing he said that day. What is the mark of the child? Meekness? Or perhaps docility, modesty, reserve? These may be beautiful qualities in us, but they are not normal to childhood. On the contrary, precious eagerness, wide-eyed faith, confidence unsullied and unashamed—these are the traits of the child. Healthy minded, he takes everything for granted. If it is the moon he wants for plaything he expects it—physics and astronomy to the contrary notwithstanding. And Jesus said that the way into the Kingdom is least of all the way of the

savant. Rather is it the way of the little child. So that the scholar whose technique has helped him miss the way, the casuist who has lost it in the web of his logic, the Pharisee who through moral self-consciousness has forfeited it, and the hag-ridden soul who has dropped it in the black bogs of remorse, may find it again with joy—a supreme instance of beginner's luck.

THE MISSIONARY SERMON

Recent scholarship has rediscovered the Bible and its message has assumed a new significance. Those who feared that criticism would destroy its sacredness have since found that its unique authority has been more firmly established. A process of exclusion has been at work and the preeminent mission of the Bible is receiving due recognition. Its purpose is to show how God has spoken in many forms and fashions through the centuries with increasing clearness and persuasiveness. The course of revelation was largely confined to one people, but the ultimate aim was the benefit of the whole race. It was like a river which is held in by the banks and which becomes deeper and wider as it gathers force in its outflow toward the ocean. Had there been no banks the waters would have spread over a wide surface and marshes would have been formed to breed malaria and not make for the fertility and productiveness of the surrounding country. One people was chosen that it might become the servant of Jehovah to all and render service in the things of the Spirit. The fact that this purpose was nullified by the perverse disobedience of this nation is a reflection on the dullness and stupidity of their vision, as their own prophets repeatedly pointed out.

The Old Testament is the history largely of one nation whose religious development was arrested and diverted into strange channels. We can, nevertheless, see the missionary foregleams and forecasts all through the record. This is particularly emphasized in the growth of the Messianic conception, with its complete fruition in Jesus Christ, the God-man, who is at once Prophet, Priest, and King, and therefore the Redeemer of mankind. The supreme distinction of the New Testament lies in its world-wide outlook. The principle of advance and universality is seen at work, steadily breaking down national prejudices, sectarian barriers, and the spirit of provincialism. The atmosphere which breathes through its pages is one of vitality and expansion. The argument for the extension of the gospel is not found merely in

a few overworked texts but in the entire range of its full utterance. It is the message, then, of the whole New Testament, concerning the sufficiency of Christ for the needs of everyone, which must be interpreted by the preacher if he is to deal adequately with the counsels of God and do justice to the demands of Christian truth. This is his burden as he emphasizes the supreme business of the church. It is this: to extend the reign of the Saviour until the whole world shall be brought to recognize and accept his authority. The thrilling results which have been achieved by a century of missionary activity have increased the responsibility of the church concerning this major obligation to the world. There are rousing testimonies direct from the field which lead to the one conclusion: that Christ alone can deliver "the lost, the least and the last" from the desperate depths of depravity. The Battaks of the East Indian Archipelago, the untutored natives in the long-grass of Central Africa, the outcast tribes of India, the peasants of China, are a few of those whose lives have been transformed by the blessed Saviour. It is not a far call, as to time, from the Boxer uprising of 1900, when nearly sixteen thousand Chinese martyrs sealed their loyalty to Jesus with their life-blood. But how different is the China of to-day, when there is such readiness to receive and encourage Christianity on the part of high officials, literati and merchants, who are the determining factors in the life and destiny of that young and potential Republic! We must then see to it that our ability measures up to our responsibility, in view of the greatly increased opportunity which is before the church.

The new science of Comparative Religion has deepened the conviction of the universality of the religious consciousness. The presence of the divine Spirit among all peoples, impelling them toward the higher life, has given us larger conceptions of the wideness of God's mercy. These ethnic faiths are not false but imperfect. We should rather regard them as *Preparatio Evangelica,* looking forward, albeit unconsciously, to the coming of better things.

> In even savage bosoms
> There are longings, strivings, yearnings
> For the good they comprehend not;

> And their feeble hands and helpless,
> Groping blindly in the darkness,
> Touch God's right hand in the darkness
> And are lifted up and strengthened.

None who has read Modern Religious Movements in India, by Farquhar, can hesitate to welcome the present religious ferment in that land and pray that the missionaries may be equal to the urgent demands so providentially thrust on them. The introduction of the church by Comparative Religion to a world inherently religious has led some to conclude that Christianity is only one of many legitimate religions and that it is therefore not right to upset the religious faith of peoples who have inherited theirs through successive generations. Such a contention would be valid if these other faiths were on a par with Christianity and could do for their adherents all that Christianity has shown itself capable of doing. It has, however, been repeatedly demonstrated that the supreme merit of Christianity is that it is the one and only faith which is adapted to reveal and meet the deep needs of the entire human race. Moreover an impartial study of the world situation makes evident this other fact, that humanity from the lowest to the highest is crying out for just what Christianity can impart to develop a wholesome character and realize a blessed destiny. A knowledge of all the facts and an understanding of the underlying principles of missionary labor will furnish the direct stimulus for its support. It is always true that ignorance is the greatest enemy of interest in any cause, and that enthusiasm can be enlisted only where definite and extensive instruction is given. If the pew is to be stirred with zeal for the Redeemer's kingdom it can be done only by a pulpit which is set on fire with holy ambitions for its spread. The preacher must have the world horizon and he must relate his work at home to the onward march of the empire of Christ in all parts of the earth. He cannot then fail to impart his passion to his people and secure their hearty cooperation. This can be most effectively secured through the missionary sermon, which is an appeal made on a Scriptural basis and having the conception, the outlook, the spirit, and the authority of the Bible. The thought of the Scriptures should be

accurately and consistently expounded, and its truths illustrated by the striking and manysided achievements on the mission field. This is much more than an address with reflections and illustrations inevitably leading on to an appeal for money. Let it be clearly understood that missionary work is not a charity but an unavoidable responsibility. Dispel the popular error that any references to missions must always be associated with pleas for money. The method of the apostle Paul was to fill the thoughts of his readers with the wonders of redeeming grace and to remind them impressively of their own indebtedness to Christ. In this way he quickened their loyalty and stimulated their ardor and they were induced to express their gratitude for the great salvation by loosening their purse strings. Paul presented to them a new motive, he gave them a new vision, he introduced a new standard, he emphasized a new test of duty and obligation, and he was accordingly not disappointed with the response from his pagan converts, whose desire uppermost was to share their discovery of Christ with their fellows.

It will doubtless surprise some to think of the New Testament as reproduced in the modern mission field, but such is the case. The failures and lapses as well as the sacrifices and devotion of the first-century Christians have been frequently shown by native converts, and the possibilities of Christian heroism have not yet been exhausted. We sometimes question the value of missionary work because the results are so meager. It is true that the character of the converts in the first generation did not measure up to the New Testament standard of Christian perfection; nor indeed was this the case even with the converts of Paul or the other apostles. The letters to the Seven Churches in Asia clearly indicate that such was not the case. But the outstanding fact, then and now, is the presence of the living Christ in the midst of the native Christians of the first century no less than among those of the twentieth century. In fact, no better commentary on the mission and motives of early Christianity can be had than the records of modern Christianity in China, India, and Japan. This method of treatment makes more vividly real the movements of the Divine Spirit; it enables us to place the New Testament

in a larger context; it gives us a clearer conception of the catholic comprehensiveness of the gospel, and, finally, we are not disturbed in the least by some of the findings of destructive criticism. For instance, those who tell us that the great missionary command of our Lord in Matt. 28. 18-20, is a later addition to the gospel can be reminded that in that case it is a reflection of the keen insight of the church, which so understood the purpose of its Lord as to bear an enthusiastic testimony to the living authority which he must exercise throughout the world. Criticism has thus enriched the meaning of this missionary command, and indeed of the missionary implications and applications of the entire book, and in doing so has contributed to a better appreciation of biblical values. The missionary trend of the New Testament is thereby made more conspicuous, and, in the words of Dr. R. F. Horton, "we find its missionary teaching, not in occasional texts or exceptional passages, but in its very structure and texture." When we turn to the Old Testament we are able to understand the "one increasing purpose" of God therein set forth, in the light of the fullest exhibition of grace in Jesus Christ our Lord. The missionary sermon which begins and ends with the great Book, which is so decidedly and outspokenly missionary, cannot fail to make conclusive and convincing appeals and impart to the people an enthusiasm for the glories of the Redeemer's kingdom. Preaching of this kind will have a reflex influence. It will assuredly rouse the nominal Christian from his languor and indifference. A knowledge of what the gospel is doing for the African, the Chinese, and the Hindu will make evident the fact of a living Christ who is able to save to the uttermost. The unique fitness of Christianity to be the universal religion, and therefore the absolute religion, will be seen from a new angle. The compassion of Jesus in his enthusiasm of humanity can be illustrated from the wonderful ministry of mercy of the medical missionaries, who have done so much to break down prejudices and to open doors which had hitherto been barred to every foreigner. When piping voices are heard decrying the authority and value of Christianity this new apologetic from the mission field convinces by the argument of deeds, and thus refutes the superficial generalizations of skeptic

and critic. What preacher will turn away from such an opulent exhibition of the practice of Christianity, rivaling in its glory and goodness all the trophies of the first days?

Biographical preaching is becoming popular. The series of volumes on The Greater Men and Women of the Bible, edited by Dr. James Hastings, is a veritable treasure house of exposition and characterization. These volumes are made all the more luminous by the discerning use of not a few illustrations from the annals of missionary work. Here, then, is a fine opportunity to deal with the Bible characters and to illustrate from missionary biography. It is conceded that missionaries are among the most broad-minded and far-sighted men of the Christian Church. They are *primus inter pares,* so far as the real empire builders of the nations are concerned. Social Christianity in the Orient, by Clough, is the fascinating autobiography of the great apostle to the Telegus, who left behind him 100 missionaries, 60,000 church members, and 200,000 adherents, in addition to many thousands who had witnessed a good confession and entered their reward. The Evolution of a Missionary is the biography of Dr. De Forest, who was an evangelistic and apologetic preacher to the Japanese and whose large interpretations of Christianity were so helpful to that people in transition. A Chinese St. Francis is the life of Brother Mao, the beauty of whose character has done much for Christ in China. Should not the church at home be informed of these facts?

The great days of the Christian year, like Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, Whitsunday, are most appropriate occasions to exalt the universal mission of Christianity. Here are a few texts for consideration: Isa. 6. 1-8; Zech. 4. 6; Ezek. 18. 4; 2 Kings 7. 9; Isa. 60. 1-5, 54. 2; Matt. 16. 16, 28. 19, 20; John 3. 16, 12. 32, 10. 16; Luke 1. 33, 10. 29; 1 Cor. 1. 18; Acts 1. 5-8, 6. 7, 15. 26, 26. 18; 2 Cor. 5. 14; Eph. 2. 13, 3. 6; Gal. 2. 20; Phil. 1. 21; Col. 3. 11; Jude 3; 1 John 2. 2, 4. 14; Rev. 7. 9, 22. 17.

Oscar L. Joseph

DIVERS OPERATIONS—SAME SPIRIT

A PROGRAM for a recent Ministerial Conference included this topic: "Experiences in Revivals." A good topic. A good theme for contemplation by one who has passed out of the ranks of active service and for the review of lessons from his past life. Some of these were of such practical value in my revival work that I am inclined to rehearse them for the possible encouragement of others in these days of heart yearning and soul searching.

The first considerable revival under my ministry resulted in the conversion of about a hundred persons. I had their names on slips of paper from which I had copied them into the record. As I sat looking at this list the Holy Spirit opened my eyes to this fact: That quite a number of them had yielded to a personal appeal in taking the decisive step. Spreading the slips out on the table I began to indorse on them the names of the persons who to my knowledge had been able to make the effectual appeal, and what was my surprise to discover that I was able to identify this human instrument *in every case but three.* Nearly every one of these was a humble person—a bench-mate in the factory, a modest, timid woman, in more than one instance a simple-hearted child. I must confess that my first sensation was of disappointment, for, while I was not "carnal," I was human. We had good preaching, splendid singing, and all the other accessories available for inspiring interest and enthusiasm, but here, right under my eyes, the truth blazed forth that in almost every case the scale of decision trembling in the even balance was turned by the touch of a kindly hand or the breath of a whispered word.

I have confessed to a fleeting sense of disappointment. Had all these public exercises amounted to nothing? They are not to be discarded or disparaged. They help create the revival "atmosphere," awaken conviction of the need of a Saviour and quicken the spiritual impulse, but I long ago was led to rejoice that in every revival under my ministry those members of the body of Christ whom we are inclined to esteem as less honorable, upon

these the Holy Spirit has never failed to bestow more abundant honor. And I must emphasize the influence of the Holy Spirit. There can be no real revival without the presence, in more than ordinary power, of the Holy Ghost. This will probably be readily conceded, but in the re-collection of my own experiences I have been impressed with this further fact: while we can certainly depend upon the manifestation of the Spirit in our special efforts for soul saving we cannot possibly anticipate the manner of His operations. Each revival is likely to develop a distinguishing feature dependent upon the Divine impulse, projected in His wisdom into this particular occasion, and specially adapted to produce the desired results. This movement may disarrange our best-laid plans, but a wise leader will be alert to apprehend such a distinctive current of influence and will instantly fall in with it. Here is a beautiful illustration of what is in my thoughts.

We had been carrying on a protracted meeting for two weeks without definite results. At a mid-afternoon consecration service I was pleased to see present for the first time a Mrs. Stevens—a Christian woman, of excellent standing, but who had never been active in religious matters. When opportunity came she rose to her feet and said, substantially: "Going home after service last evening I had some pretty serious thoughts. I believe that I am a Christian; but, except as I have supported the church financially, I have not given the cause of Christ the least service. Well, I did not sleep much last night and toward morning this idea occurred to me: I cannot pray in public or speak, or even sing, but I know I can do one thing, and I fear it will seem so preposterous when I mention it that you will dissuade me from doing it. My idea is to offer the Lord an hour of my time every afternoon to do anything he wants me to do. Now, what do you think of it, Mr. Wing?"

"I do not quite understand you. You are doing now what he wants you to do. Is that it?"

"Certainly not. If a person engaged to work an hour for me I would not expect him to count in the time it took him to get ready. What I mean is for me to get ready for anything he is likely to set me to do and then give him a full hour, without any hesitation or delay, as he opens the door for me."

"But suppose he does not open any door, or give you any suggestion of duty?"

"That will be his business. If I have a servant in my employ it is my lookout to keep him busy."

"Well, this is a new idea to me, but I would be glad to promote it if I can. Now, exactly what do you propose, and how can we help forward the scheme?"

Then the poor woman broke down. With tears flooding her face, she said, "My carriage is at the door. I am going right out now to face this dreadful business, and it would be a comfort to know that some of you were holding me up in prayer." A half dozen of us agreed to tarry for the hour. I asked the Lord to go with his devoted servant, and dismissed the company. As we sat in prayer what was our surprise to be interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Stevens with her arms around a forlorn, disheveled creature, a candidate for saving grace. This is what had occurred: Mrs. Stevens was sincere. She had intended to put herself unreservedly in the Lord's hands, and thought that she had, but she started out to follow her own praiseworthy inclinations. She belonged to a rather exclusive class of society and decided, naturally, that her mission was to be among her personal friends, but some domestic affairs needed attention and so she drove home and entered the side gate. As she reached the back door, there, on her knees scrubbing the steps, was a forlorn creature who lived in the neighborhood and earned a scanty living by the performance of menial and degrading tasks. Instantly the Holy Spirit laid hold upon Mrs. Stevens and filled her heart with love and pity for the wretched girl. Bending over her, she whispered, "Martha, my dear girl, do you know that Jesus loves you?" The poor thing lifted her eyes, in amazement, as she cried, "What! Do you say that he cares for the likes of me!" That woman was the first sheaf of a great harvest of souls.

Another of my surprises was on a certain Friday evening. I was riding toward a country chapel where for nearly three weeks I had been holding special services. I fell in with a young man living in the neighborhood who had been a regular attendant upon the meetings and the Spirit prompted me to ask him to do me

an unusual favor. "John," I said, "I have had several plain talks with you in which you have betrayed no inclination to become religious, and now I wish you would tell me, in confidence, if there is a single person about here who has the slightest conviction of the need of saving grace. You need mention no names; but it would encourage me to know that there is one such person to whom I may make an effectual appeal." After a moment's pause, he replied: "I will be frank with you; I do not know of a single person who has a thought of such a thing." I was greatly moved, and really dreadfully hurt. But on reaching the place, as I walked in the twilight through the fields and prayed, my spirit was wonderfully uplifted. A passage of Scripture blazed up before my eyes. Entering the room and opening my Bible, it occurred to me that I knew not where to look for it, so I turned to the verse that I had previously selected. But as I rose to preach the Spirit mastered me, and holding up the sacred volume I said, "Somewhere in this Book are these dreadful words: 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.'" I remembered afterward nothing of the discourse, which was probably only an earnest exhortation, but at its close I said that, if there were no response to this warning I would close the series of meetings and go to some more promising field. I was instantly interrupted by my young friend, who leaped to his feet and, rushing forward, threw himself upon the platform. He was followed by several of his companions, and a glorious revival followed. I asked him afterward if he was mistaken when he said that neither he nor anyone else had an inclination toward a religious life. "Surely not," he replied, "but as soon as you took your text a strange feeling came over me, and at last, when I realized that that might be my last chance, I got frightened."

I can recall several such experiences in which the diverse operations of the Holy Spirit were manifested, but for this paper one more must suffice. It occurred in a church that had been occupied for several years, but in which not a single person had been converted. It stood in the midst of a splendid neighborhood, of thrifty, industrious, moral people, very few of whom had ever realized their need of God's saving grace. Night after night,

without avail, I preached, and prayed, and exhorted, and appealed to them. I implored them to come to the altar, to rise in their pews, to hold up a hand, to give me any sign, for which I could get encouragement for my faltering faith. At last, one dreadfully cold night, a stranger came in and sat down by the stove. When I opened the after-meeting and invited persons to the altar, he attempted to rise, but was greeted by a gurgle of suppressed laughter by the boys in the back row and settled back in his seat. I stepped down to him and found him in a maudlin state of intoxication. I immediately closed the meeting; some one helped the poor man into his wagon, standing in the roadway, and the company dispersed. I was told that the man lived four miles beyond the church. Within a mile of him one of my people resided and I rode out there to spend the night. From this friend I got the story of the man's life. His name was Slade—a good-natured fellow whose only serious fault was the one in which I had discovered him. The young man had married, about two years ago, a nice girl, who had about twenty acres of choice "bottom land." On this they had put up a little hut, and a shed for the team with which he supported (?) the family. In the morning, leaving my horse with these people, I walked over to the Slades' place. I met him coming out of the stable. He had sobered up considerably, but had no recollection of me. I stepped in and petted his horses. They were a good team. Presently he reached into a hole in the haymow and drawing out a flask offered me a drink. I took the flask and put it in my pocket. A flash of resentment in his face was met by a friendly smile, and the remark, "Not now. Let us go into the house." The house! Let the reader imagine a shanty about twelve feet square, with a frame of two-by-four studding to which rough boards were nailed with strips of lath tacked over the cracks. It was "furnished" with a stove, a box nailed to the wall for a table, and two cheap chairs, while behind a blanket pinned across one corner, on the bare floor was a bunch of bedding. And the "queen" of this "home" was a slender fair-haired girl, only a little out of her teens, who held, pressed against her thin shoulder, an eight months' old baby whose only garment was a checked calico apron tied about her puny neck.

And now, what? O! please do not press the question! But I spent the whole day there. And tears of gratitude are flooding my face as I recall the experience. The man loved that woman (how could he help it?) and for her sake he let me smash that flask; and they both loved that mite of a baby, and I loved the three, and I convinced them that the dear Lord loved us all. I chopped wood, and "helped about the house," and talked to them about a Saviour. And now, please, do not shake your head when I tell you that I was actually afraid they would be saved before night. I wanted them to "break the record" to-night in that chapel in which no one had ever found a Saviour. After supper we hitched up the team, rolled the baby in one horse blanket and wrapped the mother in the other, and drove over to the church. As we entered the room there came upon us such a sense of the Divine Presence as I have seldom realized. I did not preach. I did not have to. I had told these young friends to take a front seat; it would be easier then for them to obey the impulse to reach the chancel rail; but they could not wait. Crowding to the very front they fell upon their faces. A wave of feeling swept over the congregation. Then the young man rose to his feet, transformed by the grace of God, and with one arm holding the babe and the other embracing the happiest woman in the world he made the irresistible plea, in response to which a score of persons found pardon and peace. "There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all."

Dora E. Wing

MARK TWAIN AND BRET HARTE

The West, so far, has produced two writers of the first order who have added a valuable contribution to American literature and whom the whole world honors as having possessed genius distinctively American. They are Mark Twain and Bret Harte; and it were a serious blunder for us to undervalue their importance or to crowd them from our shelves. The greater is undoubtedly Mark Twain, the most characteristically American of all writers. Professor Olin A. Curtis has said that every American ideal is a combination of three features: "(1) A large way of feeling; (2) an untrammeled way of thinking; (3) a daring way of doing. In heart, magnitude; in mind, liberty; in will, dauntless assertion." This same combination appears in a remarkable degree in Mark Twain. He was as typically American as Abraham Lincoln. There is an atmosphere in his books in which we are sure to find ourselves very much at home, an atmosphere native to our soil, large and free. There is exaggeration, abundance of it, but there is nothing that we of this new broad land delight in more; and right here lies the secret of his charm as a humorist. No, we cannot afford to neglect Mark Twain in our reading, simply because he is so very American, especially in the quality of his humor. Not that it is a task to read his writings, however. He is the least difficult of all great writers, and few, if any, give more enjoyment to all classes of people, whether old or young, cultured or unlettered. What growing boy but would revel in Huckleberry Finn?—and yet Charles Darwin, Andrew Lang, and Robert Louis Stevenson find it equally enjoyable and declare it to be a masterpiece of fiction. It is safe to say that the ordinary man is not interested in literature. For his reading the daily papers chiefly suffice, and perhaps it can hardly be expected that Longfellow or Whitman or Emerson should strongly attract him, but it is difficult to imagine any virile man of average intelligence who would not care for Tom Sawyer, or Roughing It, or Life on the Mississippi. And Mark Twain is a profitable writer

as well. From him we learn of phases of American civilization nowhere else described. It is worth while to know the life of the West and the Southwest in those formative days of which his best books tell. Besides, he is both a philosopher and a moralist, although he would have scorned the idea. Witness the following notice at the beginning of Huckleberry Finn: "Persons attempting to find a motive in this narrative will be prosecuted; persons attempting to find a moral in it will be banished; persons attempting to find a plot in it will be shot." And yet beneath the surface of his writings there is always "a groundswell of seriousness" which makes us think even while we laugh.

What a varied life was his, so rich in common and uncommon experiences; a most active, intense, even spectacular life, full of achievement and unusual success. Distinction, wealth, loved ones, a happy home, a host of friends, abundance of happiness came to him, but at the same time his life was not without bitter disappointments and severe reverses, nor was it by any means lacking in tragedy. His real name was Samuel Langhorn Clemens, and he was born November 30, 1835, at Florida, Missouri. His birthplace long ago disappeared, but the house to which he moved shortly afterward remained standing until a few years ago, when it was torn down and portions of it sold as souvenirs. It was a most dilapidated structure, hardly more than a shanty. Mark Twain disclaimed this house as his birthplace and wrote on a photograph of it, "No; it is too *stylish,* it is not my birthplace." Most of his boyhood, so vividly and imperishably portrayed in Tom Sawyer, was spent in Hannibal, a "loafing, out-at-the-elbows, down-at-the-heels, slaveholding town" on the Mississippi. He had little schooling and at twelve years of age, after his father's death, he entered a local printer's office, becoming in three years a capable journeyman printer. As such he went forth to seek his fortune, going east as far as New York. At seventeen he was back in Missouri determined to realize the burning ambition of his boyhood: to become a pilot on a river steamboat; a most respected and high-salaried position in those days. The Mississippi then was not marked with buoys and it was constantly changing its course. To learn the 1,200 miles of this great shifting river be-

tween Saint Louis and New Orleans was no easy task, as one may know who will read Life on the Mississippi, one of the books by which Mark Twain will live. This is Kaiser Wilhelm's favorite American book, and as fascinating and valuable a study of American life as has ever been written. The outbreak of the Civil War deprived him of his occupation. His brother having just been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nevada, he decided to go there with him as his secretary. His experiences for the next seven years—how he crossed the plains by stage-coach, became a miner in Nevada, then a correspondent for the Virginia City Enterprise, later drifted into San Francisco, obtained a position first on the Morning Call, then on the Californian, journeyed to the Sandwich Islands as correspondent for a Sacramento paper—all this is told most graphically in Roughing It. Writing years afterward to Mark Twain, Robert Louis Stevenson said: "My father, an old man, has been prevailed upon to read Roughing It (his usual amusement being found in theology), and after one evening spent with the book declared: 'I am frightened. It cannot be safe for a man at my time of life to laugh so much.'" And indeed there is no modern book which is more certain to bring refreshment to one who is constantly confronting life in its serious aspect or whose mind is burdened with weighty matters. It takes us into the out-of-door invigorating atmosphere of the primitive West and is full of strange and humorous adventures.

It was while in San Francisco, in 1865, that Mark Twain wrote his best-known short story, The Jumping Frog. It was written at the suggestion of Artemus Ward, to whom he had told it, and was published in the New York Saturday Press of November 18, 1865, from which it was widely copied, making the name of Mark Twain familiar in every section of the country. Mark Twain never thought very highly of this story and was troubled at first that fame should come to him through such a yarn, but he certainly underestimated its worth. At any rate, as Albert Bigelow Paine has said, "the stone rejected by the builder was made the corner of his literary edifice." His reputation as a writer from this time forward was national, although he had not yet written a book. While doing newspaper work in San Fran-

cisco he met Bret Harte, and a strong friendship between the two began which lasted without interruption for about twelve years, but came to an end abruptly in 1877 because of a misunderstanding over the production of a jointly written play, "Ah Sin."

Francis Bret Harte was born at Albany, N. Y., August 25, 1839. His father, a cultured man and professor of Greek in Albany Female College, but impractical and poor, died when Bret was in his early teens. At the age of seventeen, with his mother, he had gone to California, working there as teacher, miner, express messenger, and secretary of the Mint. At the time he and Mark Twain became acquainted he was on the staff of the Golden Era. He thus describes his first impression of Mark Twain: "His head was striking. He had the curly hair, the aquiline nose, and even the aquiline eye—an eye so eaglelike that a second lid would not have surprised me—of an unusual and dominant nature. His eyebrows were very thick and bushy. His dress was careless, and his general manner one of supreme indifference to surroundings and circumstances." Years later Mark Twain wrote as follows concerning his old friend: "Bret Harte trimmed and trained and schooled me patiently until he changed me from an awkward utterer of coarse grotesqueness to a writer of paragraphs and chapters that have found a certain favor in the eyes of even some of the decentest people in the land; and this grateful remembrance of mine ought to be worth its face, seeing that Bret broke our friendship a year ago without any cause that I know."

In 1867 Mark Twain made that never-to-be-forgotten excursion to Europe and the East, on a steamboat specially chartered for a select party, which gave him material for his first and probably his most widely known book, the most popular book of travel ever written, The Innocents Abroad. The sale of this book was enormous. As the author remarked, "It sold right along just like the Bible." Who would not delight to travel with one who thus describes world-wide objects of interest:

> The tomb of Adam! How touching it was, here in a land of strangers, far away from home, and friends, and all who cared for me, thus to discover the grave of a blood relation. True, a distant one, but still a relation. The unerring instinct of nature thrilled its recognition. The

fountain of my filial affection was stirred to its profoundest depths, and I gave way to tumultuous emotion. I leaned upon a pillar and burst into tears. I deem it no shame to have wept over the grave of my poor dead relative. Let him who would sneer at my emotion close this volume here, for he will find little to his taste in my journeying through Holy Land. Noble old man—he did not live to see me—he did not live to see his child. And I—I—alas, did not live to see *him*. Weighed down by sorrow and disappointment, he died before I was born—six thousand brief summers before I was born. But let us try to bear it with fortitude. Let us trust that he is better off where he is. Let us take comfort in the thought that his loss is our eternal gain.

Mark Twain's second book was Roughing It, and was published in 1872. Then in 1874 came The Gilded Age, written jointly with Charles Dudley Warner, containing his finest characterization, Colonel Sellers. The next year he published the Adventures of Tom Sawyer, the sequel to which, Huckleberry Finn, did not appear until nine years later. Of Tom Sawyer, William Dean Howells has said, "The story is a wonderful story of the boy-mind which inhabits a world quite distinct from that in which he is bodily present with his elders, and in this lies its great charm and its universality, for boy nature, however human nature varies, is the same everywhere." This could be said with equal truth of Huckleberry Finn. These stories are among the best fiction in the English language. They are powerfully told, absorbingly interesting, and unequaled for humorous situations, and as for dramatic effect, as Brander Matthews says: "There are few great moments in fiction finer than when Tom Sawyer, lost in the cave, sees a light in the distance and discovers that it is held by India Joe, his one mortal enemy; that is worthy of comparison with Robinson Crusoe's finding the solitary footprint in the sand after his long years of loneliness on the island." Andrew Lang, writing of Huckleberry Finn, said: "There are defects of taste, or passages that to us seem deficient in taste, but the book remains a nearly flawless gem of romance and humor. The world appreciates it, no doubt, but cultured critics are probably unaware of its singular value. The great American novel has escaped the eyes of those who watch to see this new planet swim into their ken. And will Mark Twain never write such another? One is enough for him to live by, and for our gratitude, but not enough for our desires."

Mark Twain was a most prolific writer. Indeed, he was always writing something. Fully as much manuscript remained unpublished as found its way into print; which is saying a good deal, for the uniform edition of his works numbers twenty-five volumes. Only a few of the more important ones can be mentioned here. Besides The Innocents Abroad, two other books of travel came from his pen, A Tramp Abroad and Following the Equator. Nearly every one will agree that, although good reading, they are not equal to The Innocents, and yet so competent a critic as Brander Matthews thinks A Tramp Abroad superior to its more popular predecessor. A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court, published in 1889, is perhaps the most finely imagined book in all literature. Howells considers it Mark Twain's best book, ranking it with Don Quixote. As a vigorous protest against injustice and sham it has no superior. There are some parts that we might wish had not been written (this could be said of practically all of the author's writings), but it is well for us occasionally to face life as it is, stripped of all the glamour of convention and romance, and especially to realize the misery of those who suffer through oppression. Hence the value of this book. It is harsh at times, almost bitter in tone, but ever in the foreground there is the ridiculous figure of the Yankee from East Hartford moving among the Knights of the Round Table, which relieves all severity and in addition there are many irresistibly funny episodes, such as the journey of the "Boss," arrayed in full armor, under a broiling sun, to rescue the damsel "Sandy" from the ogres. The Tragedy of Pudd'nhead Wilson, although not a great book, deserves a place with Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn as an interesting story of a civilization now vanished, but worthy of being remembered. His biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine, thinks that Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc is Mark Twain's finest production, and in this he has the support of the author himself, who on his seventy-third birthday wrote: "I like Joan of Arc best of all my works; and it *is* the best; I know it perfectly well, and besides it furnished me seven times the pleasure afforded me by any of the others: twelve years of preparation and two years of writing. The others needed no preparation, and got none."

But, although this book must take high rank as a beautifully written and sympathetic study of an important historical figure, yet most readers will agree that it is not sufficiently characteristic of the writer, being almost entirely devoid of humor.

From the time of the publication of The Innocents Abroad, in 1869, Mark Twain was one of the foremost figures in America. He was in constant demand for political, literary, and after-dinner speeches. He had few equals as a lecturer. William Dean Howells says, "He was such a practical speaker that he knew all the stops of that simple instrument, man. . . . He was the most consummate public performer I ever saw, and it was an incomparable pleasure to hear him lecture." But after a few years of astonishing success on the lecture platform he developed a vehement dislike for it, and for a long time could not be persuaded to reenter this field. In the early nineties, however, unforeseen and unfortunate circumstances led him to appear once more as a lecturer. He had become deeply interested in a type-setting machine—one of the first type-setting machines invented—but being almost as impractical as the inventor he had invested nearly all of his wealth, as well as his wife's, in simply perfecting this marvelous mechanism, and all to no purpose, for it turned out that the machine was too perfect for ordinary use. About the same time came the failure of his publishing house with liabilities amounting to $200,000. He might have avoided these obligations, but he would not. Although nearly sixty he determined to pay back dollar for dollar, and so started on a lecture tour around the world to regain his fortune. After nine years of absence he returned to New York, in 1900, able to pay off every cent of his indebtedness. "He had behaved like Walter Scott," says Howells; "as millions rejoiced to know who had not known how Walter Scott had behaved till they knew it was like Clemens." The closing years of his life were crowded with honors. From every quarter of the globe he was recognized as the most conspicuous figure in American letters. In 1907 he went over to England to receive the degree of Doctor of Literature from Oxford, and was given a great reception. But these later years were shadowed by deep sorrow occasioned by the death of his wife and two of his daughters, whose loss left him depressed

and weary. He himself passed away April 21, 1910. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that never was anyone so universally mourned. The whole world loved him. And indeed no one can come to know him as he is so faithfully portrayed by Albert Bigelow Paine, in a biography fully the equal of Boswell's Johnson, or as he reveals himself even more clearly and attractively in his own books, without being sorry to part with him. His limitless humanity, his sturdy morality, his detestation of all sham, his hatred of oppression, his playful humor, his sincerity, his breadth of outlook—all make him well worthy of our intimate association.

Bret Harte's life is not nearly so interesting nor his personality so attractive. We left him associated with Mark Twain on The Californian in San Francisco. He was then acknowledged the leading literary man on the coast, but his reputation was purely local. In 1869 he became editor of a new magazine, The Overland Monthly. In the second number he printed his first story that attracted wide attention, The Luck of Roaring Camp. Strange as it may seem, his own associates were shocked by this story and he had difficulty in getting it printed. The proofreader, a young lady, after the first page or two declined to continue its perusal. It finally appeared just as it was written, however, but locally it was not kindly received. It was thought to be highly injurious to the author's good name, not indeed because of the form but because of the matter, which the printer had declared to be "indecent, irreligious, and improper." The judgment of the Atlantic Monthly, however, which was and is "the most scrupulously cultivated of our periodicals," was otherwise, and soon came a request to furnish that magazine with a story of the same kind. The Luck of Roaring Camp is indeed one of the best short stories ever written, and it established Bret Harte's literary reputation. In quick succession followed other tales, such as Tennessee's Partner and The Outcasts of Poker Flat, soon published in a single volume. They give us Bret Harte at his best. But if The Luck of Roaring Camp brought him a literary reputation, a poem which appeared in the Overland for September, 1870, called "Plain Language from Truthful James," or "The Heathen Chinee," made his name familiar throughout the Eng-

lish-speaking world. Mark Twain wrote, "In 1866 I went to the Sandwich Islands and when I returned, after several years, Harte was famous as the author of the 'Heathen Chinee.'" But just as Mark Twain set very little value on The Jumping Frog, which made him famous, so Bret Harte never cared very much for these verses. He told Twain that he had "higher literary ambitions than the fame that could come from an extravaganza of that sort." But the poem "took," and was widely copied in England as well as America, and created a desire to know what manner of man the author might be. In 1871 he came East, and was everywhere flattered and lionized as probably no other literary man in America. We may well wish it had been otherwise, or that he had remained in California. Handsome and affable, he soon gave himself up to society and lived far beyond his means. In 1878, hopelessly insolvent, he was appointed consul in Prussia, and he never returned to his native land again. Not caring for the duties of his office, he spent much of his time visiting friends in England, where at first he was given a royal welcome, but soon lost favor. In 1880 he was transferred to the consulate at Glasgow, where he remained until 1885, when he moved to London. He died in Camberly, England, May 5, 1902.

The pitiable deterioration in Bret Harte's character should not blind us to his skill as a writer or to the value of his immortal sketches of the pioneer life of the Forty-Niners, "a body of men as strongly distinctive as were the companions of Jason." He was a master of the short story and in his field is unsurpassed. His style is graceful and finished. Never was there a more painstaking writer. Noah Brooks said of him, "Scores of writers have become known to me in the course of a long life, but I have never known another so fastidious or so laborious as Bret Harte." Howells writes to the same effect: "When it came to literature, all the gay improvidences of life forsook him, and he became a stern, rigorous, exacting self-master, who spared himself nothing to achieve the perfection at which he aimed." It would be too much to say that Bret Harte attained his ideal, but the flaws in his work are few. There are no glaring faults of composition such as are found in Dickens, whom he so greatly admired. His is

truly the touch of an artist. With a few swift strokes he puts in the background, the mining camp with its rough, elemental life in which the extraordinary and the tragic not only happen but are expected. Then the characters are drawn. All sorts they are, some good, some bad, but usually strong, courageous, and resourceful, and with a doubtful and mysterious past. In depicting character Bret Harte is hardly inferior to Dickens, and given the characters, such a one, for example, as Yuba Bill, what they say, as well as what they do, follows inevitably. The conversation is never forced—and this cannot be said of all greater writers. In plot-making Harte is deficient. This is why his long stories are not successful. For the most part they are just the unfolding of single incidents, usually pathetic or tragic, and told in just the right words and in just the right number of words. Through practically all of his stories runs a rich vein of humor, but of a very different kind from Mark Twain's. It is California humor, which minimizes rather than exaggerates. G. K. Chesterton claims that, while Bret Harte was a genuine humorist, he was not an American humorist; and he says: "American humor is purely exaggerative, Bret Harte's humor was sympathetic and analytical. The wild, sky-breaking humor of America has its fine qualities, but it must be, in the nature of things, deficient in two qualities—reverence and sympathy. And these two qualities were knit into the closest texture of Bret Harte's humor." It is hardly fair to imply, however, that Mark Twain's humor is irreverent, as Mr. Chesterton goes on to do. It is doubtful if Mark Twain in any of his writings ever makes fun of anything really worth while. Bret Harte is unquestionably a more finished workman than Mark Twain. The latter is a more vigorous writer. He ranges over a much broader field. He draws characters just as truthfully, but he always wrote just as he thought and felt at the moment, without models and regardless of precedent or convention. Consequently his work is uneven; there is sometimes lawless extravagance, burlesque, lack of proportion, but there is always sincerity, a quality which redeems him in many places, notably in A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. He is not primarily an artist striving for perfection, either of form or substance, but

rather a keen observer of human nature, with a broad and at bottom serious outlook on life, endeavoring to give expression to that which he saw and felt, especially with regard to the follies and absurdities which were evident in all mankind and particularly in himself. It is this utterly frank and sincere manner of expression which is the secret of his charm, and somehow Bret Harte seems to lack this quality. The following estimate is on the whole just: "Bret Harte took nothing seriously except his art, and apparently went through life with as little concern about the origin, nature, and destiny of mankind as it would be possible for any member of that unfortunate species to feel."

After all it is the personal element that counts most, even in literature, and in the writings of Mark Twain we have revealed one of the most extraordinary and interesting men that ever lived; many-sided, of great and wholly original genius, absolutely unfettered by the artificial standards of society, hating and ridiculing humbug and hypocrisy, and withal thoroughly sound morally and possessing a reverence for the romantic and the pure. And so, while we may go to Bret Harte for a graphic picture of the primitive West, and for a glimpse of life where the elemental passions are in play, and all woven into a story perfect in form and yet melodramatic and sentimental, still it is Mark Twain who will give us purer enjoyment, more vivid impressions, and, above all, a better understanding of human nature, together with a deeper insight into the age-long problems of human life.

Clarence Paul McClelland

THE CHURCH MODERN, OR SOCIETY CHRISTIAN—BOTH? THEN HOW?

Limitation always means problem. As long as the church struggles with the actual and reaches for the ideal, so long will it be plagued with a task unresolved. Professor Royce in The Problem of Christianity puts it a little differently when he says: "For the true church is still a sort of ideal challenge to the faithful rather than an already finished institution—a call upon men for a heavenly quest rather than a present possession of humanity. 'Create me'—this is the word that the church, viewed as an ideal, addresses to mankind." As the caldron of human life unceasingly seethes new elements will continue to rise to the surface, but the basal ingredients remain the same. In the religious growth of society the difference in one stage from another lies not so much in the presence or absence of problem as in a change of terms or view-point. Among the representatives of instituted religion the most painful perplexity has resulted because we did not understand that the restlessness and confusion of the day were a signal that the scene was shifting behind the drop curtain. Now before us there is staged a society garbed and animated by the spirit of modernness. The concrete, visible symbol of this last term is the city. It is the power-center of influence. It is the most amazing phenomenon of modern development. It is the concentrated essence of all our moral problems. It is feared like Behemoth. Just now the importance and needs of the country church are being stressed with an intelligence and earnestness hitherto unknown; but for Christianity as a world power the problem of the city church is still the problem of the church. It is true that the village church and the village parson no longer constitute the soul and center of village life as fifty years ago, yet investigation shows that where men live on the soil, and by the soil, the church is still strong. It is only where city standards have been transmitted that the church has declined as a community force and social center. Hence, there is little fear of a successful challenge against the following postula-

tion: Solve the problem of the nonchurched and nonreligious of the cities and you have solved the problem of church attendance and church influence in the church. As time goes on we will come to realize more fully that Henry Drummond has stated correctly the present task of the church: "To make cities—that is what we are here for. To make good cities—that is for the present hour the main work of Christianity. For the city is strategic. It makes the towns; the towns make the villages; the villages make the country. He who makes the city makes the world."

At this point the question of method, or the how of the thing, naturally intrudes. How are we to make good cities and so make a good world? Methods that were suited to a land of villages manifestly will not suffice for a land of great cities. Past methods should be regarded as pontoons rather than iron bridges. Yet I am unwilling to take the position "that, nothing being certain, what agrees with our wishes ought to receive our assent." All must admit that greater versatility, clearer discrimination, deeper wisdom, more spiritual and formative leadership could not be demanded than to make the church modern and keep it religious; than to make it the social center of community uplift and at the same time not relegate the personal claims of the living Christ to a much-blurred background; than to use moving-pictures, brass bands, semivaudeville in such a way as to relate them to the spiritual life. It would be going a step too far to say it cannot be done. The church must reckon with the fact that more is demanded of it to-day than ever before. It is equally true that it cannot meet the imperative requirements by a further puerile adherence to eighteenth-century methods in the application of the Christian redemption to twentieth-century society. All this may have a stimulating reaction on the church by making its problem more fascinating in proportion as it makes it more difficult. It is more than begging the question to claim that we have met these new conditions. It is no less silly to assert that we are hopelessly unable to meet them. Of one thing we may be sure; namely, that it has not always been the fault of the ministry that the church has failed to adapt itself to changed environment. I have even read the uncomplimentary assertion that there are no great preach-

ers to-day. There are preachers who are distinguished in literature or science, but, in comparison with former days, there are no master minds in the pulpit such as give heraldic utterance to the living Word and leave an ineffaceable mark on popular conviction. America has no Phillips Brooks, England no Spurgeon, and Europe no Mazzini. The fact is, the great leaders of the past, and many not accounted great, have thought long and hard and with bitterness of spirit because they were chained to drag along with the multitude of those who were ignorant of the purposes of God and slow to believe all that has been written of the promises and plans of the Christ. As formerly, so to-day there is a host of leaders in the church ahead of their times and their followers. But it is a hopeful sign that intelligent Christian business men have come to see that success in one line is not essentially different from success in any other line—so far as methods make success. Hence from all sides there arises the demand that the church become pragmatic, that it employ methods similar to those which are producing such astonishing results in commerce, in science, and in education. The modern attitude having recast the boundaries and having proclaimed a new status quo between the church and the world, we would all be very much at ease could we settle to the satisfaction of conscience in what prescribed forms we should take the methods, many and varied, now advocated as the nostrums for our ills. Sociopathic, psycho-theuropathic, hedonipathic—which shall it be?

To be more specific, should the minister have a different kind of training from the traditional? Under present requirements the minister's training consumes some of the best years of his life, for more than ever he must be an educated man. However, the conviction is growing that there should be a reform, or at least a modification, in ministerial training so that the novice taken out of the cloistered hall and secluded library and thrust into the clash of contending principles will not be dumbstruck and helpless before the modern mental attitude with regard to certain vanishing moral standards and the waning belief in what we have been taught to consider inscrutable ways of Providence. Further, we need more than a curriculum that will round out an aristocrat and polish off a

gentleman. However much it may disgust us, however many times we may call it coarse and ugly, the age is utilitarian in spirit and practice. Some time ago a leading New York paper closed an editorial with these words: "This is not the age of educational aristocracies—it is the age of making good." A course in refined character-building must be supplemented by an understanding of present social and economic values in order that in their mold we may run the hot metal of our golden message. It is a mistake to compel the prospective preacher to spend so many years apart from the throbbing life of the church and the operation of the machinery by which spiritual dreams come true. In some way we have got to build up great training centers which may be used as experiment stations. As to the retention or divestment of the clerical garb, as near as I have been able to gather from a great many earnest people who have been questioned, the only badge that can lay claim to dignity and command authority for a sacred and unselfish office is a consecrated personality plus efficiency. Given these, men reck little of outward insignia. In fact, all sorts of official trappings have come to be looked upon as much the same as the outlandish toggery with which small children disport themselves, if not as a weak attempt to maintain antiquated class distinctions. As to social service, it is deeply significant that perhaps the majority of those who have been working independently now feel that the line of attack must come back to and be pivoted in the church. This has another phase in that it puts a big responsibility on us to make new attempts on a larger scale at social regeneration. Yet it is difficult to see why the church should take to itself all the obligations of the state to its citizens. How far the church is to go along with modern tendencies is at least debatable. Unless we can implant in the hearts of men a love of goodness that will make inequality and wrong impossible in all civic, social, and business relations we are not succeeding, however numerous our following, however imposing our edifices, however great our revenues, however multitudinous our activities. Let us slough the dead tissue of out-grown accretions, but also let us not beggar ourselves by cutting ourselves off from a historical unity. Let us not be bound hand and foot to traditional methods, venerable

and precious merely for the patina which age has put upon them. At the same time let us not lose the temper and the cutting edge infused by the privileges and powers and clearly defined objective of the church and its ministry. Let us ever keep uppermost evangelism, to which all other Christian endeavor must be handmaid.

There is a department of modern scientific investigation full of promise for future spiritual development. It is the psychology of childhood. Perhaps we do not train our children morally with any more assiduous attention than did the Persians, but we know how to make our training count for more by relating it to the laws of child nature. In this we have an invaluable asset. To be able to define character is not nearly so vital as to assist in its production. Children are so impressionable that they naturally respond to those who understand their unfolding consciousness. In the equipment of ministers and lay workers there should be a larger place for thoroughly specialized work in this highly important department. In the matter of creeds we ought to be brave enough to revise them without fear of losing the supernatural Christ. No more should we be terrified by the logical action of Protestantism, with its unfettered mind, and we had better have a care how we disinherit our own children. If their faith is not clear enough to be expressed in an evangel that will spread like a contagion among the masses, they will fail ultimately to satisfy even the highly intelligent and ethically refined.

Only let us be sure that with go-cart religion, denatured experiences, and self-made failure we are not back-tracking on the trail of those colleagues of the Almighty who have sped the dawning of the world's new day, and upon whose shoulders the thinkers and doers of the present must climb to catch the wider vision.

Orville S. Duffield

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S APOSTOLATE

Lest the purpose of this essay be misunderstood, we distinctly disavow at the outset any disposition to disparage Matthew Arnold—a man of extraordinary inherited gifts, rare cultivation, pure character and unsullied life; nor are we vain enough to imagine that it is within our power to lower the estimate which the intelligent world puts upon him. ' Our sole purpose, now and here, is to discuss the nature and value of a particular type of culture, and especially to consider the wisdom and effect of Arnold's apostolate to those whom he called Philistines both inside and outside of the churches.

In view of his sharp attacks upon, and stinging censures of the churches, it should not be regarded as illegitimate, rude, or improper for any representative of the churches to criticize his crusade while defending those whom he attacked.

To speak of Arnold as an apostle is not unwarranted. He regarded himself as an apostle—the Apostle to the Philistines. Mr. Frank Harris, one-time editor of the Fortnightly Review, called Arnold an apostle—"The latest Apostle to the Gentiles."

Acolyte and thurifer before the high altar of Christianity, bearer of lights designed to shed a better illumination in the dim temple of our modern worship, and swinger of a jeweled censer intended to diffuse fragrance through its malodorous air—such Matthew Arnold, self-appointed apostle of sweetness and light, supposed himself to be, in what was on the whole the most pretentious apostolate seen in intelligent circles in modern times—an apostolate, not from the church, but to it, and applying the most candid and cutting criticism that Christian churches have ever received from a culture which owed itself to Christianity.

It may be noted in passing that the favorite phrase of this imposing apostolate, the phrase "Sweetness and Light," was not original with Arnold, but was borrowed from Swift, who, in his Battle of

the Books, commends the bees for their exemplary industry as producers of honey and wax, and then suggests in a moralizing way, that honey and wax-candles are fit emblems of "the two loveliest of things, sweetness and light." Spiritualizing the words, "sweetness and light," to signify beauty and intelligence, Arnold made them the text and motto of his ostentatious embassy to the churches and by incessant repetition gave wider vogue, along with higher meaning, to Swift's redolent and refulgent phrase. In particular he proclaimed that beauty and intelligence are the two elements most lacking and most needed in our current religion. Especially in one famous essay he expounded his new and better gospel of sweetness and light, Arnold's "Heavenly Twins." That essay is in reality a study of ideals of human perfection and a setting forth of what this apostle of culture considers the true ideal. The current Christian conception of Perfection he criticises as faulty and segmental. The perfection aimed at by the religious bodies he regards as meager and unattractive, consisting, he says, merely in conquering the faults of our animality and producing a human nature perfect only on the moral side. The true ideal, and only worthy goal of aspiration and endeavor, is, he insists, "a human nature perfect on all its sides," a manhood *teres atque rotundus,* a perfection many-sided, polished, and complete. For the source and sanction of this fine ideal he goes, not to the New Testament, but to the ancient pagan Greeks, with whose spiritual pre-eminence he seems profoundly impressed. He attributes what he calls "the immense spiritual superiority of the Greeks" to their being "inspired with a central and happy idea of Perfection"; and tells us that the finely tempered and harmonious perfection which the Greeks conceived of was produced by "subordinating all else to the formation of spirit and character." And surely, beyond dispute, that is the way to produce it. But do we need Arnold or the old Greeks to tell us that? Does not the most accessible of books, a little volume called the New Testament, a volume as modern as it is ancient, and more widely circulated in one year than Arnold's writings can be in a thousand years, teach exactly that? Is not that its plan for producing a finely tempered and harmonious perfection, namely, by the spiritualization and refinement of man's nature through conquering the faults of his animality and subordinating everything to the formation of spirit and character? And does not Christianity furnish what Grecian culture never had, and what Matthew Arnold's personality is far from presenting, a perfect

Pattern, Christ Jesus, not to mention the addition of a divine enabling by the impartation from above of a spirit of power and love and sanity? Arnold really brings us no news whatever, increases our spiritual knowledge not one whit, adds nothing to the New Testament, but on the contrary, as will be noted later, takes something away. When this messenger, arriving from ancient Greece by way of Rugby and Oxford, labors to impress upon Christian people the transcendent beauty of "a human life aspiring with all its organs after sweetness, light, and perfection," the Christian people wonderingly reply that they learned that long ago from a Teacher greater than Arnold—greater than all Greek sages—from the one supreme authority and exemplar, the one only perfect character, living the one only perfect life, who either by his own lips or the mouth of his messengers says in substance to His disciples, "Be ye perfect, not merely in restraining your carnal nature, but in adding virtue to virtue, grace to grace, in all things lovely and true and pure and of good report, till you attain the finished stature of perfect manhood, *teres atque rotundus,* and are presented faultless at last before the throne of His glory."

This self-appointed censor of the religious bodies, this disparager of their ideals, feels obliged to concede that the Christian churches have accomplished much good and produced much happiness, and that theirs was the most considerable movement toward Perfection extant until he launched his cult of culture; yet so imperfect do the churches seem to him that he marvels how cultivated persons can adhere to them and how vast multitudes of sane people can continue to believe in such faulty organizations, and can stand ready to support them, not only with money, but with their very life-blood, as he plainly sees to be the fact. His opinion of the ideals held and the fruits produced in character and life by the religious bodies requires strong language to express. He charges the members of those bodies with "hideousness and rawness." He wants to teach these raw persons to like what is really beautiful, graceful, and becoming; wants these "raw and unkindled masses to be touched with sweetness and light;" wants to take the vulgarity out of the religion of the churches so as to make it a really refined, respectable, genteel sort of faith such as cultivated and elegant persons like himself can consent to entertain.

Now, doubtless, it must be admitted that some of the interpreters of Christianity have set forth an unworthy and unpleasing conception of human perfection. And it is not inconceivable that a man with Arnold's gifts might be appointed by God to bring some needed

reproof and rectification, and if he should really enlarge and elevate our ideals, then the human race and most of all the religious organizations, avowedly bent on perfection, ought to be concerned to know and acknowledge the fact and confess indebtedness to him. In many things he and the most of us are entirely agreed. That the world requires and our religion should furnish, through its disciples, more sweetness and light, more intelligence and love, will hardly be denied. That the seeming lack of these was a poignant distress to him betokens in him a nature not destitute of spiritual sensitiveness, and that he lifted up his voice like a prophet calling attention to the pressing want makes him, in that respect and to that extent, a useful servant of mankind. The inexpressible desirability of the end he has in view is beyond dispute; and if he or any other man or body of men could drench and suffuse our religious organizations with larger light and love, an overjoyed and grateful Christendom would not withhold its praise.

But Arnold did not do justice to the ideals and fruits of the evangelical churches. He failed to perceive the surpassing value of a moral culture powerful enough to subdue man's rampant animalism and to set the spiritual man triumphant over the flesh, the world, and the devil—a culture capable of taking the ape and tiger out, refining away the grossness and fierceness of untamed human nature, and producing sober, conscientious, gentle, humane, and godly lives. A conquered animality and a nature morally perfected are results not to be belittled; and the institution and method which can instrumentally achieve such results in millions of lives have some claim to be considered divine. We may express, in passing, our surprise at finding so stringent a stickler for refinement and for living in the spirit as Arnold was, attaching so little importance to conquering the faults of our animality as to say one day that he thought the coarseness and sensuality of Voltaire's writings a matter of small importance. And we do not wonder that his friend Clough turned on Arnold properly enough, in a manner rather rough, with the reproving rebuff, "Well, you don't think any better of yourself for that, I suppose"; which was a polite way of saying, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself." Certainly moral perfection which the churches aim at primarily, but not exclusively, is more important than æsthetic refinement which dominates Hellenic culture. When Newman Hall went to John Ruskin for advice as to how to build a beautiful house of worship for his congregation, the great teacher of architectural art,

but greater teacher of high morals, answered somewhat quizzically and evasively but very pungently, that the true way to make a really beautiful church is not by piling stones one upon another, but by "gathering together a few people who will not steal nor tell lies."

Moral perfection, and not æsthetic effect, was foremost in Ruskin's esteem, and the perfecting of human nature on the moral side was, it appears, even in the opinion of the author of Modern Painters and the Stones of Venice, the supremely urgent thing, the crowning glory as it is the prime function of the Christian Church. Most assuredly, any cult of Perfection which fails morally, fails entirely. And while the evangelical churches have abundantly proved the power of their fervent faith to promote moral perfection, and are proving it this very hour, near and afar, Hellenism, which Arnold exalts above Christianity, is fatally discredited by its failure to brace the moral fiber. The ethical looseness of the Hellenic culture revived by Arnold seems to be shrewdly referred to under a veiled allusion in the irony of Zangwill's suggestion that Jezebel may very likely have wanted to put more sweetness and light into the narrow incompleteness of Elijah's and Elisha's view of life; those men of God being, to her more liberal taste, too rigidly and exclusively bent on purity, sobriety, righteousness, and godliness.

Christianity, at its beginning, met and routed Hellenism. Christianity's spokesman at the seat and center of Hellenism was Paul on Mars' Hill. In our modern day Matthew Arnold led Hellenism to the attack again, with the same result. The Hellenic type of culture and religion fails: the Pauline conquers. In one of J. P. Mowbray's animated dialogues that vivacious, keen-witted woman Irene points out with graphic idiom how, as she sees it, the boasted superiority of Hellenic ideals went down under the blows of the tentmaker of Tarsus. She says substantially:

When Paul made his speech on Mars' Hill to the Athenians he was at close quarters with Hellenism, and he treated it as if he were a democrat and not an æsthete, bowling down all the things that Hellenic culture doted on. And he cleaned the deck, he swept the field; every one of his blows landed squarely between the Hellenic eyes.

The Athenians had a number of sensitive spots, and he hit them straight.

1. They were autochthons, born on the sacred soil of Greece, and immensely puffed up about it. And Paul said to them, "God made the whole world—it is all sacred—and all things therein."

2. They glorified architecture, and were especially vain of their temples. Paul said, "The Lord of heaven and earth dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

3. They devoted their genius to sculpture, especially admiring and adoring their statues of gods and goddesses. Paul said, "The Godhead is not like unto gold or silver or marble graven by art and man's device."

4. They called all the rest of the world barbarians, and thought them unfit to be on the planet. Paul said, "God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth."

5. They prided themselves on being such broad religionists as to include in their vague and impartial worship all possible divinities. Paul said, in substance, "Your worship is ignorant. God has long borne with it out of pity for the blindness of your minds. But now that the darkness is past and the true light shineth, he calls you to repent of your idolatries and to be instructed by the man Christ Jesus whom he hath raised from the dead, and in whose gracious face you may behold the light of the knowledge of the glory of the true and living God." Irene says that while she was reading Paul's sentences she kept saying "Biff," "Biff," at the end of each one, as his straight hard blows struck home, and the dainty fond ideals of Hellenic culture fell down into the dust.

One cardinal mistake of Matthew Arnold, the would-be reformer of our holy religion, was in thinking that the Faith of our fathers and of his father could be improved by eliminating the anthropomorphic and miraculous out of Christian history and interpretation. Under this delusion he liberally blue-penciled the Bible, and then presented us with what he called "the scheme of Christianity cleared of objections"; and he cleared it of "objections" in such a way as to provoke from Mr. Gladstone the remark, in Studies Subsidiary to the Works of Bishop Butler, that Arnold "combined a professed concern for the Christian religion with a not less boldly avowed determination to transform it beyond possibility of recognition by friend or foe." He ran his shears through Christian Scripture, "cutting out as anthropomorphic and legendary," says Gladstone, "nearly all which its readers believe to be the heart and center of its vital force." That what he wished to extirpate is of the very essence of Christianity as a system of truth derived from a divine Source and possessing supernatural sanctions, is plain even to a rationalistic naturalist like John Burroughs, who sees clearly that the part which Arnold tries to get

rid of is the very element which makes Christianity a power for good over mankind; the part which is most true and dear to men's hearts, which takes the deepest hold upon their spirits, and is most potent in inspiring effort and controlling conduct; that what Arnold wanted to do for religion was equivalent to stripping the tree of its leaves and leaving it to perish as surely as if he had cut it down; that his attempted service to the Christian public was like burning their temple and offering them the ashes; and that Arnold's sublimated extract of Christianity is no more Christianity than a vial of attar of roses is the city of Damascus, set amid its glorious gardens, radiant with color, musical with tinkling fountains, bright with the gleam of swift rivers, verdurous with living beauty and teeming with population on the desert's edge.

When a man transfers theism from a person to a power, substituting in place of a Personal Deity a stream of tendency, how much of Christianity can he retain? Arnold failed to make himself a welcome apostle to the religious bodies to whom he offered his impoverishing services. His reforms and methods were unacceptable and even offensive. The churches, which he wished to sweeten and enlighten, felt that the effect of his effort to transform Christianity was not to transfigure it into greater glory, but rather to diminish, devitalize, and darken it—to take the sunshine out of its atmosphere and produce such a climate as might make a Christian Hamlet say, "The air bites shrewdly, it is very cold," and a Christian Horatio shiveringly assent, "It is a nipping and an eager air." More than this, his irreverent handling of hallowed beliefs was shocking to the reverent and devout, and his disdainful bearing toward pious souls left in them a sore sense of personal injury. George Jackson truly says: "Few men of our day have given so much needless pain to so many Christian people, or have uttered so many wild and whirling words with such a demure recklessness, as Matthew Arnold." His attitude toward the religious bodies and their cherished faith made him seem to the church-going good man on the street more like a gargoyle scowling under the cathedral eaves than like a rapt saint standing on the pinnacle with upturned face and lifted finger pointing men to heaven. Arnold made Christian people feel as did Catherine of Russia when she said of Riviere, the French physiocrat: "He supposed we Russians walked on all fours, and very politely he took the trouble to come from La Martinique to teach us how to stand on our hind legs."

Yet his proposed innovations were rather irritating because of their spirit and manner, than alarming because of their dangerousness, for Goldwin Smith truly says, that though this "jaunty gentleman did something in his light airy way with his silver shafts to forward theological disintegration," yet he was "rather a connoisseur and a dilettant than a serious philosopher or theologian," and from the standpoint of thorough scholarship his criticism of accepted Christian conceptions and traditions was too amateurish to be taken seriously. He is by no means an authority in religion, philosophy, or biblical criticism, but rather a literary critic, a writer of close grain and hard finish, an artist in crystalline and finely beveled sentences, a poet, and a master of pellucid and polished prose; a doctor of letters, but only a dabbler in divinity. True, he thought himself an expert with exceptional qualifications, natural and acquired, for revising and improving current Christianity; but intelligent Christendom, having had plenty of time to think it over, does not so regard him; and after all his labor—after his copious outpouring of alleged saccharine luminosity—Christian churches decline to accept the new gospel according to Matthew, son of Thomas Arnold—the gospel desupernaturalized, eviscerated, and devitalized—as a substitute for the old Gospel, according to Matthew, the evangelist, the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, with the splendor of its supernaturalism undimmed.

Arnold's revised and improved Christianity seemed to the religious bodies, to whom he offered it, to be a mutilated and minimized Christianity; just as ex-President Eliot's proposed religion of the future is not a new religion, but is, as has been said, "a denial of the faith and a rejection of the principles which have been the foundation of Christianity and civilization for twenty centuries." The most reverend and solemn sanctities of the Christian Faith he treats at times with airy irreverence. In the very Holy of holies he stands unawed, with head unbowed and knee unbended. The Holy Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—he travesties as "The three Lord Shaftesburys." His mood and attitude at times toward Jesus the Saviour justified J. P. Mowbray in saying that "One of Arnold's defects was a dilettante spirit of irreverence, and that he, like Renan, carried this spirit into the most august themes: that they both captured and brought back to their respective studios the historic Jesus and there posed him in æsthetic radiance: that Renan, having posed Him in a warm, sensuous light, calls Him "The charming teacher,"

and says that Jesus, in the midst of his atoning agony, "is thinking of the charming girls of Galilee"; and that Arnold posed Jesus in an Oxford peplum and exclaimed, "Behold sweet reasonableness with a secret. At last we have an intuition without an imperative. How debonair!" Frank Harris, editor of the Fortnightly Review, reports Arnold as saying to him: "Renan was always my teacher, my teacher in the view he took of Saint Paul and the Bible generally"; and the editor adds, "To the end he remained a sort of lesser Renan, Renan at second-hand, a puritanic Renan."

We are told by some that Arnold was not so much an apostle to the churches as a missionary to outsiders and unbelievers; that his purpose in "clearing Christianity of objections" by a rationalized and moderated version thereof was to make it acceptable to the fastidious children of a dainty culture and the deniers of the supernatural. It seems that one of his aims in disrobing and redressing Christianity was to make it more presentable in polite society. He belonged, says one, to a group of Englishmen who toddled after Renan and picked up his doubts; but, being too well-bred to be brutal in his scepticism, and conceiving himself to have an irenic mission, Arnold used finesse and diplomatically played the impartial host, both to Belief and to Denial, saying on the one hand to Christianity, "If you will only drop your distinctive characteristics and adapt yourself to the company,"—saying on the other hand to Negation, "If you will only borrow some of the things which Christianity, in deference to my wise suggestion, has dropped"—and then saying to both, "I don't see now why both of you cannot hereafter get along amicably and respectably in good society." The most objectionable feature of this maladroit intermediation, this fatuous and sinister diplomacy, is the process of reduction it applies to Christianity, reducing it so far as to render it powerless and worthless for the work it undertakes, while not reducing it far enough to command the favor and acceptance of the unbelievers. Thus both his advisory apostolate to the churches and his propitiatory mission to the sceptics proved equally futile. The fact is his was a literary and not a religious mission, as he himself unwittingly confessed when he told the Authors' Club in New York that only the literary class had understood and sustained him; to that class alone had he any really very important message. Though even in literature he was by no means infallible—as witness his strange judgment that "Enoch Arden" is probably Tennyson's best.

If fuller explanation of Arnold's failure is desired, I know not

how it may be better obtained than by a direct study of the man himself, since he was not only the apostle and advocate, but also the embodiment and manifesto of his own type of culture. Arnold having said that Swift, who invented the phrase, "sweetness and light," was himself deficient in sweetness, there can be no impropriety in raising the question here whether the elements were so mixed in Arnold as to give the world assurance of exceptional sweetness. And we cannot proceed far with such an inquiry before we begin to feel that this apostle is not preeminently fitted for his mission.

To begin with, a deep, broad, generous love for men, as men, is wanting. Mere human nature was not dear to him and so he did not crave association with it. He never played the comrade with mankind; never brothered with the human race on a level; never marched in the ranks, touching elbows, but chose to sit up on the reviewing stand, representing inspectorship and authority. A eupatrid, eminently high-born, he kept himself aloft and aloof from the mass of men, standing always for the social and intellectual aristocracy, and wearing a patrician air. The circle of his acquaintance was intentionally narrow, and his friendships eclectically homogeneous. In his preferences and intercourse he belonged to that archaic provincial world where the fences are up. His prejudices bristled like a *cheval-de frise* between him and large classes of civilized and honorable men; and the tolerant largeness of a genuinely cosmopolitan spirit was all beyond him. Brunetière is by no means a fanatical moralist, yet such aloofness and alienation as Arnold manifests, Brunetière characterizes as "immoral." He pronounces art immoral to the extent of its isolating tendency; and observes that the effect of the over-refinement of the artist's æsthetic sensibilities is often to estrange him from his fellow men whom he habitually speaks of as "the crowd," "the herd." Even this French critic's moral sense feels such unbrotherliness to be anti-social, inhuman, immoral; and counts it a thing to be reprobated by civilized humanity when a man speaks harshly and contemptuously of a large body of his fellow citizens who are mostly conscientious and upright, kindly and benevolent, quite as respectable in every relation of life as he himself can be. This isolating tendency in Matthew Arnold's type of culture gives a taint of the inhuman and, Brunetière says, "of the immoral." Its evil spirit of disdain is like that which made Flaubert say in his correspondence with George Sand that the common people are always hateful. It reminds us of a certain Roman in the time of Nero, who

is said to have had a two-fold contempt for the crowd—first, as an æsthetic person; second, as an aristocrat.

Matthew Arnold's culture did not save him from giving now and then an impression of intellectual prudishness, dyspeptic daintiness, and if not effeminacy, at least a want of robustness. We cannot help wondering why a stalwart and bearded man, six feet high, should go about in the human crowd and crush, holding a handkerchief and a vinaigrette to his nostrils. We honestly think Arnold made an excessive display of his disgusts. Much of the time his nose was in the air and his facial expression like that worn by a stranger railroading across the Hackensack salt meadows when the train is opposite the fertilizer factory, and the traveler, ignorant of the nature and location of the cause, eyes his nearest fellow passengers, one by one, accusingly. He played to excess the part of a "Martyr of Disgust." Moreover, the frequent and unrestrained expression of his squeamish displeasure and dislikes seems to us to indicate a want of true refinement as well as lack of self-control. A bright woman is quoted as saying, "Mat. Arnold was not a masculine writer. He was too sweet for anything. He wanted even the Scriptures candied. He could not quote the Sermon on the Mount without adding syrup to it."

We all remember that this fastidious gentleman's worst *bête noir* was vulgarity. George Eliot once wrote: "If there is one attitude more odious to me than any other of the many attitudes of 'knowingness,' it is the air which it sometimes assumes of superiority to the vulgar." Now, this air and attitude were more fully developed and sustained in Matthew Arnold than in any other man of modern times. The abominable prevalence of vulgarity affected him like the presence of a loathsome and contagious disease. "Americans," he says, "have it horribly." Matthew Arnold says that he was sitting in his study one morning when the butler showed in an American lady and a small boy. The lady said: "Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Arnold. I have often heard of you. No, don't trouble to speak, sir! I know how valuable your time is!" Then, turning to the boy, she said, "This is him, Lenny, the leading critic and poet. Somewhat fleshier than we had been led to expect!" But there is a query wandering up and down this western land whether the lofty gentleman, who twice deigned to visit us, largely for lucre's sake, was so far exalted as he imagined above the average American or Briton. It is whispered in some places that his speech and manners were not always gentle, but sometimes quite rude. It is affirmed that, at a select dinner given

in his honor in a private house in one of our chief centers of culture, he was surly and petulant, finding fault even with the food set before him by his host. Certain it is that he impressed some refined and educated persons as being deficient in delicacy and good breeding. For particulars, inquire of the families of the Andover professors and a prominent publisher in Boston. In manners as in literature he fell short at times of that "good taste," which, in Lowell's admirable words, "is the conscience of the mind, as conscience is the good taste of the soul"; good taste being the sense of what is fit and therefore ought to be, and conscience being the sense of what ought to be and is therefore fit. Arnold's culture failed to give him the Christlike faculty of being sympathetically one with those whom he tried to correct and instruct. When Stuart Mill said he thought Bentham "almost entirely wanting in sympathy and imagination so that a very large proportion of the springs of human action were unknown or incomprehensible to him," a candid fellow Briton remarked that Mill himself closely resembled his master Bentham in lacking the imagination and sympathy which would enable him to understand human nature. And Arnold must be classed with Mill and Bentham in this respect, for he also was deficient in the sympathy which comprehends. All of them had little of the faculty emphasized in Charles Reade's great book Put Yourself in His Place, a faculty which is necessary to practical intelligence and leadership—as was illustrated in the fact that Cardinal Vaughan's lack of Cardinal Manning's intuitive sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men made it impossible for Vaughan to become anything more than the nominal primate of Romanism in Great Britain. It may be set down as an axiom that in the human and spiritual realm he who does not love cannot comprehend. Matthew Arnold, while thoroughly at home with the principalities and powers of literature, was not intimately acquainted with flesh and blood. That inseeing faculty, the imagination, was retained mostly in the service of his intellect and was but little at the disposal of his heart. Many and great have been the mistakes of a cold and self-sufficient intelligence, taking no account of that great sentimental human deep, whose mysterious currents of feeling set irresistibly along the coasts of life, and in which ineradicable instinctive convictions are in solution as salt is in the sea. Always the cold man is a deficient man, disqualified to appraise aright anything in human nature or human nature's universe. The heart when it is pure makes fewer mistakes than the mind. It is an error to suppose that coldness

and dryness, in the observer or in the atmosphere, insure correct vision, much less complete vision. The cold, dry air of purely intellectual regions is not free from refractions and reflections, distortions and phantasmic illusions; even on the icy Brocken there is a specter; even in the dry desert men see mirages. It is in the calm and the cool that science affects to pursue its search; but even the astronomer, aloft in the night-air on his tower, reckoning and registering the stars, is liable to see what is called "a ghost," and to report, as Struvé did in the case of Procyon's alleged companion-star, a world which is not there. His position is high and dry enough, the air is cold and quiet enough, his temper is sober and scientific enough; but he is deceived, and what he reports as a star is a mere appearance, due to an interior flaw in the lens, or a reflection on the surface of the glass, or a drop of dew like a tear in the telescope's eye. It is on a cold temper and a dry unemotional atmosphere that scepticism for the most part frames its doubts and denials, yet it misses the facts often, and wanders away after delusions. The stoniest and frostiest sceptic regarding orthodox religion whom I ever knew fell an easy prey to the spiritualists, turned his home into a bedlam with midnight séances, spirit-rappings and table-tippings, till his wife and two of his children went raving crazy with horror of the pseudo-supernatural, victims of the crass ignorance and raw credulity of unbelief.

But most of all, it is in judging of and dealing with human nature and life that the cool, unsympathetic critic, looking through the dry air of pride or indifference, is sure to miss the mark and be self-deceived. The windows through which such a man looks out on life are so frosted by the temperature within that he cannot see clearly. A man of acute and ambitious mind, linked with an ungenerous soul, will come to mean conclusions and deal unfairly with his kind. Matthew Arnold's inability to comprehend men impairs the value of many of his opinions. Unable to judge justly, his verdicts were often unduly harsh. While there is no warrant for going the length of the French saying, "To know all is to pardon all," yet assuredly, in order to equitable judgment, one must have not only knowledge of the facts, but ability to comprehend the nature of the case and the actors therein; and in order to do justly it is necessary to love mercy as well as to walk humbly before God. Misjudging his fellow men, underestimating their qualities and capabilities, Arnold distrusted their competency, their judgment, their motives; lacking faith in what Tennyson finely calls "the common-sense of most."

From the facts above noted, it follows inevitably that Arnold's influence was small and his endeavors mostly ineffectual with the classes he took to task and scolded and tried to educate—the puritans, dissenters, evangelicals, middle-classes, and so on through the whole range of his well-nigh catholic antipathies. Intellectual superiority without sympathy is powerless to uplift the thoughts, broaden the views, or awaken convictions in the minds of men. In the nature of things, a critic whose appreciations are lukewarm and his indignations scorching hot, who writes upon the epidermis of his respectable neighbors with a pencil of lunar caustic, and whose irony might almost peel the skin from an Egyptian mummy, will not be an influential teacher, nor a persuasive leader, nor a successful reformer, however eloquently he may lecture on the supreme importance of persuasiveness and charm. And a culture inspired by fastidiousness of taste, made up of delicate predilections and sniffing prejudices, ruled by aristocratic affinities, which cut a man off from his brethren and alienate him from the human mass; a culture which stands aloof from common life and extends its favors at the end of a pole; a culture which manifests, as Emily Dickinson phrases it, "a refined horror of freckled human nature"; a culture which offensively obtrudes its own superiority, and uses a tone of impatience which means, "You stupid creatures, you ought to be cultivated, but you're not, and I almost despair of making you so; O cursed spite that ever I was born to set you right!"—the faintest suspicion of such an attitude and spirit is enough to make any culture obnoxious and offensive to those whom its intrusions vex and its supercilious airs exasperate. And the culture which Arnold preached as an improvement on current Christianity had enough of this tone and temper to make the futility and failure of his apostleship stand as a warning to dainty and aristocratic preachers and teachers for all time to come.

As to the personal temper and disposition of our apostle of sweetness, Mr. Gladstone observed in him, instead of exceptional charm and persuasiveness, a querulous disposition, "a spirit of objection," "an ungovernable bias toward finding fault." And the same trait was in Louis Stevenson's mind when, at his Samoan refuge in the soft air of the South Pacific, his own fragile life hanging by a slender and fast-fraying thread, Stevenson received the news that Matthew Arnold had suddenly gone to meet his Maker, and then, with reverent seriousness, said slowly and gently, "I'm sorry for

Arnold; he won't like God"—shrewdest and most trenchant comment ever made on our modern Professor of the Gentle Art of Finding Fault. Even the most amiable of Arnold's contemporaries were annoyed by his censorious magisterial manner as he went stalking about through Christendom in austere perpendicularity with the air of a displeased school inspector, and with such general reluctance to approve as recalls Sydney Smith's thrust at Jeffrey, when he told Jeffrey to his face that he would expect him to condemn the solar system—"badly lighted, planets too distant, pestered with comets, feeble contrivance—could make a better myself with great ease."

Arnold seems to have said within himself, "Go to; the world is my school-house; I will straightway instruct mankind." And it is difficult to refrain from thinking him a victim of "the Great Teacher conceit," to which the Saturday Review referred when, in characterizing the degenerate, pessimistic cynic, Nordau, it called him "a self-assertive, overbearing, conceited creature, bitten by the Great Teacher mania," and added that "self-conceit and obstinate self-assertion have been common phenomena in the professed Great Teachers since the beginning of things." Certain it is that Matthew Arnold had the propensities of a pedagogue in an exaggerated degree. In season and out of season he lectured mankind as if they were his pupils and he their natural and necessary instructor. Alfred Austin noticed that "Arnold frowned even in his very earliest verse, frowned as a teacher might who thinks he has discovered that everything is going amiss in the school it is his mission to conduct." Habitually he wears a pedagogic scowl, and the air of his school-house is jarred by sharp reprimands and frequent whacks of the ferule. He puts the fool's cap on most of his scholars, and reminds us of Cable's nervous schoolmaster who, when a dull class was reciting, after sending one pupil after another to the tail of the class, at last exclaimed in a burst of hysterical impatience, "Ze whole class go to ze foot." Herbert Spencer often apologized for his own extremely critical and exacting disposition by attributing it to the fact that he came of a race of schoolmasters. "A schoolmaster," he said, "is always correcting or finding fault with somebody."

It may be said that Matthew Arnold, being the son of the great master of Rugby, came naturally enough by his pedagogic habit of mind; but between father and son there was a noticeable difference. Thomas Arnold's school-mastering, whatever his personal defects, was manifestly impelled by love and flooded with sympathy. This

did two things—it gave him an intuitive understanding of those whom he taught, for love, far from being blind, is the only Argus with a hundred eyes to see everything that is worth seeing; and also it drew his pupils to him in fond confidence and held them fast in bonds of reverent affection. For an authentic picture of Arnold, senior, we can desire nothing better than is given in young Arthur Penrhyn Stanley's letters written home from Rugby, which tells of Thomas Arnold's thanking the boys with happy tears in his eyes at the close of a semester, for the way they had done their work, and putting so much strong tenderness into his last sermons that the students could see his words were meant for some who were going away and especially for one boy whose moral welfare he was very anxious about; and being so moved while delivering an ordinary sermon on a common occasion in Rugby chapel that his voice failed him, and closing abruptly, he bent down his head in the pulpit and sobbed like a child. The boy Stanley, under the effect of that sermon, wrote home to his sister, "I never saw anything that gave me more an idea of an inspired man. . . . He is certainly the very best preacher I ever heard or could wish to hear." We are not aware that the younger and severer Arnold had a heart capable of melting like that; and we cannot help wishing that we could find flowing down the slope of his school-mastering, making it verdurous and bloomy, a little rill of that tenderness which welled copiously from the sweet fountains of his father's soul; if only he had beamed with genial warmth upon his fellow-men—how much more we could have loved him! Better for a man to wear his heart upon his sleeve than to leave his fellowmen in doubt whether he has any.

Matthew himself felt and wrote correctly that what made his father great was "that he was not only a good man, saving his own soul by righteousness, but that he carried so many others with him in his hand and saved them, if they would let him, along with himself"; a saying which recalls to us the saintly old preacher in Jean Ingelow's "Brothers and A Sermon," so "anxious not to go to heaven alone." It was because such things were not wanting in the kindlier, warmer, and more cordial Arnold that his influence was so wide and so subduing, and that the son, when in America, found, as he says, his "father's memory a living power still in that New Hampshire community at Dartmouth College," as he might also have found it in many another institution in this western land. Nothing is more certain than that a querulous and scolding teacher, minister, or mis-

sionary is foredoomed to failure. When a man imagines himself to be an illuminator, a burning and a shining light and a diffuser of fragrance, a perfumed pastille burning in the House of Life, his notion is negatived and his mission nullified if his personality exudes an acrid humor and his effluence is as smoke to the eyes and as vinegar to the teeth.

That master-critic, Professor C. T. Winchester, of Wesleyan, rightly says: "The surest proof of a critic's ability is to be found in his verdicts upon his contemporaries." Dr. Noah Porter, of Yale, noted that John Stuart Mill's cold, self-centered, and unsympathetic temper showed itself especially in his depreciatory estimates of most of his contemporaries. This same unsympathetic spirit is similarly manifested by our apostle of sweetness in his harsh comment upon not a few men most distinguished in the literature of his time both in England and in America. Such comments abound in his volume, Friendship's Garland, in which numerous persons are characterized in such a way as leads John Burroughs to call it "a garland made up mainly of nettles"; a fair sample being this garland of nettles for the brow of Mr. Sala: "He blends the airy epicureanism of the *salons* of Augustus with the full-bodied gayety of our English cider-cellar." When a new volume of *Modern Painters* appeared, the author of "Sweetness and Light" commented on Ruskin thus: "The man and his character too febrile, irritable, and weak to allow him to possess the *ordo concatenatioque veri.*" When Arnold's sister told him he was becoming as dogmatic as Ruskin, Arnold answered that the difference between them was that Ruskin was dogmatic and *wrong*. Even toward Tennyson his tone is almost contemptuous. He feels but slight interest in the Laureate's work, he says, and his conviction is firm that Tennyson will not finally take a high rank in literature. With his usual chivalrous magnanimity he once wrote, "I do not think Tennyson a great or powerful spirit in any line; the real truth is he is deficient in intellectual power." But while he put a low estimate on Tennyson, he evidently regarded himself as a superior intellectual and literary force, for, as the Evening Post once said, Arnold always "analyzed his own poetical powers and prospects with undisguised self-respect." It is perfectly plain that he thought himself Tennyson's superior as a thinker and a poet. No wonder Tennyson, on being asked if he would like to have Matthew Arnold invited to a London dinner party that was being arranged for, answered that he "didn't much like dining with

gods." The Fortnightly said editorially: "Arnold believed himself both a poet and prose-writer of the first rank. He said more than once: 'Tennyson has no ideas, Browning's are hidden under scoriæ; *my* poems are of gold, seven times refined.' In this self-estimate he was mistaken. He was rather a poet of distilled distinction and sterilized cultivation than of inspiration, passion, and power. By intellect shall no man storm heaven: the great of heart alone do that."

Arnold's self-reverence exceeded his self-knowledge, and reminds us of Zangwill's humorous saying that, "the way Mr. Stead believes in himself is quite refreshing in these atheistic times when some men believe in no god at all." It is undeniable that Matthew Arnold manifested the temper and temperature which made London society nickname Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton) "The cool of the evening," and which made an irreverent wag say of Dr. Thompson, master of Trinity College, "He casteth forth his ice like morsels; who can stand before his cold?" Arnold's coldness never seemed more heartless than in the hour when all England was startled by Thackeray's being found dead in bed the morning before Christmas, 1863. In that very hour, under the first shock of the tidings, the great apostle of sweetness wrote, with spiteful promptitude, his immediate and almost only word concerning the still uncoffined dead, "I cannot say that I thoroughly liked him, and he is not, to my thinking, a great writer." A thorny sprig, indeed, without flower or even leaf, to fling on the breast of a corpse still almost warm enough to bleed—a tribute frosty enough to hasten the *rigor mortis*.

A subsequent recrudescence of genuine Arnoldian sweetness was in W. E. Henley's sneer at the deepening seriousness and religiousness which marked Louis Stevenson's closing years at Samoa, when Henley, on whose sickness and loneliness Stevenson had once bestowed no little tenderness, wrote, "The Samoan Stevenson is too self-righteous a beast for me." The man who could perpetrate that over his dead friend should be sentenced to live with himself, alone, forever. He showed himself less noble than Stevenson, and Florence Earl Coates is right in her verses:

> Had Henley died, his course half run—
> Had Henley died, and Stevenson
> Been left on earth, of him to write,
> He would have chosen to indite
> His name in generous phrase—or none.

Ah, well! at rest—poor Stevenson!—
Safe in our hearts his place is won.
There love shall still his love requite:
His faults divinely veiled from sight,
Whose tears had fallen in benison,
Had Henley died!

Arnold similarly endeared himself to his American contemporaries by the way in which he caressed them with his claws. Concerning James Russell Lowell's brilliant and triumphant address at Birmingham, in 1884, on "Democracy," which forced the admiration of aristocratic England, and was loudly praised even by the London Times, Arnold remarked with entire absence of enthusiasm, "I feel the want of body and current in the discourse as a whole."

In one of his Essays, Arnold, with characteristic suavity and moderation, had referred to Henry Ward Beecher as "a heated barbarian." Years afterward, when he heard Mr. Beecher in his own pulpit in Brooklyn, the Plymouth Church preacher was so decorous that Arnold thought he must have been on his good behavior that morning—perhaps constrained by the presence of so formidable a critic. And that same Sunday, in the afternoon, he wrote home to his sister: "Ward Beecher told me that I had taught him much; that he had read my rebukes of him, too, and that they had done him good. Nothing could be in better taste than what he said." Arnold's habit of harping on good taste appearing in this connection, recalls what Victor Hugo wrote to Lacoussade, "Those who talk most about taste in these days are the people who have least of it." Such high commendation of Beecher's taste as was bestowed by the nineteenth century's chief prelector on taste might have made the Brooklyn pastor regard it as a boon had he been permitted to survive his critic and to read in Arnold's published Letters the patronizing praise from his self-complacent English auditor; although, after reading it, the lion of Plymouth pulpit might scratch his humble head and try to remember what it was that Lowell wrote about "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners."

When Max Müller, who knew Arnold well, tells us that "he could be very patronizing," we have no difficulty in believing it. Nor can we wonder much when Leslie Stephen, in his Studies of a Biographer, speaking of Arnold, with whom he was personally intimate, and noting some of his sharp sayings, writes: "I confess that on several trying occasions in my life I have wished that I had a

little sweetness and light in me, so that I, too, might be able to say nasty things about my enemies." And yet the sweet gentleman, whose friends talk thus about him, strenuously emphasized to his contemporaries the beauty of urbanity, the necessity of cultivating persuasiveness and charm, and at Oxford they still talk of his "sweet reasonableness." He is the same man whose graces evoked from one admirer the effusive statement that "only a thousand years of England could produce an Arnold"; the same man in whom, Canon Farrar said, we behold "The sum of fair six thousand years' traditions of civility." There are circles still where the name of Matthew Arnold is sacrosanct, where criticism of him is sacrilege, and his image is set up as an ikon for adulation and osculation.

Arnold tells us that, in a day when Bentham was loudly cried up as the renovator of modern society, whose ideas ought to guide and govern the future, he—Arnold—read in Bentham's Deontology Bentham's depreciation of the wisdom of Socrates and Plato; and, from the moment of reading that, Arnold was delivered from the possibility of being in mental bondage to Bentham; he felt, he says, the inadequacy of Bentham's mind for supplying to human society any wise and perfect rule. In like manner, when we read Arnold's disparagement of such men as Ruskin and Tennyson, Thackeray, Lowell, and the rest, we lose whatever confidence we may have had in Arnold's wisdom, fair-mindedness, discernment, sense, sanity, and good taste.

John Foster knew some people whose "sensibilities were a mere bundle of aversions." He would have found in Arnold a person whose antipathies, predominating over his sympathies, bristled against entire classes of his fellow men like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

His most vehement and vociferous antipathy is toward the Middle Class. Much to the marring of page 35 of the essay on "Sweetness and Light," he repeats the phrase "middle class" eight times in a space of nineteen lines, reprobating "middle class liberalism," "middle class parliaments," "middle class vestries," "middle class industrialists," "middle class dissent," and "middle class Protestantism."

Everything "middle class" is repulsive. He dislikes Cobden because he is a representative of the middle class, and Hepworth Dixon's literary style because it is "middle class Macaulayese." He is disgusted, he says, at "the immense vulgar-mindedness and real inferiority of the English middle class." But probably Kipling is nearer the truth when he says in "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," that "God has arranged that a clean-run youth of the British middle

class shall, in the matter of backbone, brains, and bowels, surpass all other youths." It is in the middle class mostly that Arnold finds the British "Philistine," whom he despises, abhors, and unmercifully belabors. One of the worst things which he finds in the middle class is their *Dissentingness,* which is to Arnold as the noisome pestilence. He speaks of a certain daily newspaper as being "a true reflexion of the rancor of Protestant Dissent in alliance with all the vulgarity, meddlesomeness and grossness of the British multitude." Stopford Brooke says, "Arnold almost hated Non-conformists." His haughty *ex cathedra* tone toward Dissenters is worthy of the Pope of Rome, toward whom, by the way, it is clear, he feels more tolerance and affiliation. His writings make us certain that he would rather be a Papist than a Congregationalist, Presbyterian, or Methodist. From an aristocratic club-house in London he writes to his mother, "I mean to deliver the middle class out of the hands of their dissenting ministers." Whether he means to deliver them over to the Anglican Establishment or to the deputy-deity on the Tiber or to his own Church of Modern Culture of which he was the self-elected pontiff, he does not intimate, and we are left to conjecture. Once, for a wonder, he so far forgets his intolerance as to recognize a superior and saving value in the influence of Dissenters, when, speaking of Oxford University, he expresses the hope that "the infusion of Dissenters' sons, of that muscular, hard-working, unblasé class—for this it is," he says, "spite of its abominable disagreeableness—may brace the flaccid sinews of Oxford a little." Can it be that the soft, luxurious, and blasé circles of aristocratic culture need to be and can be braced by an infusion of intellectual robustness, moral decision, and active energy from the ranks of the Dissenters? Arnold had to concede it, and we incline to agree with him when we look on the one side at the general intellectual impotence and sterility of the dainty and self-indulgent classes, and on the other at the range of mental virility, fecundity, and force included between Herbert Spencer and Rudyard Kipling, both hereditary products of one section of Dissenters, the Wesleyan Methodists; and again, when we hear W. Robertson Nicoll reporting that, by the general testimony of book-sellers, the Nonconformists are the great book-buyers of England; and yet again, when we hear one of the most eminent publishers in London saying that he sometimes thinks there is scarcely anything vital and powerful in the English life of to-day that has not proceeded from some Nonconformist home. But in spite of all this, the cult of modern culture still apes Arnold's Anglican

cant even in America, where there is least excuse for it. In criticizing a popular drama William Winter used this acrid phrase, "the stoniest Dissenter that ever soured the milk in an English middle-class household," in which expression, if it was meant seriously, we got the true Arnoldian flavor of puckery green-persimmon juice.

Arnold's antipathy toward Dissenters extends also to all *Evangelicals,* Anglican as well as nonconformist, the Evangelicals outside the Anglican body differing in his esteem from those inside only, as the old Edinburgh Review said, in the "finer shades and nicer discriminations of lunacy," and, as Arnold would add, in somewhat direr degrees of disagreeableness. His dislike of Evangelicals made him call Bunyan "a Philistine seer," an epithet which strikes Professor Woodberry as containing more vinegar and darkness than sweetness and light. Such an evangelical as Lord Ashley, seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, was to Arnold an obnoxious type—Shaftesbury, the churchman who consorted in the unity of the spirit and the bonds of love with Spurgeon and Moody for the saving of the multitudes—Shaftesbury, the nobleman, who spent himself and his wealth for the poor and the vicious, the friendless and the oppressed—Shaftesbury, whose great heart exulted with holy joy, in his honored old age, in being able to say, "In thirty years we have taken 120,000 waifs and strays off the streets of London and found honest employment and decent homes for them"—Shaftesbury, whose inexpressibly beautiful and immeasurably beneficent life-work poured floods of light and sweetness into uncounted thousands of dark and embittered lives in regions which never saw the face nor so much as knew the name of Matthew Arnold—Shaftesbury, the ardent Evangelical, who so manifestly belonged to the glorious company of the apostles of Christ-like sweetness that to say his very garments smelled of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, from the ivory palaces of the King of Love, is something more than rhetoric. Pusey said, "We love the Evangelicals because they love our Lord"; but Arnold thrust out his tongue and threw his spear at whole multitudes of devout people who fervently loved the Lord, and who, by his own concession, "had strongly loved religion, which is indeed the most lovable of all things." It is as probable that in some instances his arrogant self-conceit caused him to despise his spiritual superiors as it is certain that his arrows were sometimes sharp in the hearts of the King's friends. This apostle of sweetness and light accused evangelical religion of lacking sweetness and light, beauty and intelligence. And if we may take a particular manifesta-

tion of evangelical religion, it seems not improper to say that doubtless if he had lived in the days of Wesley, he would have emptied the vials of his scorn on the startling and phenomenal religious revival which then swept over England; but the impartial historian J. R. Green, looking back, sees in that memorable evangelical revival an unparalleled outburst, a divine apocalypse of sweetness and light—a light, rich in calorific, actinic, and vivific rays—a sweetness which, wherever it was admitted, banished the bitterness of pride from the hearts of the haughty and the bitterness of envious hatred from the hearts of the lowly, turning the palatial home of Lady Huntingdon into a public house of prayer and washing the grimy faces of colliers clean with their own streaming tears of repentance. Surely that was a radiant and fragrant time, when, in the fine words of Fletcher, "Practical Religion, leaning on her fair daughters, Truth and Love, took a solemn walk through the Kingdom and gave a foretaste of Heaven to all that entertained her." The historian Green, not a Wesleyan, after speaking of the marvelous moral and spiritual illumination brought to the entire life of England by that mighty and blessed awakening, says, as if with Arnold's favorite phrase in mind, "Charles Wesley came to add sweetness to this sudden startling light." Certain it is that the joyous spirit which inspired the songful soul of Charles Wesley did cause that bright new day to ring with choral gladness, making then and ever since a sweeter music to the sad hearts of sinful and weary men than could all the old philosophies that ever sang on Argive heights; and the sacred poetry of that hallowed, wonderful time has carried more sweetness to the lives of millions in all lands and in all communions than the whole of Arnold's poetry and prose. The hymnals of all churches, from then till now, recognize the perennial sweetness of "the Wesleyan hymns which," as James Freeman Clarke, a Unitarian, has said, spring pure and transparent like some divine water out of the ground of Christian experience."

From the eighteenth century until the twentieth, is it not the liberating, purifying, elevating, and enlightening influence of evangelical Christianity, rather than any fastidious aristocratic culture, which has made possible the sound intellectual as well as the wholesome moral life of modern English civilization, as surely as the warm gulf-stream washing England's coasts makes possible its physical life? Indeed, the so-called culture which assumes to criticize evangelical Christianity owes itself, its training, and its critical ability largely to

the purifying and ennobling influence of that mighty spiritual revival which it disparages.

Matthew Arnold's mind was too narrow to take in the magnitude and meaning of that vast Evangelical Movement in England which began with Wesley, affected ultimately the whole Anglican Church, made a better Britain, and largely determined the religious character of the United States. In that epochal movement he saw nothing momentous or enlarging or educative or refining. Yet three years after Arnold's death the London Spectator, affiliated largely with the Established Church, printed a full-page editorial upon John Wesley and the Wesleyan Church, and ended its eulogy thus: "There is yet another aspect of Wesleyanism which deserves to be noted, and for which it deserves our special respect. The Wesleyans are, and always have been, among the greatest and best of educators, and, what is more, educators of the spirit. . . . Wesley seems, indeed, to have been able to impress upon his often rude and unlettered followers from the very beginning something of his own fine temperament. Wesley, whatever may have been the defects of his natural temperament, was always and at all times a scholar and a gentleman, and the essentials of those characteristics have clung to the body he founded. A temper of sweetness and light, of wideness and yet earnestness, such as must always mark the scholar and the gentleman, belongs to the best Wesleyans, and to the society as a whole. . . . We have great cause to glory in Wesleyan activity and vitality, and be thankful for it. Truly England's debt to Wesleyanism is a great one, not merely spiritually and morally, but even politically—for it was well said that but for John Wesley we should hardly have escaped the contagion of the French Revolution. In the present and in the future as in the past, we may thank God for John Wesley."

In like spirit and to like effect, Professor Goldwin Smith, a scholar of critical and skeptical judgment, yet of historical knowledge, said in one of his latest years: "The religious crusade of John Wesley was among the strongest apologetic and defensive forces, being a practical vindication of Christianity because a demonstration of its power"; and that Wesley's Church had the advantage of being "born, not like the other Protestant bodies, in doctrinal controversy, but in evangelical reaction against the impiety and vice of the ages." He also said that in the nineteenth century, when German philosophy and criticism of the Bible invaded England, and Milman's History of the Jews appeared, minimizing miracles and treating Old Testament

history and personages in the same spirit as if they were ordinary and merely secular, then the English Evangelicals (chief among whom were the Wesleyans), with "their inward persuasion of conversion and spiritual union with the Saviour" as well as the Quakers with their inner light, were really beyond the reach of the critics, the secularizing historians, and the rationalizing philosophers. The foundations of the evangelical faith, Goldwin Smith clearly perceived, were too deep to be affected by any form of outside skeptical assault; the forces of disintegration could not touch them, never will be able to reach them; they are deeply buried in the soul and rest upon the Rock of Ages. Professor Smith further said that "the main support of orthodox Protestantism in the United States now is Methodism, which, by the perfection of its organization, combining strong ministerial authority with a democratic participation of all members in the active service of the church, has so far not only held its own, but enlarged its borders and increased its power;" though he forecasts the diminution of its spiritual influence if "the time comes when the fire of enthusiasm grows cold and class-meetings lose their fervor."

Arnold disliked the Puritans as heartily as he disapproved the Wesleyans. In his view Puritanism was the prison in which the spirit of the English people was locked up for two hundred years. But such a spirit toward the Puritans is out of date. It might have fitted the period following the Restoration, when, as Macaulay tells us, the Puritans were so unpopular that the "wits of fine gentlemen," in circles of aristocratic culture, tried out of sheer spite to shock the sensitive Puritan soul by swearing huge bawdy oaths and uttering ribaldry foul enough to shame a scullion or a Billingsgate fishmonger. But surely Arnold's misconception and repugnance are conspicuously out of place in our modern day, when quite another reading of history and a different discrimination of merit are taking the Puritan out of the pillory and giving him credit for his great qualities, including his superb ideality and his heroic purpose to make the will of God prevail. We have reached the day when theologians like Fairbairn claim that the Puritan "had an imagination capable of turning the highest ideals into the realities of his own life"; when musical critics like Krehbiel credit the Puritan with fine sensibilities and noble tastes; and when the debt of literature to Puritanism is emphasized by so un-Puritanic a journal as the London *Spectator,* which says, "If the essential Puritan spirit, the spirit which exalts the clean, the pure, the upright elements in human nature, were withdrawn from English

literature, there would not be very much left worth reading—nothing left which could inspire as well as delight."

It is now being pointed out that Milton's organ music rolled its thunder forth from a soul made solemn and grand by Puritan ideals and principles. And the Spectator, referring to the Shakespearean drama, adds that "behind the mask of Shakespeare's imperturbable brow is the same spirit of which Milton himself, the spiritual and ascetic Puritan, is made." When John Ruskin died the same journal argued that he, the greatest modern master of affluent, rhythmic, stately, and illumined prose, was on one side of his nature "hewn out of the granite rock of Puritanism"; which accounts for the fact that his first concern was ever with God's kingdom and righteousness, while his conception of that righteous kingdom was wide and ideal, without sordidness or narrowness. And in Robert Browning, Professor Dowd sees the perfect exemplification of the spirit of Puritanism in its amplest, richest, and ripest fruitage. Such are some of the valuations which the fair appraisals of to-day put upon the long disparaged Puritans.

Indeed, it might be shown that Arnold himself is, in his strongest qualities, a product of the Puritan spirit which he thinks he abhors. Whence come his own lofty seriousness, his austere devotion to his high ideals, his stringent self-discipline, his study of the habits and requirements of the Power which makes for righteousness, his burden of spirit to rectify with plain words and a fearless, unhesitating hand what he thought wrong—whence is all this derived if not essentially from the high and earnest soul of the Puritan? It may be taken for granted that this æsthetic critic, who so abhorred the Puritans, would not have regarded Jonathan Edwards as an apostle of sweetness and light, nor the great spiritual awakening under him as a manifestation thereof. Yet Edwards, notwithstanding his rather stern theology, had noble and beautiful ideals of human perfection and tried to fill the world with the beauty of holiness, which he described as follows: "Holiness appeared to me to be of a sweet, calm, pleasant, charming, serene nature, which brought an inexpressible purity, brightness, peacefulness, and ravishment to the soul; in other words, that it made the soul like a field or garden of God, with all manner of pleasant fruits and flowers, all delightful and undisturbed, enjoying a sweet calm and the gentle vivifying beams of the sun." The literary style of this extract from Edwards would be sharply rasped down by Arnold's critical file, but for radiant loveliness its description of

inward felicity and perfectness is not matched by any achievement or ideal of ancient Hellenism or modern Arnoldian culture.

No review of the range of Arnold's contempt for the want of intelligence and refinement which he alleges to exist among the pious is complete until it recognizes that this disdain extended beyond dissenters, evangelicals, and Puritans, even to universal bounds; for he actually proclaims the inferiority of the religious class as a whole, distinctly characterizing "the religious world" as "a second best public" in comparison with "the aristocratical world," which this rather snobbish aspirant for aristocratic associations assiduously courted.

After all this, Americans can hardly be surprised at finding some of the British censor's disapprovals directed against themselves. Fixing his eye upon the beginnings of our history, he indicates his dislike of the Pilgrim Fathers, and expresses his opinion that if Virgil and Shakespeare had sailed with the party on the Mayflower, those choice spirits would have found the Pilgrims most intolerable company. This is simply attributing to Shakespeare and Virgil, long dead and quite defenseless against such imposition, his own private sentiments; sentiments which, we fancy, would have been heartily and unanimously reciprocated toward Arnold by the Pilgrim Fathers if that hypercritical and persistent fault-finder had been on board.

Early in his life Matthew Arnold put down with a sharp pen the personal confession that he had little feeling of soul-relationship with the Americans, and his belief that the feeling of kinship with us does not exist at all among the higher classes of England. When from the shores of the old Mother Country, seat of an empire of a thousand years, he sought our "modern coasts whose riper times are yet to be," he found us not to his æsthetic liking—too raw and crude, too rough and recent—and frankly told us so. He noted nothing of spiritual significance in our life, but remarked upon our "radicalness, dissentingness, and general mixture of self-assertion and narrowness," in which we resemble the British middle class, so distressingly offensive to him. Indeed, he regards us as worse than that class, for the civilization of America as a whole is, he says, "distinctly inferior to that of Europe," and our life, as compared with life in England, is "uninteresting, without savor, and without depth." In particular he went from us feeling that "the badness and ignobleness of American newspapers is beyond belief." In a Chicago newspaper Arnold found the following description of himself: "He has harsh

features, supercilious manners, parts his hair down the middle, wears a single eye-glass and ill-fitting clothes." It is said that on returning to his own country he went to see Mrs. Proctor. "What did the Americans say of you?" asked she. "They said two things," replied Arnold; "that my clothes did not fit, and that I was conceited." "Well," said the dear old lady, "I'm sure it wasn't true about your clothes." Of our Lincoln this "*distinguished*" Briton spoke with something resembling disdain. He saw only the furrowed face, gaunt form, and ill-fitting clothes, and said, "He is not *distinguished*," having previously said of our Washington, "He is not *distinguished* as was Pericles or Caesar."

We have taken a sweeping survey of the range of Arnold's well-nigh catholic antipathies, and seen how his prejudices bristled like a *cheval-de-frise* between him and large classes of his fellow men—how he regarded as obnoxious or inferior the Americans, the Pilgrim Fathers, the Puritans, all evangelicals and all non-conformists; indeed, the entire body of religious people—and, most of all, the British "middle class." We have observed the tartness of his temper, and his ungenerous judgments upon his distinguished contemporaries. We have examined in him the peculiar type of culture which he advocated, inculcated and embodied. We trust our analysis of the man, his mission, and his method does not seem unfair, and that no one will say of it, as Gladstone said of Purcell's Life of Cardinal Manning, that it "left nothing for the Day of Judgment."

One thing more must be said of Arnold's apostolate. It is not possible for us to leave this subject without noting one fatal omission which mars Arnold's discussion of Ideals of Perfection and dooms his whole scheme for promoting the formation of spirit and character. His famous essay on Sweetness and Light, which treats of the true ideal of human perfectness, takes texts from Epictetus the Roman stoic and also from Swift, but none from St. Paul or St. John; names Virgil and Shakespeare as "souls in whom sweetness and light were eminent"; mentions Abelard in the Middle Ages, and Lessing and Herder in their later time as teachers who aided humanity toward perfection because they "worked powerfully to diffuse sweetness and light"; but nowhere in all the forty-seven pages of that elaborate essay on symmetrical human loveliness does Arnold quote or even name the One supreme embodiment of sweetness and light, the One transcendently potential Person who has done more to illumine and beautify the world, to cleanse impurity, sanify insanity, refine vul-

garity, and soften asperity—to make reason and the will of God prevail—than all the sages of all the ages.

From his very cradle this son of Thomas Arnold was taught to adore the One faultless Character, and to imitate the One perfect Pattern. How could he omit from his study of Perfection the great Teacher and Exemplar who said, "Be ye perfect," and who held up before men the most sublime ideals ever lifted to inspire the human soul? Was Jesus Christ not worthy to be considered as an authority upon human perfection, or did He not even stand in any way related to the subject in Arnold's mind?

The real, though unintended, effect of such omissions of Christ's name is only to make Him the more conspicuous. We read that on a certain day in Rome, when twenty illustrious families were represented in a notable procession, the spectators noticed with surprise that two citizens of conspicuous eminence and specially related to that particular occasion, were excluded. The annals of Tacitus tell us that these absent ones were uppermost in every mind and their names were upon all tongues by reason of the public wonder excited by their absence. In like manner is the primacy of Jesus as the supreme authority and exemplar of human perfection accentuated and re-proclaimed by Arnold's strange omission of His name.

To omit mention of Christ was the greater unfairness because the light which illumined Arnold's own vision of Perfection really came from Palestine more than from Hellas. That this fledgeling of the Rugby nest should conceive any ideal of human perfection which did not, even if unconsciously to himself, derive its beauty and dignity far more from the Christianity in which he was nursed and immersed than from pagan Greece, whose story he had read in books and the fragments of whose art he had beheld, was practically impossible.

The family coat of arms of Pope Leo XIII (the Pecci family) consists of a strip of green earth on which is a tree and a breadth of blue sky in which is a star. The light of that single star is palpably insufficient to explain the visibility and color of that picture. The bright greenness of earth and tree and even the bright blueness of the sky would not show so by mere starlight. The picture's own brightness compels us to infer an unincluded sun, just out of sight beyond the borders of the picture, from whose shining the strip of earth and sky must receive most of the light which makes them bright and clear. No mere star—not Sirius at his brilliantest nor

Jupiter in his utmost splendor—could show such clear outlines and strong colors. Nothing less than sunlight can explain such a vivid picture of earth and sky. In the essay on "Sweetness and Light," Matthew Arnold paints us what may be called the coat of arms of the Family of the Perfect, the earth and the sky of it purporting to be lit by one solitary star—the star of Hellenic culture. But that star is not enough to explain his picture's brightness, which simply compels us to suppose the shining on it of a larger luminary than that re-burnished Grecian star. And the unincluded luminary, which Mr. Arnold omits to mention and fails to frame into his essay, but whose light really lies on his vision of Perfection, is none other than the Sun, the Sun of Righteousness, the Lord our Saviour, blessed and only Potentate, King of kings and Lord of lords, who is the Light of the world and the Sweetness of the earth, "Worthy at all times of worship and wonder," in speaking of whom we borrow for our homage Caponsacchi's joyous words:

> The glory of life, the beauty of the world, the splendor of heaven!
> Do I speak ambiguously? The glory, I say, and the beauty, I say,
> And the splendor, still say I.

To guard again against being misunderstood we reiterate at the end what we said at the beginning of this writing, that our sole intention here has been to estimate the value of a particular type of culture and the fitness of its foremost representative to the apostolate he undertook.

It were easy to deliver a eulogy upon Arnold's character and life, his purity of motive, his sincerity and candor, his laborious devotion to fine ideals. Often our thoughts delight to rest on Arnold at his best, as in these lines about the city missionary, entitled "East London":

> 'Twas August and the fierce sun over head
> Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,
> And the pale weaver, through his window seen
> In Spitalfields, looked thrice dispirited.
>
> I met a preacher there I knew, and said:
> "Ill and o'erworked, how fare you in this scene?"
> "Bravely!" said he; "for I of late have been
> Much cheer'd with thoughts of Christ, *the living bread*."
>
> O human soul! as long as thou canst so
> Set up a mark of everlasting light,
> Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,

To cheer thee, and to right thee if thou roam—
Not with lost toil thou laborest through the night!
Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home.

We add the noblest lines of "Rugby Chapel" addressed to his father's spirit:

But thou would'st not *alone*
Be saved, my father! *alone*
Conquer and come to thy goal,
Leaving the rest in the wild.
. . . . . .
If in the paths of the world
Stones might have wounded thy feet,
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing—to us thou wast still
Cheerful and helpful and firm!
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself;
And, at the end of thy day,
O faithful shepherd! to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

Matthew Arnold was the noble son of a nobler sire, from whose high faith he fell. His culture was of such a type as brings men toward agnosticism and tinges life and literature with gloom and hopelessness. Early in the son's career his father expressed to Lord Coleridge serious misgivings about the lack of any evangelical spirit in Matthew's writings. How grieved Arnold of Rugby would have been had he lived to hear his son say he was going to observe Christmas Day "because the Incarnation was a myth of purity refining to family life." Though doubtless Thomas Arnold would be comforted could he know that his boy, at the end of life and on its very last day, was overheard repeating to himself, while descending the stairs in a friend's house, that fervid, humble, and adoring hymn of the Evangelical Faith:

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

THE ARENA

THE IMPETUS GIVEN THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT BY THE EUROPEAN WAR

"We are fighting Germany, Austria, and Drink. And as far as I can see the greatest of these deadly foes is drink." This striking declaration formed a part of Mr. Lloyd George's reply to a deputation of shipbuilders who waited upon him recently in London and presented facts, startling in character, showing how the habit of drinking was seriously interfering with the output of war materials, and urging upon the Government the necessity of immediate and drastic action. The words of the Chancellor were immediately flashed to the four corners of the earth; were placarded everywhere as if he had revealed to the world some new, startling truth. What he said, and what the war has emphasized, has been known and taught by Temperance Reformers for many a year. Was it not the same truth which William Ewart Gladstone emphasized years ago when he told us that strong drink was more destructive to human life than famine, pestilence, or war; that indeed it exacted a heavier toll than all three put together?

Yes, we knew the truth; but it required a calamity—a life and death struggle—a sanguinary combat of a magnitude unprecedented in the world's history—to lay this truth on our hearts. We have been slow to learn the lesson, but at last we have grasped the truth that intemperance and efficiency are wholly incompatible.

These men who visited the British Chancellor of the Exchequer were not teetotalers, not even one in all the deputation, yet the case they presented for prohibition was unanswerable. They approached the question not from the point of view of men who had a particular theory to promote, but from the point of view of men who had but one aim and end in view: to help their country through its present troubles to success. These men, though not temperance men, with perfect unanimity asked not for curtailment of hours or of facilities for drinking, but for a total prohibition during the war of the sale of excisable liquors. They bore testimony to the fact that 80 per cent of the present avoidable loss of

time in the shipbuilding yards of Britain was due to no other cause than drink.

In Russia and in France this war has revealed similar conditions, but with courage and a commendable promptitude they have dealt the great domestic foe its death blow. France has been led, step by step, to take the strongest action with regard to the manufacture and sale of absinthe, the most virulent alcoholic drink of the French people. The facts are significant. On August 11, 1914, a proclamation was issued temporarily prohibiting the sale of absinthe during the mobilization of the army. In January, 1915, the president issued a more permanent prohibition decree, and the following month the whole question was brought before the Chamber of Deputies and was debated two days. M. Ribot, Minister of Finance, in submitting the prohibition measure to the House stated that it was a measure of self-defense. During the debate M. Chaumet offered an amendment to the government that the manufacture and exportation of these alcoholic liquors be prohibited. This amendment was accepted by the government. Russia by her action has sacrificed $350,000,000 a year in order to free her people from the curse of intemperance. The Russian Minister of Finance stated recently that, notwithstanding the great loss in revenue sustained by the prohibition of vodka, if he were to ask for a repeal of that law there would be a revolution in Russia. It is said on unimpeachable authority that, as the result of the prohibition of vodka, the productivity of every class of workman has increased from thirty to fifty per cent, crime has diminished everywhere, and the excess of deposits in the savings banks amounted at the end of 1914 to twice the total of the preceding year, notwithstanding the war.

What has been accomplished in Russia and France will not be accomplished so easily in England. There are some noted men who, while not in sympathy with the liquor interests, are appealing for a more moderate policy. Their plea is that a measure of partial prohibition will meet the needs of the hour. It would create, they maintain, hostility and opposition to the government if anything more radical than this were proposed, and that at a time when the government needs the good will and cooperation of the whole nation. Total prohibition, they argue, would mean throwing out of employment over 300,000 men. In reply to this charge Sir Thomas Whittaker says: "Tell them to do something else! Are we to continue a national evil, which is interfering with the output of necessary munitions for safeguarding the supply of the necessities of life to our people, in order to keep men employed in producing that which blocks the way?"

It should be said, however, that of the number said to be directly affected by the prohibition proposition a good proportion are employed in hotels and eating-houses. These employees would still be needed even though the country took the more drastic step. It may be that the government will fail to line up for total prohibition, but the writer thinks it will come to that before the war closes. Undoubtedly Mr. Lloyd George expressed the correct view when he said: "Having gone into this

matter a great deal more closely during the last few weeks, I must say that I have a growing conviction, based on accumulating evidence, that nothing but root and branch methods will be of the slightest avail in dealing with this evil."

It is well worth our while in this country to take due notice of what is being said and done in Europe at this time. The war has shown—and each country involved has admitted it—that liquor militates against and destroys the efficiency and activities of a nation. That is an admission that history will record and which will never be forgotten. The temperance advocates have won their case; those who maintain that prohibition is impracticable must hunt up some other musty argument. The temperance cause has never had a greater impetus than is given to it now. May we unite in our efforts for a sober people everywhere and universal prohibition. Then the Church of God, unhindered, unrestricted, will gather into its arms the multitude outside and will lead them to Him who can raise them to a higher, better, and more abundant life. The world's greatest enemy destroyed, its redemption will be near.

EVAN EVANS.

Constantia, N. Y.

SOME VALUES OF A SEMINARY EXPERIENCE

In round figures, The Methodist Episcopal Church employs:
15,000 ministers who are effective members of an Annual Conference;
2,000 ministers who are on trial;
5,000 who are supplies;
making a grand total of about 22,000 men. Some five hundred men are admitted to the Annual Conferences every year. Her ten theological schools are graduating about one hundred and fifty men every year; to be correct, the Methodist Year Book reports, in 1915 edition, one hundred and sixty-six graduates from our ten theological schools.

In view of the fact that the supplies are so frequently changing, it is safe to estimate that not one preacher in five has been in a theological school when he starts work in some pulpit. Even among those who are admitted to membership in some Conference only about one-fourth are graduates of any theological school. It is not my purpose to prescribe the theological schools as a necessary requirement for pulpit work. Many of our most successful preachers and pastors have never spent a day as a student in any special school of theology. My real object is to show something these men have lost by having no associations with a theological seminary. The fact that I was classed as a successful pastor for ten years before I decided to spend at least six months in a theological school enables me to speak from a personal experience. Here I met others, with experiences somewhat similar to mine, who coincide in my views. In addition to whatever knowledge one may acquire from text books and recitations and lectures the real value, to a far greater extent, is found in practical lines.

It is not always easy to get the right estimate of one's self in a pastorate where the good sisters exalt and where one's foes like to humiliate. By foes I mean the forces of wrong, like the saloon interests and all other representatives of evil. Some ministers overrate themselves. A still larger number underrate themselves. The self-conscious minister is always at a disadvantage. He is frequently misunderstood. He is sometimes so modest that he discounts his work. Perhaps he has heard few sermons, and as he preaches when others are preaching he cannot get the opportunity to judge of the value of his own. Few ministers in regular work get the opportunity to hear a dozen sermons a year except those prepared and preached by themselves. This experience often makes them fearful and unwilling to attempt their highest possibilities. My first gain was increased confidence in my own ability. I found among the men at the seminary that each one was laboring with his own personal difficulties, some of which were similar to those which had almost discouraged me at times. A great deal of the feeling of fear because I had not been at a seminary was overcome. I found myself; and a new confidence of still greater achievements came with the finding. At the time I was finding myself I saw others who were doing likewise. Some had overrated themselves and, while it is not so easy to bring this class down to their level, the men who associate with one at the Theological School are usually specially gifted in accomplishing the task. It is always easy for a band of good fellows who like to express their approval or disapproval to give a cheer to boost one's spirit or a laugh that will help any who are not incurable.

The seminary is a real mirror which shows us ourselves as preachers much as the college shows us ourselves as boys. Most men, as well as ladies, are apt to fix up a bit when they look at themselves in the mirror. Ministers are not unlike the rest of humanity in this respect.

Many a minister has sometimes wondered why he has been a failure in some charges and at some points in all charges. Perhaps six weeks associated with a class of one hundred men who are required weekly to listen to a sermon by one of their number, and then have the sermon criticized by the men in the class and by the head of the department, would show them why they had not succeeded at some points. Perhaps they could then better understand why some folks whom they can remember ceased to become attendants.

Most young ministers begin their ministry with an enthusiasm which is worthy of admiration, but which sometimes leads them into doing things which they afterward regret. Like the old-time doctors they learn—at the expense of the people they serve. Another great disadvantage, in some ways, of many ministers is their past experience and associations. Some of our greatest preachers, like the first disciples of our Lord, have come from humble surroundings, and they sometimes try to work out, in a larger sphere, ideas and methods adapted to their past surroundings, only to have them fail. Some very great ministers have had their influence for God greatly curtailed by a single fault. A bunch of roses is just as attractive and powerful with the thorns where they will not pierce the one to whom

it is presented. Most folks prefer seedless oranges to the wild variety. If some ministers could have a few thorns removed they would be far more desirable. Some fawn too much. Others throw too many bricks from the pulpit. Some use too much vinegar in flavoring the sermon. Still others give us sermons as perfect as carved marble and just as lifeless. Mannerisms in some ministers frequently destroy their effectiveness as preachers, for some people. Habits of accent, tone, gesture, position, voice, expression and many other forms sometimes creep in through the perversity of our natures or by acquisition. Here, too, it is that six months in a good seminary would double the effectiveness of many men.

It is well worth the expense and time to any minister to spend a few months at a seminary just for the associations alone. At the table in our dining hall are a former missionary to Burmah, a Chinese from Peking, a Japanese from Tokyo, a Negro from British Guiana in South America, a fellow from California who is working his way through the seminary, another from Kansas, and still another from the slums of New York. Such associations will create more interest and give more insight in six months into the countries they represent than six years reading books on the subject. Almost any first-class theological seminary has on its roll students from at least a dozen countries. The best seminaries in each denomination are represented by students from nearly a hundred colleges and universities. To be specific, Princeton had on its roster last year students from ninety-six colleges and other schools, while the same is true of those of Garrett, Drew, and others.

Such an experience as the association with these men gives one, even in a brief period of time, is almost an education in itself. This is specially true of men who have spent all their lives in small surroundings and have become provincial and localized.

A still more valuable experience comes from the study of the men in the faculty of the average seminary. The best that the denomination can select to fill the various chairs is usually to be found in them. They come from the best schools of the world. They are experts. Most of these men are great as individual characters. It awakens a man to meet them if he never takes an examination under them. Our leading seminaries are located close to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, or Chicago. From the pulpits of these cities the best men are brought to preach to the students. Big church work and slum work is at hand for study as in a laboratory. Big universities like Harvard, Boston, Yale, Columbia, Northwestern, Princeton, and University of Pennsylvania, are at hand for assistance along special lines.

Many men who fail to attempt a seminary course fear to make the attempt on account of finances. Perhaps if they made the effort to finance a course they would find it much easier than they think. Men who have any experience at preaching can usually find a small student appointment which will pay their expenses at the seminary. Still others find other methods of self-support. The living expenses are so low in most schools that it is easy for an energetic man to meet them. The annual expenses

range from $150 to $300. This includes board, room, tuition, furniture, heat, light, and all necessaries. As nearly all students are men of limited financial means there is no embarrassment to keep up appearances, as in secular schools.

Under these conditions, which so many do not realize until they make the attempt, it would be a most profitable thing if the denominations generally required at least three months' resident work at some seminary before allowing a man to become a member of an Annual Conference or an accredited preacher. Many who are now in the work could also have their value doubled if they could be sent to some school for even a brief period. The Roman Catholics have some such system. Protestants might well learn this lesson from them.

Nor would the men be the only ones to profit. The constant inflow of new blood with new ideas fresh from the field would prevent much of the fossilization with which some of our theological schools are charged. At any rate, it would be a great gain if more than one man in four who is admitted to an Annual Conference could have some seminary experience even if it be brief.

A SEMINARY STUDENT.

SHAKESPEARE—TEACHER OF TEMPERANCE

IT is generally conceded that Shakespeare has reached the highest point ever attained by a human intellect—unaided by divine revelation—so what he says of the evils of intoxicating liquors is surely of much value. Shakespeare as a teacher of temperance may be new to many, and the clearness and force of this teaching stands out the more strikingly because of the national custom of heavy drinking in his day. The prevalence of this custom is shown in "Othello," where Iago says:

"Your Dane, your German, and your Hollander—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next bottle can be filled."

It required a clear head and a stout heart to teach temperance at that time.

In "As You Like It" Orlando is leaving home and his faithful serving man, Adam, who wishes to accompany him, says:

> "Let me be your servant;
> Though I look old, yet am I strong and lusty:
> For in my youth I never did apply
> Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,"

and then the confession of the chaste old man—

> "Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
> The means of weakness and debility;
> Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
> Frosty but kindly."

In "Hamlet," while Horatio is visiting his friend Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, the kettle-drum and blare of trumpets disturb the midnight stillness, and Horatio asks the meaning of the noise. Hamlet answers:

> "The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
> And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
> The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
> The triumph of his pledge."

Horatio asks: "Is it a custom?"
Hamlet answers:

> "Ay, marry, is't;
> But to my mind, though I am native here,
> And to the manner born—it is a custom
> More honor'd in the breach, than the observance.
> This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
> Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations;
> They call us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
> Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
> From our achievements, though performed at height,
> The pith and marrow of our attribute."

In "Othello" Iago insinuates himself into the confidence of Cassio, Othello's lieutenant, upon whom rests the military care of the island. When Iago has induced Cassio to drink to excess, and there follow misunderstandings, disputes, quarrels, commotion, and riots, the disgraced lieutenant is suddenly sobered and exclaims most bitterly:

"Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial. To deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

"O, that men should put an enemy into their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

"To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast!"

In "King Henry IV" Shakespeare teaches that the man who for gain attempts to kill every manly and holy aspiration and with jest and sneer and brutish folly to stifle the voice of conscience, will sooner or later receive his punishment.

Such a man was Falstaff—glutton, drunkard, libertine, ribald, jester, and misleader of youth. He had led Prince Hal, an impulsive, warm-blooded youth, into drunkenness and kindred vices, even into the crime of highway robbery.

After his coronation Prince Hal—now King Henry—was moving in stately procession from Westminster Abbey, the thoroughfare filled with spectators, when Falstaff, with shambling gait, soiled garments, bleared eyes, and drunkard's face, appears and cries out:

"My King! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!" The procession halts and the king answers:

> "I know thee not, old man; Fall to thy prayers;
> How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
> I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
> So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
> But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
> Presume not, that I am the thing I was:
> For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive
> That I have turned away my former self;
> So will I these that kept my company.
> I banish thee, on pain of death—
> As I have done the rest of my misleaders—
> Not to come near our person by ten miles."

The pageant moved on and the disgraced old man was left standing by the roadside.

ERNEST W. MAGER.

Fort Atkinson, Wis.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

A HAPPY MINISTRY

(THE Itinerants' Club begs to wish all its ministerial readers during the coming year, A Happy Ministry.)

It would be a great perversion of the facts if one were to assume unhappiness on the part of the ministry of the gospel. On the contrary, the writer believes that there is no happier body in the world than the Christian ministry.

There is much, however, in the profession to which he is called which would lead to unhappiness if he should entertain and magnify its difficulties.

Unfavorable environments are a fruitful cause of unhappiness. Many ministers are situated away from social privileges, without access to books, living in uncomfortable houses, compelled to go to their work in the heat of summer or in the storms of winter in great discomfort.

Others are unhappy because of inadequate compensation. They have no means to purchase more than the barest necessities, and they cannot properly clothe and educate their children. This is accompanied by the anxiety which they feel growing out of the fear that when sickness or age comes upon them they shall be dependent on others.

Others still are disposed to look on the darker side of things, and their unhappiness grows out of apprehension rather than reality.

Unhappiness sometimes arises out of unrealized ambitions. These ambitions are natural, and in their proper relations should be encouraged. It is a part of our constitution that we should want the places of impor-

tance for which we deem ourselves fitted. Many feel that the "grade" which they occupy in the ministry is not the one in which they belong. It is a sad thing, however, that there should be such things as grades in the Christian ministry. In the true conception, the man who preaches on a remote circuit, traveling long distances, preaching three times a day in schoolhouses on the frontier, is as much a preacher of the gospel, and should be as highly respected in his vocation as the preacher in a great cathedral. The ministerial standing of the preacher in the slums of London is as high in God's sight as that of him who conducts the stately services in the Westminster Abbey. Each minister has his special gift of God. The same person cannot fill all places with equal facility. The man who can control an audience in a cathedral would utterly fail to control the audience in the slums. Both are doing God's work, and each shall receive his due recompense in the day of final awards. If the idea of the minister is a true one he will not feel it humiliating to preach in an obscure place on a small salary.

There is danger, however, that the ambitions may be unworthy because they are purely on worldly planes. The minister has entered the noblest service, one to which he is called by virtue of his relation to humanity and of his desire to serve, and not to secure place or acquire gold. There are some services for which gold cannot be a compensation. They are too high to be weighed in the balances of commercial success. When a minister begins, even in his own thought, to measure his position and his standing by the pay which he receives or the position he occupies he has allowed an unworthy motive to enter into his life.

What is the proper cure for such conditions as arise in the ministerial life? The first one is a clear conviction that the ministry is his proper place in life. A divided mind as to one's work or a constant inquiry whether he would be better employed in some other field is always a prelude of failure, and consequent unhappiness. A full conviction of his vocation gives clearness to his vision and strength for his work. The assurance that he is in the place to which God has called him will lift him out of his despondency, and give him a serene view of life.

It involves, also, the firm belief that he is doing his best for the Master's service. A true minister cannot be satisfied with anything less than his best. Others may seem to discount his labors, but the fact that he is giving all his powers for the Master will always cheer him on his way. Human applause and outward success are not the highest measure of usefulness. He who is doing work that is not appreciated, and that he scarcely appreciates himself, may be laying the foundation upon which others shall build. Many a minister in some quiet place, unknown to others, is laying the foundations on which superstructures will be erected when he shall have ceased to labor, and when the Master shall come to examine the work the rewards will be properly distributed.

Another cure for unhappiness is forgetfulness of self. "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others" (Phil. 2. 4). The thought of the other man's welfare rather than our own will give inspiration to all our actions and drive away many a cloud

which hovers over our mental and spiritual horizon. Periods of depression come to the most devoted ministers. Everything seems to be going wrong. The writer knew a minister who was in this condition of depression. In his distress he asked with Bunyan what he could do to get out of the slough of despond in which he found himself. It came to his mind: "I have been thinking over this matter only as it affects myself. Why have I not thought of it as it affects others?" and the moment that the thought of the other person came to him the light broke and the difficulty vanished.

This divine love in the soul wrought by the Spirit of the Lord is a cure that is absolute and final. It will also help to cure all unhappiness to remember that that part of their ministry in which they most rejoice, when they come to review it, was the times of difficulty and struggle. They glory not then in the easy places which they have filled, but in the difficulties which they have overcome.

Above all, the complete cure for unhappiness in the ministry is *Faith in God.* Faith is the supreme remedy for discontent, unhappiness, and all kindred discouragements in our life work. The eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews tells us that through faith the early saints won all their victories. Such faith will bring peace into our souls, and help us to have that happiness which is, after all, the true success of life; namely, to be happy ourselves, and to make those around us happy.

SUGGESTIONS TO A THEOLOGICAL STUDENT

There is no one who should more carefully consider the office to which he feels himself to be devoted than he who proposes to enter the Christian ministry. We purpose to offer some considerations which may be helpful in relation to his important work, and to the studies involved in his preparation.

First. He should inquire carefully and prayerfully whether he has received the Divine call—a call which satisfies him that the ministry is a work to which he will devote his life. I do not insist on the method by which he receives this assurance; it may be through some direct influence exerted upon his soul at the time of his conversion, or at a later period. I have known some who, when they gave themselves to Christ, at once felt an impulse toward the holy office which never left them. It may be that the call comes through the instrumentality of others. Some friend who is acquainted with his spiritual life and intellectual qualities may be the instrument which God employs; it may be the church, by some official action, which proposes and is interested in his becoming a minister of the gospel. The point upon which we insist, however, is that he shall have a comfortable assurance that in entering upon that office he is doing the will of God. He should feel convinced that he does not enter the office from any mere worldly motive, such as securing social position, or a comfortable support, or ambition to become great among his fellow men;

these, perhaps, he may secure, and they may come to him through the interposition of others, but they should not be motives which should influence him in accepting the obligation which will thereby be placed upon him. He must be ready to endure hardships as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. He must not strive for the mastery, but must have engraven on his banner, "I serve the Lord Christ." If he has not this comfortable feeling of duty, of which I am speaking, he should stop before he assumes the great obligation.

Second. He should consider, further, the greatness of the work and the preparation which will be necessary in order to its fulfillment. A low view of the office is likely to cause a low view of the preparation required. When he considers that he is to be the expositor of the Word of God, that he is to be the instructor of the learned as well as of the ignorant, of the rich as well as of the poor, that he is to be the leader of the people committed to his charge, that he is to be the example to his flock, that he is to be the comforter of the troubled, that he is to be one to whom parents can point their children as an example of holy living, that, in other words, he is to be a faithful minister of Jesus Christ, he must appreciate the dignity of the position to which he aspires. When he is impressed with the great importance of his task he will be willing to make all necessary sacrifices to prepare himself for his duties.

Third. This view of the greatness of his office should lead him to take time for preparation. He cannot accomplish it in haste. To master the great truths of the Scriptures as they are taught in the original languages, or in the vernacular in which he is to preach, cannot be accomplished in a brief period. Scholarship is of slow growth; it cannot be reached by leaps and bounds. He must begin with careful preparation for his advanced studies; no one can learn what he is not prepared to learn. It would be foolish for a person to take up the study of differential calculus who had not mastered his algebra and the primary studies pertaining thereto, so it would be very unwise to undertake the mastery of the problems of theology without understanding those primary conceptions upon which it is founded. This requires time. The writer received a letter from a father whose son had entered a Theological Seminary, and who was required by the institution to take a course of three years. The father could not understand why a theological education should not be completed in a single year. One can readily appreciate the view which he had of the ministry when he thought so little time was necessary to enter upon its duties. A carpenter would require much more time to learn a trade, and willingly submits to be under a master workman; why should not the minister be willing to submit to the time required to equip him properly for his office? Language requires careful training in grammatical form, theology requires careful training in the general principles of philosophy, Christian history requires a preliminary knowledge of secular history, and so it is through the whole range of the preparatory studies of the ministry. Every part of his work requires its adequate preparation in order to secure the full benefit of his training.

Fourth. The theological student will mistake if he imagines he can

secure the best ministerial preparation merely by devotion to the intellectual duties required of him as a student. Christianity is a matter of the spirit; spiritual things are spiritually discerned. He cannot understand the deep things of God unless his heart is renewed and his inspirations quickened by the Holy Spirit. He must therefore see to it that his growth in spiritual culture shall be in harmony and keep pace with his growth in intellectual development. He cannot be a mighty power over men unless he has divine power in his own heart. He should ask himself the question, What progress am I making in the divine life?

The student's career in the seminary gives him great opportunities for spiritual growth, and it is in the seclusion of his room and in contact with his fellows that his life is shaped to an extent of which he is not aware until when in later years, in the fullness of his ministerial life, he reviews the influences which have molded his character. The professors are not his only teachers: the men in the same pursuits whom he meets day by day, the social relations into which he enters, the books which he reads, the lectures by strangers who visit the institution—these form a combination of influences which can never be entirely shaken off.

He must be careful lest the familiarity with sacred things in the classroom blunt the sensitiveness of his spiritual life. Rightfully used the atmosphere and studies of the Theological School not only enlarge the spiritual vision but greatly enrich the spiritual life.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND

Reference has been frequently made in this department to the work done by the Palestine Exploration Fund in the fields of archæology and biblical research. Unfortunately, the operations of this society, like those of so many other worthy enterprises, have been brought to a standstill by the terrible world's war now raging. This needs no explanation if we remember that nearly if not all the lands where such explorations have been made or are possible, are in countries under the control of the Turkish government. Thus no excavations are allowed in Palestine without special permission or firman from the authorities at Constantinople. As very much of the society's work has been done under the direct supervision of British army officers, it is easy to understand why no such work could be done at present, especially if we consider that entire Palestine is one vast camp of Ottoman troops. Too bad that war should have stretched out its bloody arm and interfered with the good work. We say good, for certainly no explorations have been carried on with less selfishness, and with more thoroughness, nor have any extended over so long a period of time as those by the Palestine Exploration Fund.

The society has been established on too solid a foundation to suspend the work permanently. No doubt, when the war is over, operations on much more extensive scale will again commence, and under more favorable auspices, and the Holy Land will have a freer and better government. Thus greater discoveries are bound to be made in Palestine and the adjacent territories.

Our readers doubtless know that the Palestine Exploration Fund was founded a little over fifty years ago; to be exact, June 22, 1865, and has from that date continued its work with more or less success, depending upon circumstances: the good will of the Turk and the fitful moods of the bigoted and fanatical Moslems on the ground. It has been generously supported from the beginning by the most influential people in the British Empire; by the most distinguished in church and state, as well as in the British army. All these have contributed freely of their money and time to promote the enterprise. Indeed, many of the most earnest workers received little or no pay for their services, and even drew largely upon their own purses or those of wealthier patrons and friends. The British government, too, aided materially. We learn from a report recently published that nearly seven hundred thousand dollars have been expended by the society from 1865 to 1914, to say nothing of indirect expenses.

The last annual meeting—which was the semi-centennial anniversary—was held in London, June 22, 1915. The chief, and by far the most interesting part of the program, was an address by Colonel Sir C. M. Watson. To this we are indebted for some of the facts presented in this article.

As Colonel Watson pointed out, much had been written during the past centuries upon Palestine, its people, history, etc., but no attempt had been made till 1804 to explore the Holy Land scientifically, when what was called "The Palestine Association" was founded. This organization met with little success, though it did send out an expedition to examine conditions in the Holy Land. It likewise issued in 1810 a translation of Seetzen's travels. As to-day, so then, a great war broke out among the nations, so that the association was compelled to suspend operations without accomplishing anything of importance.

The Palestine Association lived at a poor dying rate till 1834, when the Royal Geographical Society, established four years before, absorbed it, and became possessor of its "funds, works, and papers." This was unfortunate, for the Royal Geographical Society had too large a field to cover, and it could not be expected to devote very much attention to a little spot like Palestine, especially to excavations and antiquities.

But Palestine had to be heard from. There was something in that land which attracted the attention, not only of the devout, but also of the curious and learned who visited and studied it from various angles.

Colonel Watson very generously and justly credits the United States with a splendid start in this field. He says: "It was in 1838 that the first important step was taken in the direction of Palestine exploration, and then by an American traveler, the Rev. Edward Robinson, who had been appointed Professor of Biblical Literature in a New York college."

Dr. Robinson, known the world over by his three large volumes: Biblical Researches in Palestine, Mount Sinai, and Arabia Petræa, did more than any other man of his generation in promoting the study of Bible lands. Before assuming his duties as professor in Union Theological Seminary the doctor, who had studied for years in this country and Germany, made not only a thorough study of all the principal works on Palestine, but also spent several months in exploring Palestine and the wilderness south. It was fortunate for him to have, besides competent dragomans, the services and company of the Rev. E. Smith, a former pupil, but then a missionary in those regions, and, as such, well versed in the customs and vernacular of the land. After this trip Professor Robinson returned by the way of Berlin and London, where he could consult, not only the best libraries, but also the leading authorities. Months were thus spent in preparing his notes for the press. So excellent was the work that the Royal Geographical Society in 1842 awarded its author its Royal Gold Medal.

This is no place to mention all the great men who visited and wrote on Palestine about the middle of the last century, but we cannot afford to omit the name of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley. He made two trips, one in 1852 and another in 1862. The fact that the Prince of Wales, the late King Edward VII, accompanied the learned prelate on his second trip, created unusual interest in the study of the Holy Land.

It was about 1864 that the well-known philanthropist Baroness Burdette-Coutts became interested in Jerusalem, not so much in its archæology or history as in its sanitation. She gave £500, or nearly $2,500, to survey the city and its environs, with the view of providing its inhabitants with pure water. The survey was made and plans perfected by Captain Wilson of the British army.

The work of Captain Wilson may be regarded as the actual origin of the Palestine Exploration Fund, for it resulted in an informal meeting, called together at the request of Mr. George Grove, by Dean Stanley, to discuss the advisability of establishing a society for the purpose of more exact study of the archæology, geography, geology, and natural history of Palestine. This little conference of few friends resolved to call a public meeting on June 22, 1865. This was largely attended by influential persons and presided over by the Archbishop of York.

It was agreed at that meeting:

1. That whatever was undertaken should be carried out on scientific principles.

2. That the society should, as a body, abstain from controversy.

3. That it should not be started, nor should be conducted, as a religious society.

Founded upon such broad and liberal bases, it became possible and easy for people of all creeds and lands to take active part in the work of the society. Protestants, Catholics, Jews, and Mohammedans have worked hand in hand from the start, "with the same spirit of the fearless search for truth that obtains in any other branch of scientific research."

A glance at the list of the members proves that the Palestine Exploration Fund is both cosmopolitan and undenominational. The general

committee consists of representative persons from many countries, including a goodly number of military men, with Earl Kitchener of Khartoum at the head. The United States has lent a very generous hand and has aided freely with men and money; naturally, however, the great burden falls upon Great Britain.

The first work of the society, under the supervision of Captain Wilson, assisted by several men of the Royal Engineers, was begun January 1, 1866. Its principal object was to fix upon particular spots for later investigation. A start was made at Banias, whence they proceeded southward. "A triangulation was carried on along the range of hills which form the backbone of the country, fifty stations being fixed trigonometrically and astronomically, and a sketch map made on a scale of one inch to the mile, with plans of important places on a larger scale."

In the following year the society obtained permission from the war office to engage the services of Lieutenant Warren, R. E. (now General), to carry on special work at Jerusalem—the old city besieged, captured, burnt, and rebuilt so many times. The *débris* resulting from such experiences had accumulated in places to more than one hundred feet. The walls, ancient landmarks, and supposed sacred sites were subjected to thorough examination. This is especially true of the Temple, the Holy Sepulchre, and several gates. Great attention was also given to the large inclosure called the Haram, which is surrounded by massive walls, the foundations of which reach down to the solid rock—one hundred feet below the surface. To do this, deep shafts and long tunnels had to be made. This work, so satisfactorily begun by Wilson and Warren, has continued, of course, with interruptions, to this day, and has added materially to our knowledge of the City of David, Solomon, Nehemiah, and Herod the Great.

The next work we notice was in the Desert of the Exodus, in 1869-70. The first step was to identify Mount Sinai and the survey of the adjacent territory by Captain Wilson and four assistants. No less than four thousand square miles of country was reconnoitered, including the probable route of the Hebrews from the Red Sea to Sinai.

This was supplemented by Professor E. M. Palmer and Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake, who explored very thoroughly the district northeast of Sinai, or the Desert of the Wanderings. The two were dressed up as natives, and being well versed in the Arabic, they gained the confidence of the desert people, with whom they came into very intimate contact. Their trip included Mount Sinai, Ain Hudherah (Kibroth Hattavah of Num. 11. 34?), Nakl, Wady el Arish, Ain Kadeis (Kadesh Barnea), the Negeb, or south country, with its many ruins of the Byzantine epoch; such as forts, churches, reservoirs, etc. Passing through Esbaita and Khalasa they went to Hebron and Jerusalem, then returned south to the Arabah, Mount Hor, and Petra. From here they retraced their steps by way of the Dead Sea and Moab to Jerusalem.

The next work, begun in 1871 by Captain R. W. Stewart, was The Survey of Western Palestine. This included all the territory west of the Jordan, "between a line on the north of Tyre to the sources of the river,

and one on the south from Gaza, through Beersheba to the Dead Sea." Captain Stewart was aided by Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake, but neither of them was permitted to see the completion of the enterprise, which lasted seven years. The former had scarcely commenced work when forced by sickness to return to England, and the latter died of a fever in less than three years. Captain Conder, a most enthusiastic archæologist and Bible student, replaced Stewart, and Lieutenant Kitchener, now the most celebrated military man in England, took up Mr. Drake's work. These two young officers labored under great difficulties and encountered much opposition from the bigoted natives, who could not appreciate the importance or the nature of the work done by Conder and Kitchener. A map of the places explored and memoirs of the work done were published in 1880. The cost of the expedition, including the publication of the map and memoirs, amounted to nearly $85,000.

The importance of this survey is evidenced when we recall that of the 622 biblical names of places, only 262 had been identified before the exploration of Conder and Kitchener, who, however, added 172 to the list already known. This was a remarkable feat, for about 10,000 names were found in the regions examined. Not only was it a great gain to identify those old sites, but these Royal Engineers gave also the exact distances between the various places. Captain Watson, speaking of this expedition, says: "The amount of information collected was far greater than had been anticipated, and it may fairly be claimed that nothing has been done for the illustration and right understanding of the historical portions of the Bible since the translation into the vulgar tongue, which can be compared with this great work."

Captain Conder was once more sent out in 1881; this time to do the same kind of work on the east side of Jordan as had been done on the west a few years before. His task was cut short by the Turkish authorities, not, however, before 500 square miles had been explored and surveyed.

Attention was next turned (1883) to the south, where Professor Hull and Major Kitchener labored for some time, and the latter surveyed the Arabah from the southern end of the Dead Sea to the Gulf of Akabah, while Professor Hull and his three assistants studied the geology of the country. This general work accomplished, the fund concluded to devote its attention to some particular spot, some of the more important tells in the Holy Land. Army officers and trained surveyors were now followed by expert archæologists and experienced explorers. The first place to be excavated was Tell el Hesy, by Professor Flinders Petrie, well known for his great work among the ruins of Egypt. This old tell, sixteen miles east of Gaza, is, beyond reasonable doubt, the Lachish of the Bible and Assyrian history. This work, commenced by Petrie in 1890, was continued till 1892 by Dr. J. F. Bliss, an American archæologist of distinction.

From Tell el Hesy Mr. Bliss was sent to Jerusalem, where he spent three years in excavations. He discovered portions of the old city walls described by Josephus, some of the gates mentioned by Nehemiah, besides some ancient pools, stairways, churches, etc.

In 1897 he returned to Philistia and proceeded to examine Tell el

Zakariya, Tell es Safi (Gath?), Tell el Judeideh, and Tell Sandahannah, the Mareshah of the Book of Joshua.

The next excavation of importance by the society was in 1902-05 and 1907-1909, under the supervision of Mr. R. A. S. Macalister, at Tell el Gezari, Gezer of the Bible. This was probably the most thorough and satisfactory piece of excavation in Palestine. Mr. Macalister succeeded in tracing the history of the site from the stone age down to the latest times, "through the Canaanite, the Egyptian, the Philistine, the Israelite, the Syrian occupations." He brought to light the ruins of an ancient "High Place," an old temple of Molech, and also a cemetery with the bones of infants preserved in jars, some burnt, some unburnt, no doubt offered to some heathen god, "in accordance with the custom of the Canaanites." There were other important discoveries, but as these have been described at length in former issues of the REVIEW, we need not enter here into details.

We shall close this article by mentioning the work of Mr. Duncan Mackenzie at Ain Shems, Beth Shemesh of the Bible, and the more important expedition in 1913-1914 by two officers of the British army, Captain Newcombe and Lieutenant Greig, and two archæologists, Mr. C. L. Woolley and Mr. T. E. Lawrence, through the country south of Beersheba to the borders of Egypt. The result of this expedition has been published by the society.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

REPRESENTATIVE CHRISTIAN THINKERS AND THE WAR

WITHOUT doubt one of the most significant movements occasioned by the present war is the general revival of personal religion. At home and at the front great multitudes have experienced a new, or at least a stronger, sense of the reality of God and of the eternal significance of his righteous, holy will. The religious phenomena connected with the war are so varied and in many instances so striking, while the fundamental question whether a sure faith in the living God is possible in this present world is so inevitable and so vital, that serious minds are forced to give attention. Those who already had a degree of faith have experienced "the pentecost of calamity." Many others, who hitherto had found no sure foundation, have felt the necessity of really probing life's mystery and thus have been brought to the living God. From each of the warring nations have come impressive testimonies that multitudes are crying out after God. Apparently the movement has been most marked in Germany—perhaps because this nation most clearly realized the mortal nature of the conflict. Many of our readers are more or less familiar with Professor Deissmann's "Evangelische Kriegsbriefe," since portions of them have been reprinted in a number of American papers and the most significant

passages have been assembled in an article in The Constructive Quarterly for September, 1915, under the title: "Christianity in Germany During the War." These letters portray for us a really remarkable religious awakening throughout the nation. But the same thing has been taking place in varying modes and degrees in England, France, Russia, and Italy. Whether the awakening as occasioned by a great calamity will mean a permanent deepening and enrichment of the religious life of these peoples will depend upon whether men are really finding a living faith that shall prove stronger than the desire for worldly power and glory. These religious phenomena offer a rich field for research. This, however, is not so much the province of the philosophical historian as of the Christian prophet. May God grant to his church in this awful time prophetic souls to interpret the great mystery of this world-catastrophe, to discern the signs of the times—the signs of God's presence and working! Already it seems that there are many souls who deeply desire that the jangling voices of the wise of this world may be hushed, so that we may be still and know that Jehovah is God.

What here is written is not to be viewed as being in any sense an attempt, by the assembling of the testimonies of men deeply instructed unto the kingdom of God, to answer the demand for a prophetic interpretation of the war. The manifold prophetic word of Scripture still stands sure, and to its faithful promises we do well to take heed, for it is "a lamp shining in a dark place until the day dawn." We simply present some noteworthy specimens of the earnest thinking of some of the leaders of Christian thought upon this tremendous theme, in the hope that they may prove helpful in our effort to understand the will of God.

Undoubtedly the most interesting and important thing in the religious phenomena connected with the war is not what men are saying about religion and war, but the facts of the personal religious awakening. For the present, however, we pass by the latter aspect of the subject, and consider the attitude of the leaders of Christian thought toward the war and toward the hostile nations.

The writer of these lines has been at no little pains to acquaint himself with a great variety of utterances upon the war by religious leaders in England, France, and Germany. The first impression of bewilderment, that mutual misunderstandings so profound could get possession even of many broad-minded Christian scholars, has largely yielded to the comforting persuasion that—in the case of the truly representative Christian thinkers at least—the sense of obligation to truth and right, and even the spirit of forgiveness and charity, are deeper and stronger than the misunderstandings and must prevail. It is true that many Germans have declared English Christianity to be honeycombed with hypocrisy, and the English have represented the Germans as claiming God as their special ally and so entertaining a heathenish idea of God. Wilhelm Herrmann, one of the first of living theologians, publishes a pamphlet entitled "The Turks, the English, and We German Christians," in which he judges the English religious and ethical traits very severely, though in a restrained manner, and actually argues that in certain

important respects the Turks are better than the English. This judgment, however, has found acceptance with very few German Christians, even though many of them would go quite as far as Herrmann in the adverse criticism of English Christianity. On the other hand, several leading English clergymen have painted German Christianity in colors equally dark. Among these the Bishop of London is to be classed among the moderates when he asks: "What is wrong with German Christianity?" and gives as his diagnosis: "Mental astigmatism." More representative of the sober thought of English and German Christian scholars are a pamphlet by Dr. William Sanday, of Oxford, and the reply of Professor Loofs in Halle. Sanday's pamphlet of 124 pages on "The Meaning of War" has elicited the opinion of an admiring critic that "nothing more wholly beautiful and satisfactory has been put out." And indeed the spirit of the pamphlet is beautiful, and this is a hopeful sign. The German readers of the essay, however, have found it eminently unsatisfactory. That so much good will to understand should be linked with so profound a misunderstanding appears to them peculiarly deplorable and discouraging. Yet it is the recognition of Sanday's spirit of fairness that has encouraged his friend Loofs to make reply. This he has done in a very full article in Deutsch-Evangelisch (June and July, 1915). Here again the spirit at least is all that one could desire.

The utterances of the pulpit in Germany and England are sometimes marred by sentiments at variance with the spirit of the gospel, as, for example, where an unmeasured guilt is imputed to the hostile nation, while for one's own people extravagant praise leaves no room for wholesome rebuke and warning. Such an attitude, however, is comparatively rare. On the whole we find that the representative preachers of these two countries are quite at one in the inculcation of forgiveness and love toward one's enemies. Much has been made of the German "Hymn of Hate," as if it were representative of the prevalent German spirit. Now we have been able to note the public expressions of many German clergymen and Christian publicists upon this effusion and upon the ethical question which it involves. It ought to be unnecessary to report the fact that these all unsparingly condemn its spirit and show the impotency of hate to attain to any positive good. The attitude of three of Berlin's most famous preachers may be taken as fairly representative of that of the German clergy as a whole. From the beginning of the war Court Preacher Dr. Dryander has been unwearied in his insistence upon the duty of love of enemies and upon the need of self-humiliation and repentance before God. Dr. Lahusen, one of the preachers in the Dreifaltigkeitskirche (ever associated in our thought with the name and fame of Schleiermacher) and at the same time a general superintendent, stands next to Dryander in reputation and influence. Among his sermons for the war time is a series on the Lord's Prayer. We have before us from this series that on "The fifth petition of the Lord's Prayer and England" ("Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors"). It is in every respect a remarkable sermon. We give a few characteristic sentences. After a reference to the great chorus of nations that charges

Germany with the guilt of the war and to the prevailing spirit among the Germans that would—"even with the last breath"—reply: "No, a thousand times no, we are not the guilty ones," he continues: "But yet the war is the judgment of God, the most fearful judgment that ever has passed over this earth; it is the catastrophe of the world. Shall we Germans say that this wrath of God . . . does not apply to us? . . . Must the other nations pray, 'Father, forgive,' while we pray only, 'Father, help'? That would be a fatal delusion; that would be the way to call down God's punishment upon ourselves. No, in the world-guilt we Germans, each and all, have a share. And so we pray . . . 'Father, forgive us our debts.' And in order that we may be able in truth to appeal to God's forgiving love, we go on, hard as it may be, and say: 'as we forgive our debtors.'" After an admirable general treatment of the theme he comes to speak of England. "The name of one nation is in the soul of us all, and it is as if the soul of our nation were crying out: 'All the inconceivable misery, the bleeding anguish of this war—we cannot forgive it, England.' . . . We understand that. But, is there a 'moratorium' of Christianity? Can the 'as we forgive our debtors' be suspended until after the war? But we want to pray thus even to-day. If, however, with hatred toward any man, with hatred toward England, we say, 'Father, forgive us our debts *as* we forgive our debtors,' then we ask God: Do with us as we do with our enemies; forgive us not. . . . In hate we lose God. God is not in hate, God can only be with those who are with him, the God of everlasting love. We must come to God's side; we must be able to wield our German sword in the name of Jesus." Later, after a vivid portrayal of the national guilt of England according to the German view, Lahusen adds: "We cannot but [fight against all this], but we do not hate men. The hate that is base, that brings destruction and death, is personal. The true hate that imparts a blessing concerns principles. God dwells also in hatred, in hatred against the evil. . . . Let us first hate that in ourselves which stands in the way of peace. . . . We long for the time and would fain live to see it, in which we may again build bridges across from nation to nation, *even over the Channel.*" At least fifty thousand copies of this sermon have been circulated.

In like manner Dr. Conrad, pastor at the Emperor William Memorial Church, has continually expressed himself. Conrad surpasses all his countrymen as author of universally acceptable devotional papers (Andachten)—brief homilies gathered into little volumes and circulated in vast numbers at the front or at home.

Of course very many Christian thinkers in England and Germany, and even in France, have written upon the war in its relation to the principles of Christianity. We mention only a few German writings on the subject—for we may safely presuppose a degree of familiarity with English writings of the same class. Professor Ihmels, of Leipzig, has written an excellent pamphlet: "The War in the Light of Christian Ethics." Another discussion on the same level of true Christian principles is by Professor Hilbert, of Rostock, and is entitled "Krieg und Kreuz" (The War and the Cross). Of a somewhat different nature are two pamphlets

by Professor Seeberg in Berlin. The one, entitled "Ewiges Leben?" (Eternal Life?) treats of death and the life everlasting for the comfort of the millions of mourners. The other bears the title, "Was sollen wir denn tun?" and discusses with frankness and Christian earnestness the moral, religious, and social problems which the war forces upon the German people.

That the Christian leaders of all the warring nations sincerely deplore the present war is generally recognized among us. Naturally therefore many of them have been led to inquire: "Who is to blame?" Only a few of the discussions have deeply interested us. Here and there, however, one finds a writer not bent on exculpating his own nation and casting the whole blame upon others. Professor Wurster in Tübingen has written a pamphlet entitled "Das Englische Christenvolk und wir," in which there is a genuine effort to be fair to the English people. Professor Voigt in Halle is the author of a calm discussion: "Ueber Recht und Unrecht im gegenwärtigen Weltkriege" in Die Reformation. His judgment of England is nevertheless very severe. As for Germany's attitude he quotes with approbation the words of Houston Stewart Chamberlain: "In entire Germany in the last forty-three years there has not lived a single man that wanted war, not one. Whoever asserts the contrary lies—either knowingly or ignorantly." More original and penetrating—also less one-sided—is an article in the Christliche Welt by Artur Bonus, entitled "Wer hat Schuld?" England's specific guilt and her national sins generally are pretty strongly emphasized, yet Germany's (smaller) share of guilt is not denied.

Of special interest are several articles by Ernst Troeltsch. In the case of this deeply original thinker we are always impressed by a rare freedom from vulgar prejudices and animosities. In a published address on the essence of the German spirit ("Das Wesen deutscher Art") he seems too optimistic regarding German ideals in contrast to those of England and France, yet he judges these nations generously. Of greater interest to us is his article in the Christliche Welt (April 15, 1915) entitled "Der Völkerkrieg und das Christentum" (The War of the Nations and Christianity). The article is extraordinarily rich in ideas. The standpoint is about as follows: In spite of the reality of ideal and spiritual forces in the world, the highest of which is Christianity, the social order as truly as the natural order stands under the law of the struggle for existence. As applied, however, to the social order the law is conditioned by ideal forces, ethical and religious. Conditioned, indeed, but never removed. A fundamental dualism must abide perpetually. In the individual Christian idealism may dominate, even in the state it may at best preponderate; but after all the inexorable law of nature abides and it will assert itself. Christian idealism, therefore, can afford no guarantee of perpetual peace, even among "Christian" nations. A state of non-war is not in reality peace; the war of arms merely gives place to a "peace-war," which on occasion may in turn be converted again into a war of arms. Moreover, the impossibility of lifting the natural-social order even of "Christian" nations to the plane of Christian idealism shows

the futility of striving to make Christianity the sole religion of all nations. The frankness with which Troeltsch sets forth his ultra-modern theological principles is in itself praiseworthy; the standpoint itself we must vigorously repudiate.

Thus we might with interest and profit refer to many other significant discussions—to Johannes Müller's remarkable "Kriegsreden," to Bousset's luminous speech on "The Renewal of the German People," to Baumgarten's unsurpassed monthly surveys of the broader and deeper aspects of the war in his "Evangelische Freiheit," and to still others well worthy of a place beside these. We have tried to set forth the standpoint of representative *Christian* thinkers, especially in Germany. We might have found equally good examples in France, though scarcely in the same abundance. Of course, in all the countries at war much that has been written is full of bitterness, arrogance, and wrong. Between England and Germany the mutual hatred and bitterness have been most intense; and yet, especially in just these two countries, Christian faith, hope, and love abide in divine power, and are already triumphing over the powers of evil.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Ten Commandments. With a Christian Application to Present Conditions. By HENRY SLOANE COFFIN. 12mo, pp. 216. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, net, $1.

"THE outbreak of the Great War in the summer of 1914 seemed to many to set us abruptly in the midst of another age. We had come to think of ourselves as living in an earth which, with all its selfishness, was slowly but surely responding to the touch of the Spirit of Christ. Americans looked upon the huge armaments of Europe as absurd anachronisms; the growth of intelligence and the spread of Christian ideals had made a conflict between the great powers unthinkable. We were startled and appalled to find ourselves suddenly thrust back into a day of pagan horrors. The folly of the strife bewildered us: whither had wisdom flown? Its iniquity filled us with loathing: had righteousness been overthrown? We were driven to ask ourselves afresh what was wisdom and what was righteousness. The moral bases of life were reexamined; the primary ethical ideals of Christianity were scanned with a new interest. We were ready to sit at Christ's feet and learn of him, and to go with him to the wisdom he commended in them of old time." In such a time the author thinks a restatement of the Ten Commandments timely, and their applica-

tion to the human situation an urgent necessity. So in this volume he gives a chapter to each commandment, treating with freshness and originality an ancient and everlasting theme, which will not be outworn "when the stars are old and the sun grows cold and the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold." The chapter on the First Commandment, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," begins thus: "Were this commandment to be phrased to-day, it might read: 'Thou shalt have at least one God.' Our danger apparently lies not in worshiping too many deities, but in worshiping none at all. There are numbers of men and women who seem to look up to nothing. Instead of praying, they plan; instead of aspiring to a perfection on high, they cherish their own ideals; instead of trusting with child-like dependence to a power outside themselves, they resolutely push their own way; instead of opening their spirits to intercourse with another, they think hard; instead of casting their burden upon him, they throw it over their own shoulders. In a brilliant essay, Sainte-Beuve pictures the great preacher Bossuet as seeking 'something that may awaken in the human heart that terrible thought of seeing nothing above itself.' The difficulty with many people is not in finding some rock that is higher than they, to which to lead them; but to induce them to raise their eyes to any point on the rock loftier than themselves. Certain minds have a fatal faculty for reducing everything and every one to their own level. They are incapable of seeing in men vastly better than themselves the virtues in which these excel them; but they quickly detect the faults akin to their own. Firm in their complacency, they look out on the world with eyes slightly downcast, prepared to find all objects in their field of vision beneath them. And whatever is above remains out of their sight. The only hope for them is that some circumstance will lay them flat on their backs in utter helplessness, and compel them to look up; then, perhaps, a new world will swim within their ken, the world of things high and lofty, the mountain-tops and the stars and the overarching sky—the age-old symbols of God. Most men are fortunately not quite so self-assured and self-satisfied. They look out and up; and awesome sights greet their eyes. 'There are moments,' says Victor Hugo, 'when, whatever the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees.' Truth commands their loyalty; justice enlists their conscience; beauty captivates their spirits; love masters their hearts. They discover what it is to surrender themselves to the lordship of something they cannot but obey. In that experience, whether or not they call the object of their devotion 'God,' religion is born. 'What means it,' asks Martin Luther, 'to have a God?' and replies, 'Whatever thy heart clings to and relies upon, that is properly thy God.' And it is just here that we moderns find ourselves in peril of the old polytheism, against which this First Commandment is a solemn warning. Not to speak of the common idolatry of trust in people—such idolatry as Luther himself once acknowledged when he said, 'I expect more goodness from Kate, my wife, and Philip Melanchthon, and from my other friends, than from my sweet and blessed Saviour'—or of the crude trust in dollars, we are polytheists in this, that we rely upon different things in different circumstances, or in different spheres of our life; so that unconsciously

we bring back under other names, or rather unnamed, the many deities of the heathen credulity." A further passage on the First Commandment is as follows: "In Thomas Hardy's tragic novel, Tess of the D'Urbervilles, after his heroine's moral downfall, he concludes a chapter with this picture: 'Walking among the sleeping birds in the hedges, watching the skipping rabbits on a moonlit warren, or standing under a pheasant-laden bough, she looked upon herself as a figure of Guilt intruding into the haunts of Innocence. But all the while she was making a distinction where there was no difference. Feeling herself in antagonism, she was quite in accord. She had been made to break an accepted social law, but no law known to the environment in which she fancied herself such an anomaly.' Was the God of her conscience, as Hardy appears to think, a moral hobgoblin by which she was terrified without reason? Is the God of conscience a small private divinity, while some great conscienceless Force dominates the world outside? Or is the whole structure and fabric of the universe shot through with righteousness? Again, are we convinced that the God of our homes, to whom we give the family name, 'Our Father,' is the Deity actually in control of the commercial affairs and the international contacts of men? Could he successfully conduct them, if we would let him? Can the same Spirit, upon which we rely in our households, be confided in to direct aright these other spheres? Will Love work practically, and prove itself the dominant might in every part of this and of all other worlds? The religious experience of mankind has certainly been against polytheism. Even in Greece and Rome, the more thoughtfully devout came to feel their way past the many gods to a mysterious One. Israel was led to discover that its Jehovah was no private Protector of its twelve tribes:

> A god they pitted 'gainst a swarm
> Of neighbor gods less vast of arm—

but the Lord of the whole earth. Believing souls discover that they can no more have several gods than several wives. One God, if they really come into fellowship with him, claims them for himself alone, and is jealous with love's jealousy. And he succeeds in so completely engrossing their every capacity, that they have no unused remainders to devote to other divinities. In William Morris' Sir Galahad, the knight is represented in an irreligious mood, "with no touch of awe upon him," when he is attracted by the ringing of a bell, and finds himself entering a chapel, where he sees

> One sitting on the altar as a throne,
> Whose face no man could say he did not know.

Instinctively Sir Galahad kneels,

> for he felt
> The first time what a thing was perfect dread.

When God makes his own divine impression upon us in Jesus Christ,

we experience such a perfect and complete abasement—our minds mastered by one who grips them as the final truth, our consciences held by one who is to them their ideal of right, our admiration called out by one who seems the altogether lovely, our hearts kindled by one who sets them all aflame with love—our whole self goes out in such response to him, that we have nothing left to give to another. This old commandment did not read, 'There *is* but one God.' People might argue that proposition endlessly. It read, 'Thou shalt *have* no other gods before me.' In having, in trusting this God, we find him engrossing all the capacity for the divine within us. We find as a matter of experience that we cannot trust God in Christ without his drawing us to trust him altogether. We are forced either to give him our all or nothing. We cannot serve him with a fraction of ourselves; it requires as much as in us is to obey him; and when he answers our obedience with his comradeship, he fills our every need and more. If Martin Luther is correct 'that to have a God means to have something in which the heart puts all its trust,' Jesus of Nazareth has the power to capture our entire trust, and to be the God who has us. We give him our adoration, our confidence, our loyalty, and not a part but the whole of our soul's devotion. But to worship Jesus as God seems to some minds to break this First Commandment: 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me.' There is a common form of stating the deity of Christ which leaves the Christian with at least two gods—the Creator of the universe and the Jesus of history. But that on which we rely and which we worship in the Father and the Son is the same divinity, is Christlike love. It is that which bows us in adoration before Jesus, when he stands at our side, a man in all points like ourselves; it is that which we adore with him in his God and Father, the Lord of heaven and earth. For us, as for Paul, 'There is one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we unto him; and one Lord, Jesus Christ, through whom are all things and we through him.' We follow Jesus in placing the trust of our hearts utterly in one who is love, and we find that love made plain and embodied in the Jesus we follow. When we adore Jesus, we worship God in him; when we pray to Jesus, we pray to God through him. There is for us one God, and he is manifest to us fully in Christ. And how all important it is that, having been mastered by the true God, we should come back to this first principle that we can have no other god beside. The only hope of lasting peace on earth is that all nations shall so rely on Christlike love that they will allow nothing else to control their public policies. The only solution of our industrial conflicts is that all who have any part in the world's work—investors, managers, working men and women—shall really believe in the Godship of Christlike love, and let this God lead them into his economic order of brotherly striving for the common enrichment of the whole household of his children. The only prospect of our becoming complete selves, whole men and women, lies in our loving this God with all our heart, all our soul, all our mind, all our strength, so that no fractions of our personalities pass out under the sway of other and alien ideals." The other chapters are like unto this one, all vigorous, practical, applicable to the life of to-day.

The Christian Doctrine of Prayer. Edited by JAMES HASTINGS, D.D. 8vo, pp. xi + 448. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $3.00 net.

IT is certainly a healthy sign of the times when books are being published on the subject of prayer. It is an indication of the coming revival of religion. We have recently read three volumes on this absorbing topic. The Dynamic of All Prayer, by G. Granger Fleming, strikes the depths and deals with the present religious situation in a very searching way. It shows that prayer is the divinely determined avenue leading to power, and that there is no other way by which we can secure victory except as the church gives itself to intense and continuous supplication. Another volume is The Meaning of Prayer, by Professor Harry Emerson Fosdick, for many years the successful pastor of the First Baptist Church in Montclair, and now of Union Theological Seminary. It is made up of daily readings, comments and prayers of the great leaders of the Christian Church, and it is arranged so as to cover a period of ten weeks; there are also larger discussions of related themes. Its value must not be measured by its size, for it is one of those big little books which capture the reader from the very start. Dr. Mott, who writes an introduction to it, makes a statement which should be carefully pondered: "An alarming weakness among Christians is that we are producing Christian activities faster than we are producing Christian experience and Christian faith; that the discipline of our souls and the deepening of our acquaintance with God are not proving sufficiently thorough to enable us to meet the unprecedented expansion of opportunity and responsibility of our generation." The third book, which is in many respects the best, because it deals with every conceivable phase of this cardinal theme, is edited by Dr. James Hastings. We are indebted to him for the indispensable Dictionary of the Bible, Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics, now in its seventh volume—a marvel of Christian scholarship—and several other series. Whatever bears his name has the guarantee of accuracy and genuine worth, and this is true of the volume on Prayer. He correctly remarks in the preface: "Prayer is not an easy exercise. It requires encouragement, exposition, training. There never was a time when men and women were more sincerely anxious to be told how to pray. Prayer is the mightiest weapon in our armory, and if we are to use it as God has given us the encouragement, we must do everything in our power to bring it into exercise." The summons then comes to every preacher to bring this subject in a conspicuous way before the church. He cannot do better than make a profound study of this comprehensive manual and present its teachings to his people. The essential ingredients and constituents of prayer are studied in twenty chapters. What gives it such authority is the fact that the voice of the entire church is heard through apt quotations from biography and the finest devotional literature of all the centuries. If it is true that prayer is an intensely practical topic, and that we can learn to pray by praying, this testimony from universal Christian experience is of the utmost importance to encourage and increase the

practice of prayer throughout the modern church. The chapter on The Nature of Prayer has this succinct paragraph: "In the larger sense of the word, as the spiritual language of the soul, prayer is intercourse with God, often seeking no end beyond the pleasure of such intercourse. It is praise; it is congratulation; it is adoration of the Infinite Majesty; it is a colloquy in which the soul engages with the All-wise and the All-holy; it is a basking in the sunshine, varied by ejaculations of thankfulness to the Sun of Righteousness for his light and his warmth. In this larger sense, the earlier part of the Te Deum is prayer as much as the latter part; the earliest and latest clauses of the Gloria in Excelsis as truly as the central ones; the Sanctus or the Jubilate no less than the Litany; the Magnificat as certainly as the Fifty-first Psalm." The volume is a discerning development of these several aspects of prayer. But it also considers luminously scientific and philosophical objections to prayer which are convincingly disposed of; and then there are chapters on Hindrances, Encouragements, and Answers to Prayer, Perplexities of Prayer, Fit Times for Prayer, and The Manner of Prayer. It is difficult to quote from an Encyclopedia so as to give an adequate idea of the quality of the articles. Much the same embarrassment faces one who would quote from this encyclopedic yet very practical treatment of a many-sided subject like prayer. "Do we not often pray for blessings which we are all unfitted to receive? Would we not do well to pray that God would make us able and fit to receive his gifts, to open our eyes that we might see them, and our hearts that we might be able to take them? They wait to descend upon us. They will wait no longer than the time when they can wisely be given." Prayer must be according to the will of God; this is one of its first principles. This does not, however, mean the annihilation of the human will, but of all that is selfish in the human will. Eight pages are given to this question. There are some helpful remarks on "the power of the Spirit" in prayer. Distinctions are made clear by statement, argument, and illustration. Thus: "Adoration is devout meditation on what Jehovah *is*—the praise of the Divine perfections. Thanksgiving is delighted meditation on what the Lord has *done* for us or others—praise for his mercies." The minor aids to prayer are preparation by the exercises of meditation, fasting, and the reading of Scripture; practice; definiteness; humility; energy; patience; service which discovers the vanity of prayerless service and the futility and mistake of merely selfish prayer. What is meant by fasting? It has to do with much more than the abstinence from food and from certain forms of pleasure. "In its highest aspect, it represents that inward act of supreme self-abnegation by which, in view of some stupendous undertaking which demands the concentrated force of his entire nature, a man withdraws, for a while, all his energies and interests from the various spheres in which they are operating, and brings them to bear upon the single task before him." The Hindrances to prayer which are fully elaborated are inattentiveness, preoccupation, doubt, pride, and selfishness. Among the perplexities of prayer are no answer, deferred answer, and different answer. The rare merit of this volume can be appreciated from this brief description. It

will not fail to satisfy the needs of the preacher who can feed his own soul and so be prepared to minister more effectively to his people.

The Rise of Modern Religious Ideas. By Arthur Cushman McGiffert. 12mo, pp. x + 315. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

There is no writer who is more competent to deal with this subject than Professor McGiffert. He has a knowledge of history and philosophy and an understanding of the distinctive contributions to the progress of religious thought. His previous volume, on "Protestant Thought Before Kant," was a masterly exposition of some of the essential teachings of Protestantism. There are people who seem to be ashamed or rather afraid of this militant phrase, so that it is well for some authoritative scholar like Dr. McGiffert to tell us what it really means. The present volume is a sequel and it deals with the "antecedents of modern theology" since the days of the philosopher of Königsberg. It is divided into two parts. Book I deals with the forces which made for the disintegration of the Protestant scholasticism of the seventeenth century when orthodoxy was a word to conjure with. The insistence of Pietism on the experience of conversion and regeneration led to the emphasis on life more than on dogma, and it also made for the rapid growth of the spirit of tolerance. The influence of the Enlightenment, on the other hand, coming as it did at a time when a more cosmopolitan spirit was making headway, was to reduce Christianity to such low terms as to ignore its supernatural revelation. The coming of Natural Science gave popularity to the naturalistic view of life; while the rise of the Critical Philosophy from Descartes to Kant ushered in the period of rationalism. The effect of this fourfold battering was not to shatter the foundations of religion but to make them clearer and stronger. Book II takes up the work of Reconstruction, and here Dr. McGiffert shows his unique skill in analysis, criticism, and characterization. Parts of it recall familiar passages in the history of philosophy, with this difference: that the movements are here related to religion and theology. He is an interpreter among a thousand, and he gives a most vivid recital of the development of the dominant religious ideas of to-day. The chapter titles convey the scope of the ground covered: The Emancipation of Religion, The Rebirth of Speculation, The Rehabilitation of Faith, Agnosticism, Evolution, Divine Immanence, Ethical Theism, The Character of God, The Social Emphasis, Religious Authority. What has been gained in clearer perspective, in a better conception of the presence and work of God in the world, in an understanding of the genuine spiritual values of life has more than compensated for the losses of some traditional beliefs. A careful distinction is made between theistic, atheistic, and agnostic evolutionists: "The former regard evolution as merely the way in which God works in producing all that is and is to come. They read the whole process as purposive, and while recognizing the mechanical nature of the agencies

employed, they believe that its direction and goal are divinely planned. The latter, on the other hand, regard the whole thing as fortuitous. The end was not preconceived nor the development foreseen." The chapter on Divine Immanence is specially good. "Omnipresence asserts only that the infinite God is present or is active in all parts of the universe; immanence implies a much more intimate relationship, that the universe and God are in some sort truly one." The tendency of the doctrine of immanence is pantheistic; if carried to its logical conclusion, it imperils and even destroys the personality of God, the individuality of man, and the reality of sin. Christian Science is a striking illustration of this religious and moral topsy-turveydom, as Professor Sheldon has finely shown in his little volume. It is, however, possible to guard against the pantheistic evils of immanence by interpreting God in ethical terms and by emphasizing the reality of human individuality and responsibility. But much more is needed than ethical immanence. It is what a recent writer has described as "evangelical immanence," where the indwelling and inworking Holy Spirit constitutes man a spiritual being in the New Testament sense of spiritual. This fact of Christian experience should be made more of than Dr. McGiffert does. He points out in the chapter on The Social Emphasis that there must be not only a recognition of the corporate character of sin but also a recognition of the social character of redemption. "If sin is social, virtue is too. The old doctrine provided for the inheritance of sin, but not for the inheritance of virtue. . . . The trouble with the old theology was that it made earnest with the social solidarity of the natural man, but denied it for the redeemed man. The trouble with rationalism was that it recognized social solidarity in neither case." We need to have a clearer conception of the nature of religious authority, that we may have a more adequate understanding of Protestantism. The chapter on this subject is well written and worth reading. "Religious Authority is a matter of the spirit, not of the letter. Its seat is to be found ultimately, not in external rules or formulas or codes, but in a man's experience, and only that can bind his thought and conscience which vitally appeals to him and meets with a response in his own inner nature." This centralization of authority has also given to the Bible an importance which it did not have before. "It remains a unique record of developing religious experience, aspiration, and reflection, and it contains the highest gift of God to man, the gospel of Jesus Christ." Dr. McGiffert has rendered a valuable service in this volume by enabling us to see that the development of modern thought has not made for the undermining of faith, but rather for its enrichment and establishment.

A Voice From the Crowd. By GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER. 8vo, pp. 204. New Haven: Yale University Press. Price, cloth, $1.50 net, postpaid.

THIS is the forty-first series of Yale Lectures on Preaching, but it is the first time that a layman has occupied this world-renowned lectureship.

It is a significant fact and a sign of the times, pointing as it does to the coming of a Christian democracy and to the going out of sacramentarianism. If we hold to the New Testament truth of the priesthood of all believers, it is perfectly proper that a representative of the pew, with wide experience, should give his point of view of the functions of the minister, as pastor and preacher. Such a course will make for improved mutual understanding and therefore for increased church efficiency. This lecturer, who, by the way, is a lawyer by vocation, knows the distinctions between the things that differ and how to emphasize essential matters. Every preacher should read this book and take careful note of what is said therein. What are the needs of the people to whom we minister, as they see and experience those needs? What do they expect of the preacher, as they take sober and liberal views of his business? How can he most effectively discharge his commission? These questions are here honestly and thoughtfully considered. Most valuable counsels are also given as to the conduct of public worship, the character of the sermon, and the attitude of the messenger to his hearers. The emphasis throughout the lectures is on the unconquerable personality of the preacher. The last lecture, on The Man in the Pulpit, deals with this subject most explicitly. "Back of the sermon lies the preacher's whole life. His unconscious preparation is not less important than his specific striving to formulate his message. No detail of his life is too small to be neglected." In referring to the subject of ideals he makes a statement which should be carefully and prayerfully pondered: "When I talk with other men in the pews about the kind of man they need in the pulpit, a very large percentage of them will cry out for what they describe as a 'spiritually minded man.' They want an intelligent man, of course, and a man with gumption enough to administer congregational affairs. But there is an increasing emphasis upon the spiritual note. Perhaps the minister who is a religious promoter will at some future time again come into demand. Possibly there will even be a place for the pastor who organizes and standardizes religious activities till his parish runs as busily and smoothly as a canning factory. At present, however, there is a widespread recognition of a spiritual need and the preacher must be the man to supply it. What is a 'spiritually minded' man? What do my friends mean when they use such a term? They mean, as I apprehend them, nothing more nor less than this—that their preacher must be one who takes our Lord's theory of life seriously. That a man should thus be struggling to attain Christlikeness does not under the circumstances seem much to ask. Whether it is much or little, the men in the crowd are actually asking it and their demand is going to become more insistent." It is very evident that this Man in the Pew understands what he needs; he also knows how to make a plea for its supply. The lecture on The Revelation of God is a summons to the preacher to realize his unique opportunity. It is to help men to discover traces of God's Presence all about them; and this all the more urgent because nine out of ten have an idea of God that is too hazy to be communicable. A strong plea for the pastoral relationship is made in the lecture on Revelation Through Contact. Just as the Master made his

spiritual companionship count with his disciples, so the preacher's utterances must be surrounded by the atmosphere which is generated by his pastoral practice. The teaching function of the pulpit is well recognized, for that is the basis of all good preaching. "A doctrinal sermon is one in which the preacher offers the man in the pew the Christian solution of a felt difficulty"; and the more sermons there are of this type the better will it be for the building up of character and the progress of the church. In many cases the refusal to accept the Christian interpretation is due to moral rather than intellectual difficulties. Here is a testimony worth quoting: "Like many other people of ordinary intelligence, I have had my problems of thought to face. I have felt with respect to various matters the inclination to substitute agnosticism for belief. At crises in my religious life, however, I have been fortunate enough to be aware that it was my will that was on trial rather than what I am pleased to call my intellect. I have never subsequently regretted any struggle that it may have cost me to exert at such times the will to believe." This Episcopalian layman shows a breadth of view which is as commendable as his spirit of Christian courtesy and charity. The miserable Kikuyu controversy might have been avoided, if some of the leaders of the Anglican communion had a similar attitude. On the subject of Christian union, Mr. Pepper makes five suggestions. The first is to be cheerful and good tempered. The second is to try to detect the spiritual dangers to which one's own apprehension of truth is particularly subject. The third is to avoid formulating schemes of unity and to be wary about arrangements with well-meaning but impetuous ministers who are often ready to take some action which is incomprehensible to the majority of disciples in their own communion. The fourth is that while men of this generation may be led to a better understanding of the views of separated brethren, they are in most instances likely to die without modifying their own. The fifth suggestion is that the preacher of unity, while not shunning to declare to his people the whole counsel of God, should be careful not to attempt a disclosure of what has not yet been revealed to him. The Yale Corporation is to be congratulated on securing so excellent a pronouncement on modern preaching.

The Ideals of the Prophets. Sermons by the late S. R. Driver, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. Together with a Bibliography of his published writings. 8vo, pp. xii, 239. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

A pathetic interest attaches to this volume, because it will be the last by a scholar who has enriched the religious thought and increased the biblical knowledge of the Christian Church in an exceptional way. No student of the Old Testament fails to acknowledge indebtedness to Professor Driver. All who would interpret the holy oracles from the pulpit must needs be familiar with his carefully written commentaries. His life of industry and devotion to truth, combined with a spirit of

Christian piety, is an honor to the Church of any age or land. The extent of his contributions to sacred learning can be gathered from the bibliography, which covers twenty-one pages of this volume. It was to be expected that one who studied the Old Testament with such thoroughness should deal with its messages in the practical exposition given by the pulpit. A selection of some of his sermons on the ideals of the Old Testament prophets was made by him before his death and they are here published. He has much to say on the fulfillment of prophecy which furnishes a healthy check to the exaggerations of spiritualizing interpreters, who read history backwards, or rather who do not read history at all. In a sermon on the text, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose," he makes this important statement: "We must take prophecy as we find it; we must not, prior to any inductive study of what the contents and character of the prophecies actually are, assume that every description of the future which they contain must tally necessarily with the event, and be surprised and disappointed if we find that it does not do so; nor must we unduly strain the language for the purpose of bringing the two into agreement. The prophet is much more than a mere foreteller; he is in a far wider sense the interpreter of the thoughts of God, true announcer to man of the Divine will and plan. He is not the less a true prophet because the picture of the future which he draws is sometimes a Divine ideal, rather than the reality which history actually brings with it. These prophetic conceptions display astonishing brilliancy and imaginative power. They stand before us, to kindle our admiration, to ennoble our aspiration, to stir our emulation." He reverts to this subject in another sermon on "The glory of this house," which is based on Hag. 2. 6, 7: "We must read such prophecies as ideals of the goal designed by God for man, visions which, though not realized, present pictures of what human life and society might and ought to be, and of what perhaps at some future time, when Christianity has leavened the hearts and wills of men more completely and more universally than it has done at present, it actually may be." A splendid sermon on the book of Jonah shows how his needlessly troublesome message should be interpreted and applied by the pulpit. The subject of this sermon is "A Creed Corrected," and it is based on chapter 4. 10f. Dr. Driver shows that the book teaches the wonderful power of true repentance and the largeness of God's mercy. Another lesson is that it is wrong, as it is also useless, to attempt to evade a duty which has once been imposed on us by God. A third truth is on the conditional nature of prophecy; it shows that even after a divinely inspired judgment has been uttered by a prophet, it may yet be possible by repentance to avert it.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Moral Obligation to Be Intelligent. By JOHN ERSKINE, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 167. New York: Duffield & Company. Price, cloth, $1 net.

FOUR essays or addresses, the first of which gives its title to the volume; the others being on "The Call to Service," "The Mind of Shakespeare," and "Magic and Wonder in Literature." "In different ways," we are told, "the four essays set forth one theme—the moral use to which intelligence might be put, in rendering our admirations and our loyalties at once more sensible and more noble." The first essay starts by asking how many of us are really convinced that intelligence is a virtue and not a peril, and then says: "The disposition to consider intelligence a peril is an old Anglo-Saxon inheritance; our ancestors have celebrated this disposition in verse and prose. Splendid as our literature is, it has not voiced all the aspirations of humanity, nor could it be expected to voice an aspiration that has not characteristically belonged to the English race; the praise of intelligence is not one of its characteristic glories:

> Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.

Here is the startling alternative which to the English, alone among great nations, has been not startling, but a matter of course. Here is the casual assumption that a choice must be made between goodness and intelligence; that stupidity is first cousin to moral conduct, and cleverness the first step into mischief; that reason and God are not on good terms with each other; that the mind and the heart are rival buckets in the well of truth, inexorably balanced—full mind, starved heart—stout heart, weak head." Further on the essay says: "Those of us who frankly prefer character to intelligence are not without precedent. If we look beneath the history of the English people, we find in the temper of our remotest ancestors a certain bias which still prejudices us against the mind. The beginnings of our conscience can be geographically located. It began in the German forests, and it gave its allegiance not to the intellect but to the will. The Germans as Tacitus knew them, and the Saxons as they landed in England, held as their chief virtue that will-power which makes character. For craft or strategy they had no use; they were already a bulldog race; they liked fighting, and they liked best to settle the matter hand to hand. No German, Tacitus says, would enter into a treaty of public or private business without his sword in his hand." To show how intelligence is a higher virtue than bravery, the essay says: "'Toll for the brave,' sings the poet for those who went down in the Royal George. They were brave. But he might have sung, 'Toll for the stupid.' In order to clean the hull, brave Kempenfelt and his eight hundred heroes took the serious risk of laying the vessel well over on its side, while most of the crew were below. Having made the error, they all died bravely; and our memory passes easily over the lack of intelligence, a virtue we never did think much of, and dwells on the English virtues of courage and discipline. So we forget the shocking blunder of the charge of the Light Brigade, and proudly sing the heroism of the victims. Lest we flatter ourselves that this trick of defense has departed with our fathers—this

reading of stupidity in terms of the tragic courage that endures its results—let us reflect that recently, after full warning, we drove a ship at top speed through a field of icebergs. When we were thrilled to read how superbly those hundreds died, in the great English way, a man pointed out that they did indeed die in the English way, and that our pride was therefore ill-timed; that all that bravery was wasted; that the tragedy was in the shipwreck of intelligence. That discouraging person was an Irishman." "The Call to Service" is a commencement address, given to graduates about to go out into world-life. The orator thinks that the men who sound the call to service nowadays and those who respond to it have often no right conception of what is serviceable. He therefore proceeds to indicate through nearly thirty pages what are the signs of true service and what are the signs of something else that masquerades in its place. The part which may interest our readers most is that in which he addresses those graduates who contemplate entering the ministry. We give it here without quotation marks. There was a time when the call to service was identical with a call to enter the religious life. Religion, the oldest, was once the broadest avenue to good works, so broad that for centuries it included those two other main paths, now become quite secular—science and education; and with science and education it still provides the main opportunities for ministering to the soul, the body, and the mind of our fellows. Those of you, then, who contemplate the religious life, ought to be furnished out of antiquity with a definition of the service you would render; you ought to know the nature of the benefit the layman comes to religion for, and how to assist him to that benefit. Perhaps you do not agree with me that you ought to know all this; perhaps, having felt a call to the ministry, you think the call justifies itself. As I speak, I see once more that ominous gulf between the server and the served. On one side I see you priests-to-be, loving your historical church, or your theology, or your revealed truth—loving, that is, certain gifts of God which you think you can prepare for by study, and receive by heavenly grace, and by your faithfulness transmit unimpaired to others after you; and your loyalty to theology or church or revelation you conceive to be service. On the other side of the gulf I see men waiting for real service at the hands of the church, and not getting it. If there is hostility in the world to religion *per se*, at least that is not what I am talking about; I speak solely of those optimistic veterans in the pews who still expect the service of religion from the new arrival just out of the divinity school. They have a pretty clear notion as to what religion promises, and they grow impatient for the promise to be kept. Religion promises, in the old words, a more abundant life, an immediate as well as a distant benefit, an enjoyment to be entered upon in this present world. It would provide at once an exercise to develop the spiritual faculties we now have into powers we but faintly imagine. "More abundant life," to the religious-minded, is the phrasing of an old battle-hope, a more than ancient faith in his own sufficiency to approach God, which individual man, in this sense forever Puritan, has never entirely let go. Even when the priest, in his primitive function, stood between the people and their deity, mediat-

ing by virtue of his superior gifts and training, the savage in his fear still had glimpses of a time when each heart should perform to God its vows and sacrifices, consecrated by the mere sharing in human life. "I will make him a nation of priests," promised Jehovah to Israel. The program of religion, therefore, is not to do away with the priest, but to bestow the priestly character more abundantly upon all men. Must I qualify my words, and say that this is only the layman's program of religion? It seems to be different from the program of the loyal priest. He hopes to perpetuate his office for the good of more and more laymen; the layman hopes that the distinction between priest and layman will disappear. The priest looks upon his office as destined to serve perpetually, and upon the layman, therefore, as destined to be perpetually an object of service; but the layman hopes to need service less and less. How very disconcerting it would be for the church, as it is at present organized, if all the laymen should become, in the truest sense, priests. Even if we grant that the organization conforms at present to a situation, yet we detect no wish on its part that the situation should be changed. In every denomination there seems to be a tendency to widen the gulf between priest and layman, honoring the first without ennobling the second. The very devotion which is the warrant of true religion bids the layman look up, as to a higher order of being, to the holder of the priestly office. But when a man begins, as it were, to cherish holiness in another's life rather than in his own, the mischief is done; religion then robs him of the very thing it promises to give. If we cannot find the illustrations close at hand, the book of history opens at the very places. Whenever the priesthood has been exalted as a separate ideal of goodness or of wisdom, some integrity, some consecration, has been taken away from common men. In so-called Puritan moments, when the priesthood has been least remote, the conduct of the average man has been most nobly severe; but where the distinctive holiness of the priest has been most devotedly cherished, the average man has needed a system of pardons and indulgences. No doubt the priests were holy, and were eager to serve mankind, but was it service that they actually conferred? It appears that no man can be holy for his neighbors; or if he persuades them to submit to the experiment, the little holiness they have is taken away. Perhaps you have no thought of the religious life as involving these problems. "Going into the ministry" has perhaps meant to you simply a process by which you dreamt of getting a parish to work in and people to serve. Yet even in the smallest parish the division I speak of, the opposition between priest and layman, between the serving and the served, will be awaiting you. Do you dream of a congregation to help? Your congregation dream of rising beyond need of help. Do you expect to be consecrated above the layman? The layman, who nowadays has a dialectic of his own, will ask how your consecration manifests itself. If you explain that your superiority is not in you but in your office, he will press you to explain why the office, even if sacred, is necessary; he will ask whether a system of superiorities and inferiorities is vital to the religious life and whether, if all men were equally sanctified, the religious life would cease. You

understand that this is but a figure of speech. The layman will not argue with you in this fashion; he will stay away from your church on Sunday and avoid your society during the week. If empty pews mean anything, he is resolved to escape your benefits, but for old time's sake he prefers not to quarrel with the minister. With religion he still has no quarrel, but the church seems to him actually irreligious—well-organized, yes, well-meaning and well-behaved, even indefatigable in distributing warm clothes and wholesome food to the needy, yet also in spite of her gifts increasingly remote, strangely indisposed or incompetent to share or impart the religious spirit. No wonder that, since it is spiritual development he craves, he will give his allegiance to other organizations than the church. He sees that to join a parish for love of God comes to practically the same thing as joining it for love of the priest, to whose credit in a worldly sense an increase in the congregation is reckoned; he sees that against any criticism from the congregation the priest can and often does assert the authority of his office; he sees that though attendance at church will be counted as approval of the particular minister in charge, absence from church will be diagnosed as hostility to religion; and rather than accept the service of religion on terms so compromising to his self-respect, he retires from the field and cultivates indifference. From this mood he is roused only when a loud call to his rescue excites his wrath. The reform, he thinks, should begin elsewhere. Thus does this layman, a university professor, talk to young ministers. In the Ladies' Home Journal for December, another layman, a successful business man, tells of his efforts to respond to the Church's Call to Service. We let him speak here without quotation marks: I always went to church from the time that I was a little chap. I should have had to go whether I wanted to or not. But the fact was I did want to go. From as early an age as I can remember the only thought that came from the man in the pulpit that I could understand or that got hold of me was that God wanted me. I didn't know why he wanted me or what he would do with me. The only tangible thing I could see was to join the church, and I joined. I argued that when I had done that I had done all I could, and that it was what was wanted of me. As I grew older, however, I felt I had not done enough. But what more could I do? I knew that some of the other fellows of my acquaintance were wanted for preachers, but it was pretty plain to me I wasn't wanted for that. Still, every preacher I heard kept saying that the church wanted men. Nearly every sermon I heard said that men were wanted in the church. One day I was asked to be a steward of the church. I thought, "There it is," and said: "Certainly." I was elected a steward. I felt exhilarated. I thought to myself: "Now it is settled; now I've found out what the preachers meant." I felt distinctly virtuous. I was soon made a delegate to a Conference at Sioux City, and there I met another business man who, like me, was trying to give his life to Christian service. But he wanted to go to the General Conference at Chicago the next year. That was a new thought to me, and I said: "That must be the last word in the surrender program." I made up my mind to watch this man and see what he did and how and where he came out.

The man went to Chicago. "He voted lots," he said, and afterward heard some wonderful speeches and sermons about men devoting their lives to the church. But, try as he might, he couldn't seem to find anything particular for him to do, further than to go to things, to vote and to listen to speeches. And so he came back to his town and slid down behind his desk in his little office and resumed his business. After a while I got dissatisfied with the steward idea. It didn't seem to lead anywhere. I talked with my wife about it; she had been at Sioux City with me. Finally we concluded that being a steward wasn't spiritual enough; the steward never got a chance to pass the bread and wine at the sacrament, for instance. Circumstances soon caused us to move to Minnesota, and there we got into another kind of church where they didn't have stewards; they had elders. The elders helped to administer the holy communion, and I thought: "There, that is it." Soon I was made an elder. After a few months of being an elder I began to be mentally and spiritually restless again. I couldn't see where my program of life was essentially different from before. One evening I went to church in Saint Paul to hear a great preacher. He had a great reputation and he preached a great sermon. He said God wanted men's lives. Now I had heard some people say that the church didn't want people's money—just wanted their lives—but I always thought that was nonsense. This preacher said that the church needed money, and he said it good and strong, but he laid particular emphasis on the fact that it wanted men's lives more than it wanted men's money. I had made plenty of money now and I had given liberally to the church, but I realized I had not given myself. So I talked it over with my wife, and I decided to give the rest of my life to the church. I went to friends and said: "Now, how am I to give my life to the church? What shall I do?" "Why, give to others," they replied. "Yes, but how?" I asked. "O, go into some unselfish undertaking and promote something that will help the race," was the answer. "Yes, that's all right. I understand that," I replied. "But it's for the church I'm trying to work. Now, tell me," I asked, "is there anybody actually giving his or her life to the church?" "Why, certainly." "Who?" "Why, the clergymen are." "Yes? Who else?" "Missionaries." "Yes, but who else?" "O, lots of people." "Well, how do they manage it? How can I set to work?" "Why, just go to work." "Where?" "Why, anywhere." So one day when a minister had said this to me, I replied: "All right, here I am. The church can have me for the rest of my life. What shall I do?" The minister looked at me and said: "Why, what do you mean? What are you doing?" "Why, I'm taking off my coat. I'm ready to work for the church." "What for?" he asked. "What for?" I repeated. "I'm going to give my life to the church. I don't know what I'm going to do. You are the fellows to tell me that. You've been asking me for thirty years to do it. Now here I am." "Well, I know," said the minister. "But, good gracious, man! Don't get excited. Put on your coat, keep quiet; you mustn't takes us as literally as all that." Then I *was* puzzled! This from the man who said from his pulpit, the Sunday before, that the church wanted men! I went to another man. He wasn't a minister. He had

been a merchant who twenty years before had just pitched in as a Christian worker. He told me that it was glorious—wouldn't give it up for anything—but he wasn't sure there was any room for me! No room for me! And yet again and again the ministers in the pulpits had said that God wanted men's lives—the church wanted men, men, men! From one to another I went and with the same result. Nobody wanted me, for there was no work. And yet here I was a successful business man with plenty of money to give to the work and no end of energy; the most desirable kind of a man to work for and with, and in any institution, to my way of thinking. After a while the thought came to my practical mind: Is it that the church has asserted its right to direct all the work for itself as a sort of corporate body, and that it isn't planning to do any more work than to care for its established trade, for which it had enough workers? One clergyman told me frankly that he thought the best thing I could do was to keep right on making more money and giving all I could afford to the church! But I told him that wasn't quite my idea. Men are giving money. In one year the men of the United States gave away one hundred and forty million dollars in sums of five thousand and over, but less than ten per cent of that amount went to the church or even to religious causes! Not the least among the reasons to my mind why the church got so small a portion is the idea men have that the church wants their money but don't want them. I read the church papers faithfully and looked for chances there. They had no classified advertisements, "Male Help Wanted." I couldn't find an employment agency in the church, couldn't find anywhere or in any shape a list of the things that were waiting to be done in the church. Some years before, when I wanted to change my business location, I traveled thousands of miles looking about for the best location. So I naturally reasoned, as a business man: If the best kind of a location is to be found in church work, likely one might find it in the same way: travel about. We did. We traveled thousands of miles, my wife and I, actually trying to break into the church and work. But everywhere it was the same story. Everybody said: "Sure, God and the church want men." But when I said: "All right, here I am: money, ability, health and the willingness to work—what shall I do?" there was no practical answer. In other words I found it practically impossible to do what I had repeatedly heard ministers ask me and other men to do—to give my life to church work. The church had the work to do, but it did not know how to give it to me. It is now for our readers, having heard these two laymen, a professor and a business man, to decide whether their criticisms are just and wise or otherwise.

The Awakening of Woman. The Psychic Side of Feminism. By Florence Guertin Tuttle. 12mo, pp. 164. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, $1, net.

The demand for this book, issued in March, 1915, was such as to require a second edition within the same month. One sees it reported

frequently as among the best sellers in the book-stores of large cities, East and West, from Boston to San Francisco. One reason of this wide sale is the ability, spirit, and motive with which it is written. Another reason is that it rides on the rising tide of a wide-spread movement, the magnitude and significance of which are indicated in the fact that the two topics which now, as during the past year-and-a-half, claim most space in the newspapers and kindred publications are the world-war and the woman's movement. Those two subjects have been given right of way beyond any others. Still another reason for the wide sale of The Awakening of Woman is the high commendations it has received from both women and men of rank and authority. That fine Christian woman Mrs. David G. Downey, wife of the Book Editor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a true wife and mother, all too soon returned into the heavens, said after reading Mrs. Tuttle's book, "Thank God that one woman has written what every woman feels." Mrs. Newell Dwight Hillis says: "A strong book, which expresses clearly and well many things which women have felt, but could not think out and express for themselves." Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia, the largest university in America, highly commends the book for "its charm, its freshness of thought, and clearness of expression." Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, of Brooklyn, writes: "I have read Mrs. Tuttle's book, and I was so favorably impressed that I re-read it a second time, after which I asked a brother minister, whose judgment I greatly respect, to read it. His opinion confirmed my own that this book was in many respects one of the ablest contributions which have appeared at any time upon the issues with which it deals. Everywhere it shows the marks of pioneer thinking, and I found it of great use in inspiring and directing the thought of my sermon which I preached on the first Lord's Day of May, especially to parents. Certainly this volume should be in the hands of every doctor, parent, and teacher. The Awakening of Woman is a thorough piece of work—original, spontaneous, closely articulated to scientific knowledge and with an instinct for the unity of all God's facts. I am very proud of the volume. Every intelligent man and woman should read it." Zion's Herald (Boston) says: "Mrs. Tuttle has rendered genuine service by bringing out clearly that feminism when rightly understood is psychic and fundamental. . . . Mrs. Tuttle has placed many under obligation by her clear and illuminating discussion of this very important but very much misunderstood subject." The Independent (New York): "Here is a broad and sane treatment of a topic which usually calls forth more enthusiasm or disapproval than discrimination." The Brooklyn Eagle: "Brooklyn may be proud that it has a woman capable of doing such honest, sustained, and straight-from-the-shoulder thinking as this book shows." This book is not from one of the "superfluous," unoccupied women, whose unemployed and restless energies must seek outlets other than normal, and invent outside ways of filling vacant days; but from a busy wife and mother, faithfully fulfilling all her domestic duties. It is not from a woman soured by neglect, chafing under repression, smarting under personal wrongs and injuries, but from one who knows only love, and consideration, and unrestricted freedom. The views ex-

pressed in this book are not the narrow views of a one-sided spinsterly life, with its limited relationships and conventionally restricted range, but the larger, completer, better-balanced views which an intelligent woman gets from multiplied, all-around experiences, in life's normal relationships with the exercise of all human functions, as daughter, sister, wife, mother, friend, authoress, civic and social worker. Nor is this book the rash venture of an impulsive, precipitant young creature, rushing into print with more haste than discretion, more intensity than good sense or self-control, and propounding theories that have never been tested by being laid close alongside the facts of life. Mrs. Tuttle has come gradually to her present height of authorship by a steady and well-earned progress, achieved by aspiration and effort, until now we note in her dark hair that first fine sprinkle of gray which certifies the approach of middle life's maturity and dignity, and furnishes a probability of wisdom. When Kipling published his verses "The Female of the Species" some years ago, no one made keener or more gripping reply than Florence Guertin Tuttle in verses widely quoted. The spirit of her life is well known to the writer of this notice, who has watched all her progress, and who remembers how, one day in her early married years, when, amid many successes, she had met one unsuccess in literary effort, she said to him: "It is better to try and fail than not to try, isn't it?" There speaks an earnest nature, conscious of responsibility for the exercise of all its God-given powers, and ready for the self-discipline and hard work which are the price of self-development and notable achievement. And, again, this book is not by one to whom writing is for a livelihood, one obliged by circumstances to put forth effort and seek publicity; but by one in fortunate conditions, provided with all comforts in a happy home. The book is born not of selfishness nor of outward necessity, but of altruistic impulses contemplating human needs, and desiring to help in the betterment of human life. If Mrs. Tuttle, offering for publication her manuscript on The Awakening of Woman, had been halted at the door of the publishing house by a sentinel with the challenge "Who comes here?" she would have answered, "A mother." Among many significant things in this notable book, the one which strikes us as most fundamentally, and centrally, and far-reachingly significant is the dedication: "To my two sons, Day and Guertin Tuttle, whose companionship and necessities have awakened in me a sense of larger responsibility." Her boys, to whose education, training, guiding, and inspiring this mother has devoted herself with extraordinary closeness of intercourse and concentration of attention, with studied diligence and systematic discipline, she regards as the supreme achievement, as they are the chief objects of her life's endeavor. And her book is born of the solicitous, overbrooding, and concerned spirit of motherhood, extending beyond the walls of her own home to the interests of all other homes and the welfare of mothers, and fathers, and children. Florence Guertin—now, for nineteen years, Mrs. Frank Day Tuttle—herself "awakened" (she tells us) by her experience of motherhood, offers here her seven chapters on The Awakening of Woman, to a public which has shown itself appreciative and responsive.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Memories of a Publisher. By GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM, Litt.D. 8vo, pp. 492. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, with portrait, $2, net.

DON MARQUIS, the wit of the New York Evening Sun, perpetrates the following at the expense of "Glib, the Book Reviewer"; and in ridicule of the ordinary hack-written book notice: "Mr. Skyfoogle's book, in spite of these excellences to which we have called attention, is, after all, disappointing. For, Mr. Skyfoogle can do better than this.—(*Any Book Reviewer on Any Author.*)" The readers of the METHODIST REVIEW will bear witness that its book notices are *not* of the "Glib" sort. A few years ago the question was passed around to the leading publishing houses of New York city, "What kind of book notices do you prefer from reviewers of your books?" Mr. George H. Putnam replied in substance for his house, "We prefer notices which give the reader thereof a correct idea of the character and contents of the book." The aim of this METHODIST REVIEW has been to make book notices of precisely *that kind*, and we apprehend that our readers will testify that Mr. Putnam's description is realized in our book reviews. Mr. Putnam's previous volume, "Memories of My Youth," brought his personal reminiscences down to 1865: this volume covers the fifty years from that date to 1915. Having been Brevet-Major in the 176th Regiment, N. Y. S. Volunteers, he was able to write most interestingly of the War for the Union. In this new volume we have reminiscences concerning many noted persons on both sides of the Atlantic, together with Mr. Putnam's own views in regard to various discussions and contentions in which he has taken part, such as, Free Trade, Honest Money, Civil Service Reform, Copyright Domestic and International, and matters political of the city, the State, and the nation. The sensational, the picturesque, the thrilling are absent from both style and contents, yet nothing is dull; the soberly written reminiscences of a publisher and a public-spirited citizen, whose business brought him into intercourse, and sometimes into friendship, with many authors and public men, and into notable circles of society and culture. Some of the reminiscences are of recent events, among which Mr. Putnam's account of the Baltimore Convention of 1912 is of special interest: "The man in whose candidacy my group was interested was Woodrow Wilson, Governor of New Jersey. Wilson was an economist and a scholar in history. He had won distinction as president of Princeton, but through what must be admitted by his friends to have been a lack of adequate and proper understanding of rather complex conditions, he had failed to secure in Princeton an assured success. On the other hand, he had as Governor of New Jersey won repute for courage in reforming bad political conditions. The powers of Tammany Hall were bitterly opposed to the nomination of Wilson and the boss, Murphy, had secured such a grasp of the organization of the party that he was able to control absolutely the votes of the ninety delegates sent to the convention by New York. These ninety votes were throughout the sessions cast *en bloc* by Murphy. I helped in the organization of what was called the Wilson Conference Committee, the leader in which was Thomas M. Osborne, late Mayor of

Auburn. We had taken pains to secure from competent representatives who had been ordered to travel through the State for the purpose, expressions of opinion from forty of the sixty counties of the State. Our representatives found throughout the State some preference for Underwood and a smaller backing for Harmon, but the great bulk of Democratic opinion was supporting Wilson. There was practically no sentiment for Clark. In face of this fact, Murphy was able, through his control of the State machine, to cast the ninety votes of the delegation steadily for Clark. On the fourth day of the convention, the delegates were tired and had spent most of their money and wanted to go home. The difficulty was such as had obtained not infrequently in previous presidential conventions when the delegates had taken the ground that the leaders had killed each other off and that they had got to find some 'in-between' man who could unite enough votes to secure the necessary two thirds. It is certain that such compromise candidate could have been nominated only with the approval of Mr. Murphy and his Tammany gang. It is probable, in fact, that Murphy as the leader of the only unbroken block of votes of ninety would have had in his hands the actual selection of the candidate. The risk was serious that the convention might have the mortification of accepting as nominee a man selected and controlled by Murphy and his financial backers, of whom the most important, Thomas F. Ryan, was a member of the New York delegation. This result, which would have been a grievous disaster for the country, was *prevented only through the persistency, the courage, and the intelligently exerted influence of our leader Osborne.* He had been laboring night and day with the delegates to make clear that the representation of New York in the convention did not voice the opinion of the Empire State, but was a travesty and a fraud. He finally succeeded on the forty-fourth ballot in inducing the delegates from Indiana, who had been giving their support to Marshall, to agree to make a break if they could do this in company with one or more other States. Osborne brought to the same way of thinking the delegates of Illinois and of Kentucky, and the progress made on the forty-fifth ballot secured on the forty-sixth the nomination of Wilson. The surprise and disgust of the Murphy-Ryan group was so great that they did not have the sense to swing the ninety votes of New York into line in time to have these votes constitute a part of the two thirds required for the nomination. *Thomas Mott Osborne is the man who should in the political history of the country receive due credit for heading off the disgrace of a White House controlled by Tammany Hall.*" Mr. Putnam has been, since 1880, except when voting against Bryan, a Democrat. Of Theodore Roosevelt he has reminiscences covering thirty years. When young Theodore, after some years in the Dakotas cattle-ranching to secure hardy health, returned to New York, he became a special partner in the Putnam publishing house to learn the business. From then till now his career and the man himself have been under Mr. Putnam's eye. Not of the same party, Mr. Putnam has differed with him sharply, especially in recent years. He writes of him without personal enthusiasm, and in critical spirit, but says of Roosevelt: "He has rendered great service to his country. He is a typical American." He refers to Roosevelt's successes

while President, culminating in the treaty of Portsmouth, and to the great reception given him in England and on the continent after the close of his presidency, and to the high prestige of his lectures at Paris, Berlin, and Oxford; and finally says: "Theodore Roosevelt is an original and forcible character. His force lies not so much in any great intellectual originality as in his exceptional will-power, his abounding vitality, and the persistency with which he holds to a conviction, whether this has been arrived at after long-time thought and experience, or as the conclusion of the moment. He spoke of himself once as a common man raised to the *n*th power. Divergence on political matters and in regard to questions of the day has kept us apart during the latter years. I retain, however, a hopeful confidence that the country may yet secure valuable service from a man of such exceptional capacity and power for influence, who is assuredly a patriot and who must be described as a great citizen." It happens that while we are reading George H. Putnam's comments on Roosevelt there lie also on our table some extracts from the just published Life and Letters of John Hay in which that great Secretary of State tells how ex-President Roosevelt upheld the Monroe Doctrine against the unfriendly intrigues and aggressions of European powers. Here is the story. In May, 1901, Germany tried to buy from Venezuela two islands near her coast. This plan, being regarded by the United States as a violation of the Monroe Doctrine, was defeated by the Roosevelt Administration through John Hay, Secretary of State. In December, 1902, Germany, having persuaded Great Britain to join with her in pressing certain demands on Venezuela, threatened to bombard Venezuelan ports unless the demands were complied with at once. This was intended as a direct test of the temper of the Government at Washington, to see how far it would go in defense of the Monroe Doctrine, as to-day the Lusitania case is a test of this nation. Mr. Hay saw the serious nature of this threatening challenge. According to John Hay, Secretary of State, he himself stood aside, and President Roosevelt took personal direction of the American policy in that crisis. England, on his insistence, agreed to *arbitrate* her claims against the South American Republic; but Germany refused to join in arbitration, and was ready to occupy Venezuelan territory with her troops. Roosevelt's action is made public in the Hay biography for the first time. He summoned the German Ambassador, Dr. Holleben, and told him, to his face, that unless Germany agreed within ten days to *arbitrate*, the Atlantic battleship fleet, then engaged in maneuvers in West Indian waters, would be ordered to the Venezuelan coast. "Ten days doesn't mean eleven days, please understand!" he is reported to have added. Holleben, a fine old chap, possessing the suavity of a college pedagogue, protested that his imperial master couldn't "revoke on his refusal to arbitrate." Roosevelt declined to argue, saying he was merely supplying information that might be transmitted to the Foreign Office at Berlin. A week passed. Holleben called upon the President again, but *did not so much as mention the Venezuelan matter.* As he was about to leave, Roosevelt called the Ambassador back and said: "Unless I hear within forty-eight hours that Germany has agreed to arbitrate, Admiral Dewey will

sail *one day earlier* than that originally mentioned." Again Holleben protested, but the President rose to indicate that the interview was at an end, merely adding: "Within *forty-eight* hours, remember!" *Thirty-six* hours later Germany agreed to arbitrate, and President Roosevelt cabled congratulations to the Kaiser! All claims went to the Hague Tribunal and were settled without war. Thus one menace of war was turned back by prompt and decisive *action*. Dewey's fleet was all ready for the order to sail, but it was rendered unnecessary. Later in his presidency, Roosevelt ended the Russo-Japanese war, by bringing the hostile nations together as if "in his own door-yard" in the Peace of Portsmouth. In these memories of a man, so advantageously situated for being correctly informed as is Mr. Putnam, one cannot help being surprised at statements so wholly incorrect about matters directly under his eye as to raise misgivings about his carefulness and accuracy. The successful firm of Funk & Wagnalls, not far away from the Putnams and in the same line of business, was and is conspicuous as publishers of the Homiletic Review, the Missionary Review, the Literary Digest, the Standard Dictionary, etc. The well-known head of the firm, the Rev. Dr. Isaac K. Funk, was a Lutheran clergyman, graduated from Wittenburg College and Theological Seminary, and ordained to the ministry of that Church in 1861: a life-long Lutheran, never belonging to any other denomination. Mr. Putnam in his Memories speaks of Dr. Funk repeatedly as a Methodist—"a leader among the Methodists," "his fellow Methodists," etc.; and tells how E. L. Godkin, editor of the Evening Post, characterized Dr. Funk in print "as a Methodist pirate" because of Funk's opposition to the passage of an International Copyright law. The Methodists were no way responsible for I. K. Funk; he never had the slightest connection with the Methodist Church. And it is somewhat surprising to find Mr. Godkin, who was sued for libel by Dr. Funk, and Mr. Putnam, who testified as a witness in the trial, both so far astray as to the history and relations of the man, a near neighbor, who was dealing with them. As for Mr. Putnam, we learn from his book that, beginning as a Baptist and acting for a time as chaplain in the army, he forsook the confines of the Baptist fold, after the war, for the unfenced fields of Unitarianism. He is a sincere, high-minded, cultivated, honorable gentleman, who would not knowingly misrepresent. But that "omniscience" is not "his foible" is apparent from his lack of correct information concerning Dr. Funk, as also from his recent strange omission of The Methodist Book Concern from the list of American publishing houses which drew from Dr. James R. Joy, editor of The Christian Advocate, a courteous correction in an admirable letter to the editor of The Nation, of which the following is part: "Sir: I have found nothing more interesting in your valuable anniversary number than Mr. George Haven Putnam's review of the American publishing houses for the last half century. There are few men now connected with the trade who could have brought together so much information on the subject with such a high degree of accuracy. But The Nation has taught its readers that no one (editors of course excepted) is omniscient. I observe that Mr. Putnam has passed over the one American publishing house which has maintained a continuous existence for one hundred and

twenty-six years, and which has been established in New York city for more than a century. The Concern was founded by the action of a Methodist Conference, meeting in the John Street Church in this city in 1789. Philadelphia was its place of business until 1804, when it opened a salesroom in Gold Street, moving thence to Pearl, to Church, to Elm, to Chatham Square, to Fulton, to Crosby, and in 1833 to Mulberry Street, where its printing office was for a time one of the sights of the city. It continued to manufacture books and print religious periodicals there until 1890, when, with the offices and salesroom which had been for twenty years at 805 Broadway, the business was consolidated in the structure erected for it at 150 Fifth Avenue, corner of Twentieth Street, where it has since been carried on. It started in business on a (borrowed) capital of $600, which has grown to $6,000,000. For the last quarter of a century it has distributed more than $100,000 a year in pensions to what Methodists still commonly call 'wornout preachers.' Incidentally, permit me to add that this house of honorable history has received at the Panama Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco a Grand Prize, the highest award given by the Exposition, for the printing and binding of books and general bookmaking." This oldest and most successful publishing house in New York has, for the past twenty-five years, been doing its enormous business only three short blocks away from the publishing house of which Mr. George Haven Putnam, author of these Memories, was the head! Here is a bit about Kitchener of Khartoum: "My first impression of the general was not entirely favorable. The figure was tall and the bearing erect and soldierly. The head was sturdy and rather bullet-shaped and the forehead was low. There was a slight divergence in the eyes, resulting in a sinister expression. One felt that the general would be a bad man to 'come up against' in a matter of discipline or even of opinion. He had gained the reputation of being a great organizer and a stern and exacting disciplinarian. He was also noted for his aversion to titled or labeled incapacity and to 'flummery' of all kinds. He was for the great part of the time reticent, having no small talk and expressing no interest in the general subjects that came up from day to day. In fact, while the ladies remained at table (we had two in a party of eight) Kitchener hardly opened his lips. I remembered having been told that he was a confirmed misogynist and that he made it a practice to refuse to place any special responsibility in the hands of a married officer if a bachelor were within reach. He took the ground that the influence or even the existence of a wife was likely to be demoralizing on the capacity either for working or for fighting." Here is a bit about Edward A. Freeman, the historian: "I noticed that at times Freeman's great beard of a distinctive reddish yellow tint was irregular in its cut. The daughters explained that this was usually due to the fact that the father did his work in the evening between two candles, and that as he became sleepy, he would nod first to one side and then to the other. The beard, catching fire in one of the candles, naturally did not always burn evenly, and it was important, therefore, for the daughters to take charge in the morning of the clipping needed to restore the equilibrium. I was told later in Oriel, where Freeman was for many years a valued

fellow, that on a Christmas festivity he had taken charge of the important duty of the ignition of the plum pudding. He poured the spirit over the pudding, and then, burying his beard in the great dish, succeeded in setting fire to pudding and beard together." This is the way in which our author was introduced at a club-meeting in Pembroke College, Oxford: "The prior of the club was that clever barrister, able administrator, and graceful speaker, Augustine Birrell, who later accepted in Mr. Asquith's Cabinet the post of Secretary for Ireland. I remember the manner in which Birrell as presiding officer introduced myself, who happened to be the first speaker of the evening. 'Now,' he said, 'we shall have a word from Mr. Putnam, who inhabits that vast unknown tract called the Western Hemisphere.'" Mr. Putnam tells of Edwin A. Abbey's indignation over Elbert Hubbard's published account of his visit to that noted artist's home in England, in which the unscrupulous falsifier described in detail Mr. Abbey's domestic situation (including "eight children," when there was not even one), the whole being an utter fabrication published as fact by a smart professional liar and faker. Hubbard never saw Abbey or his home, and, as the artist said, no such ill-smelling character would ever have been allowed on his premises.

Vagrant Memories. By William Winter. 8vo, pp. 525. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $3, net.

William Winter's world is William Shakespeare's world, the theatrical world. He is foremost among American dramatic critics, a profession he followed for fifty years. When the Theater Trust threatened to withdraw its advertising from a newspaper on which Mr. Winter had been employed, unless it ceased publishing his scorching denunciations of the vile plays presented on the stage, and the newspaper preferred filthy lucre to moral fidelity, this able and conscientious man refused to moderate his attacks and retired with evergreen laurels on his white brow and silver hair. He would not soil his honorable hands with dirt and despicable infamy. This large volume, probably to be his last, is occupied with his memories of his world and the great actors therein in what is called the Golden Age of the American Stage, the age of decency, decorum, and dignity, an age gone by. These "Memories" of those days make more startling the degradation of the theater of to-day, when the not over-puritanic heads of the Roman Church forbid attendance on the theater, because of its vileness; and the police close theaters in various cities by order of not over-sensitive city officials, on account of what Mr. Winter describes as "vile, sinful, diseased subjects," "obnoxious and infectious plays." When theater managers are denounced for filling their theaters with such plays, they put the blame on the public taste and retort, "That's the only way we *can* fill our theaters. We have to give the public what they want, or they will not patronize us." The chief theater manager in New York to-day, William A. Brady, who owns the theater he runs, is reported by one who was there as telling a thousand women at

the Woman's Press Club in the Waldorf-Astoria, the other day, that the theaters would "be good," if the theater-going public would let them. The public *demands* these bad plays, he says—plays he will not let *his* fifteen-year-old son see (though he lets *other people's* boys in to see, if they have the cash). Hear this theater owner and manager: "If we present a play of which the newspapers say in substance, 'It is clean and unobje[illegible] fit for your wife and daughter,' then nobody comes; we play to a [illegible] house and move toward bankruptcy. But if we merely adverti[illegible] vance something daring and shocking, something gross, vulgar, [illegible] why then immediately the hotels, foreseeing what will happen, ru[illegible] buy up the whole house in advance if possible, knowing that th[illegible] not be seats enough to supply the demand." This seems to be a face-to-face description of the theater-going public of to-day, given by a man at headquarters who unquestionably knows the theater-goers. It is a matter *we* know nothing about, but Mr. Brady will pass as an authority anywhere. William Winter's Vagrant Memories are of gifted high-grade men and women, intellectually and morally. Mr. Winter would not commemorate any other kind. He tells of Edwin Booth's charitable spirit and careful, kindly lips, seldom uttering censure or criticizing the absent, repeating often to himself and others,

> If for a tranquil mind you seek
> These things observe with care:
> *Of* whom you speak, *to* whom you speak,
> And *how*, and *when*, and *where*.

Here is part of a letter from Booth to Winter: "My wife has been gradually wasting away for several months, and is very feeble, from nervous prostration. A severe cough, from last September, neglected, distresses her very much, and only since the last ten days has she had a doctor. I've been, at times, quite alarmed for her. Her will is something wonderful: she won't give up, but, though ill enough to be in bed, she insists on going out as often as possible. This has kept me on the visiting list pretty much all the time, evenings, at the houses of her acquaintances—which is not altogether agreeable to me; but then, you know, I have a daughter, who must have society, &c. Thank God, my boy, that your daughters are boys, and can go out without an escort, and that your boys can look after 'Ma,' when the 'old man' wants to roost, as I do—often—when I'm forced to become a swallow-tail and flit 'hither an' yon,' among the butterflies, for wife and 'darter's' sakes!" Booth's last days illustrated Tennyson's expressive line, "The set gray life and apathetic end." Physical pain harassed him; bodily weakness had made him more and more languid; weariness of everything had settled on his mind. The noble patience and the gentleness of his spirit never waned, but his expectation was turned eagerly toward the end. Death, to him, was the crowning mercy and blessing of life, truly "a consummation devoutly to be wished." "I cannot grieve at death," he wrote. "It seems, to me, the greatest boon the Almighty has granted us. . . . Why do you not look at this miserable little life, with all its ups and downs, as I do? At the very worst, 'tis but a scratch,

a temporary ill, to be soon cured by that dear old doctor, Death—who gives us a life more healthful and enduring than all the physicians, temporal or spiritual, can give." His last two years were passed in desultory reading, mostly on religious subjects. The author relates an incident which occurred, he says, at a country mansion in England. Henry Irving was dining with a company of distinguished persons, among whom was the Primate of All England—the late Archbishop of Canterbury. That venerable Prince of the church spoke, in terms of disapproval, as to the employment of children, by Irving, in the London Lyceum Theater. Irving replied: "Sir, I cannot admit the justice of your opinion, nor can I refrain from assuring you that it is absolutely groundless. The children who are employed in my theater are carefully guarded, and are as well cared for as they would be in any home; better, in some cases, than they are by their parents. I require that their conduct and manners should be above reproach, and I will add that such is not the case with the choir boys who sing in your lordship's cathedral—for, within this week, I, personally, was obliged to call to order a number of those choir boys, who were creating a disturbance during divine service, a thing that never could happen during a performance in any first-class theater." The Archbishop made no immediate response, but, after the party had retired for the night, he went to Irving's room, sat beside him—the actor having gone to bed—and there and then expressed regret for his error and thanks for having been set right. Another incident in Irving's life is told as follows: He once experimented, at a dinner party, in London, where many persons were assembled, and where one of the guests had contemptuously and rudely inveighed against the speaking of actors. He proposed as a test, that each one of the men—all of whom were educated and all of whom had concurred with the complaint—should repeat a stanza of poetry, and expressed belief that not one of them could repeat it without an error of elocution. "Come, now," he said, "you're all very sure that the elocution of actors is not as good as yours. Let's see. You all know Byron's stanzas about the night before Waterloo. Come now—I say *not one of you* can speak the first stanza correctly! Try it—and I'll stop you when you go wrong." The first line is "There was a sound of revelry by night." Only one of the company—the poet Thomas Bailey Aldrich—reached the sixth line before he blundered. Most of them blundered in the third. The person who had specially censured the actors, proving to be the worst speaker of the group, blundered in the first—saying "revlery" instead of "revelry." Irving then clinched his contention by reciting the stanza and inviting any person present to stop him at the slightest error in pronunciation or delivery—which no one was able to do. Henry Irving held in great reverence the character of Becket in Tennyson's drama. He said: "Tennyson was inspired when he wrote that part, and the inspiration descended on him straight from heaven"; and then, with tears, he repeated the passage about the wild fowl sitting, dead, upon her stone-cold eggs, and "the mother love" that runs through all the world. One line from "Becket" was often on his lips: "Men are God's trees and women are God's flowers." Of Irving's views relative to religion William Winter says: "In talking with me he

spoke freely on all kinds of subjects, and sometimes he spoke of religious beliefs and of death. He kept a picture of the Christ in his bedroom, where he could see it the moment he awoke, and of *the spirit* of the Christ he spoke to me with profound reverence. I remember having heard him say, when addressing a young man and discriminating between the moral responsibility of youth and manhood, as to sin: 'God would forgive *you* but he would not forgive *me*.'" Quoting Hamlet's remark that a great man must "build churches" if his memory is to out-last his life half-a-year, Mr. Winter says that although Irving did not build churches he is not forgotten and will not be "while memory holds a seat on this distracted globe." And over Irving's grave he quotes Shakespeare's lines:

> Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
> Nor the furious winter's rages;
> Thou thy worldly task hast done,
> Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.

Mr. Winter suggests to the clergy that, instead of wholesale denunciation of the theater as an institution, they denounce the indecent and immoral plays, whether presented with brazen and shameless audacity, or with pretense of right motive and serious purpose, as in the nasty "problem plays," which, he says, must be sternly suppressed if the stage is to be saved from being a public nuisance and scandal. Mr. William A. Brady's statement that the theater reveals what the theater-going public requires, finds confirmation in these words: "Contemporary plays have afforded in every age at least a partial index to the spirit of the people. That spirit, in England, in the time of Queen Elizabeth and King James the First, so fruitful of drama, was vital, sensuous, luxuriant, sanguinary, distinctly animal, exultant in prosperity and pleasure. In the period of the Restoration, the time of King Charles the Second, general society was reckless, and the English stage was polluted with some of the vilest concoctions of depravity that libidinous mentality has ever provided for regalement of a profligate public." Venerable William Winter is at his best when, referring to the great masters of a nobler age, he says; "What was the charm of those old masters? Their charm was, in one word, Poetry. They had defects, no doubt; nothing in the world is absolutely perfect; but they cherished ideals; they did lovely things, because they loved to do them. They wrought in an atmosphere of romance, and they found a ready response in the romantic enthusiasm of the public. Is that charm prevalent now? Is that atmosphere of romance apparent, to any considerable extent, upon the stage, or in front of it, to-day? And, if not, why not? Why is it absent? This is the same glorious world. The sun still rises in majesty and sets in splendor. Still the south wind breathes 'upon a bank of violets, stealing and giving odor.' Human nature exists unchanged. Every impulse of goodness, every instinct of kindness, every aspiration to nobility, is vital in the soul. Youth, innocence, virtue, and heroism are as much in the world to-day as ever they were! Art is still potential. Genius is still sublime. And still the fires of love and hope and faith are glowing with immortal splendor on the living altars of the human heart! Much

is heard from time to time of 'the Drama of Ideas,' 'Naturalistic Literature'—whatever that may be—and a peculiar foggy efflorescence of diseased mentality called 'New Thought.' Inspection of those fads discovers that their advocates are desirous to be 'emancipated' from something. The nature of their fetters is ambiguous, but apparently they are wishful to be 'emancipated' from the trammels of duty, morality, and decency. I believe that the whole fabric of those fads is rank and mischievous folly. Pure literature, like pure air and pure water, was found long ago, and it has not been and it never will be superseded by any new discovery. My career, like my life, is drawing toward a close. It has, from first to last, been devoted to one service—to the ministry of beauty. That is the consummate agency of civilization, and that should be the supreme purpose of all art. Whatever I have read or thought or seen or known of the beautiful I have wished should predominate as an impulse, imperial and absolute, over the lives of the men and women of my time. When I have roamed in the storied places of the Old World; when I have listened to the silver chimes of Heidelberg, or paused in the classic groves of Oxford and Cambridge and seen the solemn shrines and stately temples that rise so glorious upon those luxuriant, incomparable lawns; when I have mused in the haunted gloom of gray old Winchester Cathedral, austerely magnificent and reverend with the memories of a thousand years; when I have lingered, awe-stricken, in the shadow of massive Canterbury, while the green ivy was trembling on its gray, wind-beaten walls, and the rooks were hovering above it, and the glory of the western sun was flooding its great windows, and the music of the throbbing organ within its bosom seemed like a voice from heaven—then, deep in my heart, I have felt the passionate desire—always present with me, if not always aflame—that the celestial influence of beauty, before which sin is impossible, and wrong and sorrow disappear, might be more and more communicated to my land, and made perpetual to bless my people." This book makes it plain that William Winter knows much about actors and theaters, but not much about churches and ministers. The theater has been his world; one might almost say it has been his church. But this much must be said, he has faithfully tried to clean it and keep it clean, a service of which it has often been sorely in need. There have been times in recent years when, in New York, there was only one kind of place dirtier than some theaters, and New York is no worse than other big cities.

Modern Religious Movements in India. By J. N. Farquhar, M.A., Literary Secretary, National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations, India and Ceylon. 8vo, pp. xvi+471. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $2.50, net.

Rabindranath Tagore. A Biographical Study. By Ernest Rhys. 12mo, pp. xvii+157. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.00, net.

The time has come for an adequate estimate of the phenomenal religious activity of India, ever since it felt the impact of Christian

missions. The task is not an easy one, especially as a great deal of the material must be obtained at first hand from native sources. It is also necessary that the subject in all of its ramifications should be dealt with in a spirit of sympathy with the wistful yearnings of religious India, and yet not overlook some of its startling defects and inconsistencies. Mr. Farquhar has used his unusual opportunities to advantage. This volume is a thoroughly informed and sympathetic study of the many currents of religious thought and life in that most remarkable land of religious earnestness and enthusiasm, of social unrest and disturbance, of rising tides of nationalism and independence. The book is of the utmost importance to the student of the science of religions, and that includes every minister. What is the duty of the Church in the presence of religious phenomena? Let Farquhar answer: "During the last half-century our knowledge of the human mind, and especially of its more abnormal activities, has grown very rapidly. In consequence psychological interests and methods of study hold a great place in modern thought. The thinking men of our time are vividly conscious of these masses of fresh knowledge. Even if they do not care to study psychology and the religions in detail, they want to know what practical attitude a reasonable man ought to take towards the religions, and also towards telepathy, hypnotism, clairvoyance, and such like. The Church of Christ thus far has failed to give clear expression to her mind on these matters. Yet, it is high time she should do so, for guidance is wanted, and if the Church is not able to suggest a reasonable attitude, thinking men will follow the guidance of other schools of thought." Another reason is that the Church is pledged to missionary advance and it is incumbent on us to be informed of what is taking place on the mission field. The present is an era of transition in Hinduism and Mohammedanism, the two great rivals of Christianity. Many of the ancient traditions, in spite of the halo which surrounds them, are found to be decidedly unhealthy and pernicious on moral and religious grounds. This conclusion has been forced upon the attention of both Hindu and Mohammedan by the Christian missionary. The inevitable reactions and revolts are a testimony to the unmistakable superiority of Christianity. The influence of the ethical teachings of Christ is seen not only in the nature of the reforms advocated but also in the introduction of new and better standards, while references to the character and person of Christ are overwhelmingly numerous. This is most noticeable in the programs of the Brāhma, Arya, and other Samajs. We marvel that the enthusiastic appreciation of Jesus shown by men like Chandra Sen and Moozoomdar should so abruptly stop short of the logical adoration and worship to which he is entitled. We can, however, understand this anomaly when we remember that Indian thought is not logical but invariably analogical. This fact further explains the inaccuracies and inconsistencies of Chandra Sen, who was not a systematic thinker. The ridiculous conclusions of Vivekānanda, who captivated many an American audience, clearly demonstrated that he had no historical conscience whatsoever. The eccentric character of Ramakrishna, who exercised such a wonderful influence over all of the later leaders of India, is

a proof of the onesidedness of the Hindu view of life. There is at the present time what might be called a Tagore cult in the Occident. His biography, recently written by Rhys, is of value not only to the student of the Bengali poet but also to all who desire to understand the Hindu temperament. Farquhar, who knows what he is writing about, is very fair in his estimate of Tagore; which, however, is not the case with many of the poet's enthusiastic admirers. Here are a few sentences from the chapter on Religious Nationalism: "Even when he tells his readers in *Sādhanā* that his religious faith is a purely Indian growth, owing nothing to the West, he is still the child of his day; for the modern Nationalist has no difficulty in finding every Christian principle and practice in ancient Hinduism." The claims which are made for him on the score of his originality are unfounded. The style of *Gitangali* certainly has the color and fragrance of the Orient, there is also a mystic wistfulness which reflects the prevailing spirit of India which is turning eager eyes to Christ, but the dominant beliefs of these "Song Offerings" are Christian and in full harmony with modern thought. It has been well said that "the sub-conscious mind of India is becoming more and more Christian, in the sense that it is tending more and more to realize that though the vision of God is not denied to any pure soul, and though all her great seers have been lovers of God, yet in Jesus Christ the dim far-off vision is made radiantly clear and near, and has passed from being fitful and uncertain to being permanent and sure." It is truly a pathetic fact that it is one of the easiest things to gather disciples in India if the leader has a sufficiently strong personality and proclaims himself with vehemence as an incarnation of one of the g 's. The ease with which imposture can be practised is thus very manifest. Mr. Farquhar's survey of the innumerable sects is performed with thoroughness. He begins with a Historical Outline of the Period. This is followed by chapters on Movements Favoring Serious Reform, 1828-1913; Reform Checked by Defence of the Old Faith; Full Defence of the Old Religions; Religious Nationalism; Social Reform and Service; and a concluding chapter on Significance of the Movements. Nearly one hundred pages are devoted to Theosophy, in which the author furnishes most important data which condemn the preposterous beliefs and practices of this curious eclectic system. A gloomy aspect of the situation is thus expressed: "The triumphant revival of the old religions, with their growing body-guard of defense organizations, has been accompanied by *continuous and steadily increasing inner decay*. This most significant of all facts in the history of these movements seems to be scarcely perceived by the leaders. They believe that the danger is past. This blindness arises largely from the fact that they draw their apologetic and their inspiration almost entirely from Rāmakrishna, Vivekānanda, Sister Nivedītā, Dayānanda, and Mrs. Besant, and it is clear that neither capable thinking nor clear-eyed perception can be bred on such teaching as theirs." This estimate is well substantiated by a large array of facts which the author has collected from direct investigation of the sources. Another noteworthy fact in connection with these movements is that Christianity has ruled the development

throughout. In the reconstruction which is attempted by the Hindu, the Jain, the Parsee, and the Muhammua, old material is used, but Christian principles have guided the builders throughout. Frequently the outcome is slender, yet the purpose can be seen. "Christianity has been the norm, and no part of the most orthodox movement is fully comprehensible except when seen from the Christian point of view." Mr. Farquhar illustrates this conclusion very impressively. Christianity has made men feel that the only possible religion is monotheism, which emphasizes the idea of one spiritual God and which necessarily excludes polytheism, mythology, idolatry, and man-worship. The Christian doctrine that God is the Father of men and that every man is a child of God, with its corollary that all men are brothers, is accepted with practical unanimity in all the movements. This point is one of the favorable features of *Gitangali* which surely was not inspired by traditional Hinduism. The righteousness of God, as taught by Jesus, has also exercised a powerful influence. The spiritual worship of God is another emphasis. From beginning to end the ideas that have led the Social Reform Movement have been purely Christian. One of the most arresting proofs is that almost without any exception the methods of work in use in the movements have been borrowed from missions. Mr. Farquhar has certainly produced a very important work. It is a book to be reckoned with by all who are interested in the spread of Christianity among the millions of India. Mention should also be made of the series of half-tone pictures of the native leaders of reform. When the vast continent of India begins to move towards Christ, its latent spiritual resources will be so fully consecrated to our Lord that the effect will be felt in all the world.

Charles N. Smith

METHODIST REVIEW

MARCH, 1916

BISHOP CHARLES W. SMITH, D.D., LL.D.

If the saying of a distinguished American writer be true, that in the training of the child the commencement must be made with the grandparents, then the Methodistic training of Charles W. Smith was rightly begun. In the days of John Wesley among those whom he called to his aid was a young Irishman named Smith, and to him was given a license to preach, and he became a helper in the work. Two of his sons came to this country, Wesley and William, and both became members of Annual Conferences. Wesley, the father of Bishop Smith, for fifty-five years was a member of an Annual Conference, the same number of years given by his more noted son to the ministry of the church. The father was a man of strong opinions and not afraid to defend his views. In the controversies of his day he took prominent part, and a little work on the scriptural mode of baptism passed through eleven or twelve editions. At the breaking out of the Civil War he was on the border line, and was one of the men who, with Pierpont, Willey, Battelle, and other Methodists, did much to keep the western part of Virginia in the Union, and to form the new State.

The Redstone region is noted not only for the matters connected with the pioneer days, when Washington penetrated its wilds and fought his first battle at Fort Necessity, for the failures and successes of the French-Indian wars, but as the beginning ground of Methodism west of the Alleghenies, as the hardy itinerants pushed across the mountains to tell the story of the cross. About 1772, Eli Shickle, a convert of Strawbridge's, accompanying an emigrant family from Maryland, gave exhortations and

held meetings. Later, by the advice of Asbury, Robert Wooster, who had been admitted into Conference about 1780, came as a herald of the cross. In 1784 the name of Redstone Circuit appears in the Conference appointments. Later living within the bounds of the original circuit was a layman named Hugh C. Ford, at whose home the itinerants stopped and rested and planned their work. Five daughters of this home married Methodist preachers, and one of the five was the wife of Wesley Smith and mother of the future Bishop. With this Methodistic training and born amid such historic surroundings, the Methodism of Charles W. Smith was deeply woven into every fiber of his being.

In this home, on January 30, 1840, he was born, and from this home, nineteen years later, in obedience to the commands of the church, he went forth to the little mountain circuit to which he had been assigned, as the place of test, to show whether he was fitted for the work of the ministry of the Church of God. It was remote from railroad, or centers of business activity, but among a people honest, industrious, seeking a livelihood from forest and field. On a horse furnished by his grandfather, with borrowed saddle and bridle, a pair of saddle bags that had belonged to the itinerant husband of one of his aunts, containing his little stock of sermons, and a few articles of clothing, the boy started on that career as a preacher which ended when in Washington he heard the call to cease from labor and enter upon rest.

For twenty-five years he continued in the pastorate, a little over three of them as a presiding elder. The Conference soon recognized his abilities and each appointment was an advance over the one that preceded it, with heavier work and wider influence, reaching men. His second appointment was as junior preacher, the Rev. I. P. Saddler being the preacher in charge. To Dr. Saddler was given the unique distinction, in the years when the "juniors" were fast disappearing in the Pittsburgh Conference, of having two men with him, at different times, as junior preacher who afterward were chosen by their brethren to the episcopal office, Bishops Smith and Luccock. In his pastorates in Canton, O., Mr. Smith formed a friendship for a young lawyer, William McKinley, a member of his church, that was not broken with the

passing years, but was maintained until the tragic end and triumphant death of the modest Christian President. In the pastorate he was successful in building up congregations and establishing and strengthening all that belongs to church life. In some of the churches he served in his earlier ministry, older people yet speak of the ministrations of the one whom they affectionately call "Charlie" Smith. While not a revivalist in the sense that the term is generally used, his pastorates were marked by special services that meant many entering the way of the Master, often the leading men of the community. While not seeking controversy, yet he hesitated not in the defense of the church when it was assailed, or was about to be injured by the spreading abroad of unsound teachings. While pastor at Uniontown, Pa., a Roman Catholic bishop, a Spaniard by birth, came into the community and lectured on the "Spanish Inquisition." The young pastor heard him, saw the weak points of his discourse, and prepared a reply, which, by request, was delivered before a meeting of all the Protestant churches of the town, and swept away by the force of his logic the elaborately built up address of the defender of the Romanist Church and its conduct in the Dark Ages.

He came to the presiding eldership of the Pittsburgh District, not by his own desire, but at the request of the pastors of the district. The district had the usual problems that face the church in a great city—congregations laboring under heavy burdens of debt, new places to be occupied without means to do so. He gave himself to the solving of these problems, called together the pastors of the district and organized "The Pittsburgh Church Union," one of the first organizations of this kind in the church, and successfully tackled the work of ridding the churches of debt and expanding the borders of the Kingdom. After more than thirty years the society still exists, doing a greater work, and along lines that were not thought of at the time of organization.

When the General Conference met in Philadelphia in 1884, he was elected editor of the Pittsburgh Christian Advocate, which position he filled until called to the Episcopacy in 1908. Thus the time given to the editorship was about the same as that given to the pastorate, twenty-four years. He came to the editor's chair

as to an untried work. He had written some, a few communications to the press, but it was not long until he showed that he was master of the situation, that the General Conference had made no mistake when he was chosen for the place. The Pittsburgh Advocate fills a position somewhat different from the other Advocates whose editors are chosen by the General Conference. It is under the patronage of four Conferences—Pittsburgh, Erie, West Virginia, and what was the East Ohio Conference. A committee of ministers and laymen of each Conference, yet chosen by the General Conference, have it under control, looking after its business, selecting the subordinate officials. In a measure it is a local paper, meant for the Conferences through which it most largely circulates. The new editor recognized these facts, yet his broad vision took in the whole church, the questions that pertained to the denomination, and the ability with which they were handled gained him recognition. Particularly was this true of those questions that were of a constitutional or legal character. Men felt that the last word had not been said until the views of Dr. Smith were known, and turned to the editorial pages of his paper to find his opinions, and were not disappointed. He was an editorial writer, not a paragrapher, striving after epigrammatic sentences, but a lucid treatment of the subject under discussion. Clearness and strength were the characteristics of his editorial work, and it is not surprising that he took a high place in the editorial fraternity and was honored of all denominations. Dr. G. B. Winton, of the Nashville Christian Advocate of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, upon the election of Dr. Smith as Bishop wrote: "Dr. Smith was one of the great editors of the Methodist world, not brilliant, not sensational, not exactly a stylist, yet essentially a great editor. His opinions were mature, his writing terse and limpid as a mountain brook, his attitude on public questions commanded instant respect, his spirit was eminently Christian and irenic, his outlook broad, his fund of information inexhaustible." Under his editorship the Advocate increased in subscriptions from 9,120 to 34,492, a gain of 275 per cent, while the gain of membership in the patronizing Conferences was a little over 80 per cent.

As a preacher he was in great demand. There was scarcely

a Sunday, while in the editorship, if health permitted, but that he was filling the pulpits of some of his brethren. Especially was he called upon to officiate at the dedication of churches. In the pulpit he commanded attention. Tall, dignified, his winning personality, the clearness and sweetness of his voice won his hearers, even before interest was aroused by the subject matter of the discourse. He did not resort to the tricks that win applause; to bring the truth to the minds of his hearers was his one aim, and at times he rose to a moving eloquence.

Eight times was he chosen as a member of the General Conference, and when first elected he was one of the youngest men sent by his Conference in that period. In the law-making body his personality was felt. The elements of strength seen in his pulpit and editorial work were manifested by him as a legislator. His taking the floor commanded attention and had much to do with the success of the cause he advocated. The speech he delivered in the General Conference of 1904, defining the powers of the General Conference over the episcopacy, was possibly the greatest speech delivered there, and ranks as one of the great addresses made before General Conference in all the years of its history. His abilities were recognized in his committee appointments. As the head of the Committee on Judiciary, practically the Supreme Court of the Methodist Episcopal Church, his judicial temperament, his familiarity with Methodist law and tradition, brought good service to the church. His great work was in connection with the codifying of the organic law of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was vice-chairman of the commission doing the work. Bishop Warren was chairman, and by virtue of his office as Bishop was prevented from presenting it on the floor of the General Conference of 1900, when the report was made, so Dr. Smith had it in charge. The thoroughness of the work done, his skill in presenting the report and defending it from the attacks of those opposed were such that the report when finally adopted showed very few changes. When in Baltimore in 1908 the centennial of the constitution of the Methodist Episcopal Church was celebrated, it was in accordance with the fitness of things that he should be the first speaker. He also served the church as a member

of the commission that prepared the Hymnal now used by the two Episcopal Methodisms; as a member of the commission that had to do with the unifying of the Methodist forces in Japan and led to the formation of the Methodist Church of Japan. At the time of his death he was a member of the Federal Council of Methodism that was seeking to adjust the differences between the Northern and Southern branches of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In three Ecumenical Councils he represented his church, and in the active part he took well represented the body that sent him there.

His coming to the episcopacy was long delayed. For years men had thought and talked of him for this high position. He was recognized as having the qualifications needed by one in this exalted place, but circumstances prevented his choice, and when he was chosen it was at an age that made him the oldest man ever elected to the position. He came into the place as "one to the manner born." He was fully equipped and seemed from the very beginning as one who had always been there. His colleagues recognized him as one, not on trial, but equal to the oldest in office, and they turned to him for advice and help in the matters that came before them. His legal knowledge, his acquaintance with the constitution and laws brought to him from other members of the board the friendly title of "judge." At times when presiding over Conferences, and peculiarly difficult questions arose in regard to the administration of law, some of the younger Bishops would use the telegraph wire to have his decision upon the matter in question. In the General Conference of 1912 he was asked by his classmates of 1908 to sit beside them when each came to preside, to aid them in the parliamentary questions that came before them.

His presidency over a Conference won him friends. His appearance was in his favor. The dignified form, the expressive eyes, the kindly smile impressed one from the beginning. There was no hesitancy in deciding the questions that came before him, and the business did not drag when he was in the chair. In cabinet meetings he was careful and considerate, not using his arbitrary powers, but consulting with those of whom he spoke in his playful way as his "bosses." His long years in the pastorate, his service as presiding elder enabled him to see matters from the minister's

standpoint, the thousand and one things that belonged to the home life of the parsonage. His years of association with one congregation during his editorship, enabled him to see the laymen's view in reference to appointments, the standpoint of the local church, and both were considered when he sent the men to their work, and when the Conference closed there were few to complain.

His home life was ideal. To his children he was not only father but companion, who was interested in everything that pertained to their lives. The great sorrow of his life came a few years before his own calling, when the one who had walked with him from the early years of his ministry, his companion, his helper in all that belonged to life, slipped away to be with God. In the hour when he was chosen for the place that she with wifely devotion had hoped for him, and it was announced to the Conference, it is not a cause of wonder that the Bishop-elect bowed his head upon the pew before him as the tears ran down his cheeks, for she was not there to rejoice in the appreciation shown her husband.

Not only in ecclesiastical matters but in social and civic affairs was he sought. Men loved to be with him. Possessed of a keen sense of humor, an appreciation of a good story, he could tell one in a way that brought no sting, but a better enjoyment of the things of life. To those of his generation in the Conference, and those of the generation that preceded him his title was "Charlie," possibly first given to distinguish him from his father, but it was indicative of his brotherliness toward all.

The most of the years he was connected with the Pittsburgh Advocate he had his home in Wilkinsburg, a beautiful village adjoining Pittsburgh. When it took upon itself corporate powers, public opinion turned toward Dr. Smith as the one who should first preside over its destinies, and in the public election he was chosen as burgess, or mayor. Again when a new bank was being organized under national control, he was chosen as president.

A lover of nature, his great joy was to turn from the haunts of civilization and roam the woods, or sail upon the waters, so when, largely through his suggestion, a camping club was organized, he was chosen president, and continued in that office until his death, a period of more than thirty years. Among the greatest

pleasures of his life were the days spent upon the grounds of the club, located upon the Georgian Bay, Canada. Here he was a friend to all, not only the campers, but the guides, the Indians, and the cottagers on nearby islands. By all the "Bishop" was admired and loved. The summer before he died, an Indian boy died in a camp adjoining, and they asked Bishop Smith to officiate at his funeral, and accompanied by the writer he went, and in simple words he spoke of death and the comforts that come even in that hour—possibly the last time he ever officiated in that capacity.

Men everywhere were impressed with his sincerity and the beauty of his character. They said of him what one said of a prophet of old, "Behold now I perceive that this is an holy man of God which passeth by us continually." What a Japanese wrote of Phillips Brooks could be said of Bishop Smith, "After a draught of his elixir a wayfarer marches on for a week or two with songs on his lips." Dr. William Wirt King told of a young man who had known and loved the Bishop in the days of his youth, and had cut out of a paper a portrait of him. He was dying far from home, and he asked that the picture should be brought and placed on the table beside his bed, that a glimpse of his features might help him to meet death. An elevator boy in the apartment where he lived said to him one day, "When I look at you it makes me feel like straightening up morally and physically."

Looking at the closing weeks of his life, it seems as if Providence was controlling affairs, so there should be brought into his life the things he would have chosen for himself. The last Conference he held was the West Virginia, thus completing his presidency over the four which were practically his home Conferences, to which he had gone so often in the days of his editorship. This was the first Conference he had ever seen. His father, then a member of it, had taken him to it sixty-four years before, and, if we mistake not, in the same town. In view of this his words of greeting and farewell were sweet in their tenderness. Leaving his daughter in their Saint Louis home, he had gone to Akron, O., to preach on the Sunday preceding the meeting of the Bishops in Washington. Taking the train Monday morning, the porter, who knew him, told him his son, Dr. C. L. Smith, District Superin-

tendent of the Steubenville District, North-East Ohio Conference, was on the train, and for a time father and son journeyed together and talked of the things that belonged to their lives. Coming into a restaurant in Pittsburgh for luncheon, he accidentally met a number of his former associates in the Pittsburgh Conference, some of whom had come intimately in his life. That night he stayed at the home of his brother, Lee S. Smith, a prominent business man of Pittsburgh, and former president of the Chamber of Commerce. The evening was spent in conversation, largely reminiscent, growing out of the Bishop's visit to the scenes familiar to both of them in their boyhood days. In the city he saw his other son, an attorney, residing there. On Tuesday a considerable time was spent in the office of the Advocate, at the desk he had so long occupied, attending to the correspondence that followed him in his travels. Bidding them farewell, he went to Washington. There he stopped with his long-time friend, Justice Anderson. He joined with his colleagues in the deliberations and planning for the church he loved so dearly. Then came the summons. A few hours of pain, quietly he closed his eyes, and "was not, for God took him."

When in coming years historians estimate the characters of those who have filled places on the Episcopal Board of our church, and weigh their services to the church and humanity, no minor place will be given to Charles William Smith.

Graham T. Reynolds

RESTORE OUR EPISCOPACY—FINAL ARTICLE

If it were a matter of mere debate I should make no further reply to Dr. Buckley, for I can safely rest the contention upon my previous articles. They have not been answered. The plain issue has been evaded and into it have been mixed things irrelevant and inconsequential. In his last article Dr. Buckley introduces the weakness of Asbury and Lee and the "passion and ill-will in debate" of old-time Conferences to prove that the fathers were as undignified as are the present-day dignitaries. What has such a questionable exhibit to do with the question? Nothing was said in my articles about undignified conduct or ill manners of Bishops, new or old. I spoke of the dignity of the *office,* which is quite a different thing; the dignity we have taken from it. I would admit that the dignified manners and courtliness of the great debaters of the past would compare favorably with those historic debates of the New York Preachers' Meeting of which my friend was a central figure, but that is not the question!

In the discussion of a question it is essential to keep on the main course and not tow the argument away into the fogs and shoals of uncharted seas. The latter practice is the refuge of a debater who must shift the premises to escape inevitable conclusions. My great opponent is an artist at befogging the issue. What have the rude manners of Asbury and Lee in personal ill-mannered discussion to do with the legal status of our present Bishops and the wisdom of retiring Bishops at seventy-one years of age? All that I can see in it is that Asbury should have "retired" for a season of prayer!

It may be valuable for our younger preachers to look further into Dr. Buckley's contention.

I contend that it is not true that we have the old time Episcopacy "substantially." Neither is it true that I said that these changes which we have made "alone made the old-time Episcopacy." That Episcopacy had other elements of course. What we removed were elements essential to the integrity of the old

Episcopacy, but they were not the only ones. Dr. Buckley says we have not an Episcopacy "that travels at large throughout the connection," and in almost the same paragraph he says that "the Discipline of 1808 requires the Bishops to travel throughout the connection at large." How can that be when the General Conference of 1912 assigns the limits within which at least four fifths of their work is to be done?

We have done away with the old-time Episcopacy in that it is different, and not abolished, just as we have done away with the old-time itinerancy by substituting practically a settled pastorate within the itinerancy. The Bishop is not "expected to itinerate among the churches, examining, instructing, and preaching," which are not of his Conference district, and they do not do this to any appreciable extent.

To say that we have made this change in our Episcopacy is no more to say we have robbed the office of spiritual "power of the earliest days" than to say that the removal of the itinerant time limit did so of the pastorate. I am glad to learn that Dr. Buckley has come to see that the removal of the time limit "has left our ministers with spirituality in the same proportion as in the earliest days"!

It is hardly necessary to recur to the tragedy of taking a man in his full powers out of the sacred work to which the Spirit of God called him. But we fail to see how it is lessened by serving notice on him for a definite period. The case of Bishop Andrews recorded by his biographer is in point. It was a "shock" from which he never recovered. He was "strong and vigorous." He was "able to do more than his share of the Episcopacy." But he conceded the right of the Church to retire him. He bore it with grace, but he suffered, and there are those who know the circumstances of his death who will believe with me that his retirement broke him and shortened his life. He was in my office on his way to his last appointment.

The retirement of a superannuate at his own request, with work finished, has no comparison with the suffering of a man taken out with powers at their full vigor, eager to go on to the completion.

That incident at Chicago was remarkable, if Dr. Buckley remembers all of it. It was referred to by me not as essential to the main question, but because I was rebuked for disclosing facts about our Church that might cause the wicked to mock! How it was more reprehensible than the exposure of the quarrel between Asbury and Lee I fail to see. But if it were only a discussion of episcopal privileges in dedicating churches, upon which we all agree, why did Dr. Buckley say to me that I "would have carried the Conference against him" if I had interposed my several objections? What was Dr. Buckley opposing? He was not defending the Bishops in all of his speech, nor in more than a small part of it. I was not objecting to Bishops receiving pay for lectures! The part I objected to was his criticism of men who could not answer back. Understand, this was a case in which I was challenged to produce an instance. I could produce several.

If there is any man in our Church who ought to know our law it is Dr. Buckley. Does he mean to go on record as he does in the fifth division of his "maze of difficulties" with regard to the retirement of superannuates or inefficient ministers? He says that "the district superintendent tells the brother that his powers have failed so that he can no longer do the work," etc., and "that it will be necessary for him to superannuate." "The cabinet reaches its conclusion, then tries to secure the reluctant consent of the brother; the Committee on Conference Relations hears the case and makes its report, and the Conference bases its action on the recommendation from the district superintendent and the committee"! "The brother, being a member of the Annual Conference, may speak on the question. Otherwise the analogy is complete—except that the elder retires on an allowance of from $200 to $500 and the Bishop on an allowance of $2,500."

Passing over the surprising and unfortunate pieces of socialism of the last sentence, which is as unjust as it is unkind to retired Bishops, and which is calculated to stir class feeling in our Church over inequality of pensions, fixed by the General Conference and not sought by the Bishops, I would ask Dr. Buckley if he expects his statement of the retirement of ministers to be accepted as the *law of the Church* by the veriest tyro in our law

and book of Discipline? It is not our law, nor anything like our law. Dr. Buckley's paraphrase is strikingly like the star-chamber proceedings of the last General Conference in the retirement of Bishops which reconciled some of us, for the time being, to anything that would relieve the Church from the shame and cruelty of it.

The law is stated on page 183, ¶ 254, of the Discipline of 1912, the last published. "When it is alleged of a Member of an Annual Conference that he is so unacceptable or inefficient as to be no longer useful in his work . . . his case shall be referred to a Committee of five or more Members of his Conference . . . and if said Committee shall find the allegation sustained, and shall so recommend, the Conference *may request him* to locate. If he shall refuse, and the conditions complained of continue, the Conference, at its *next session,* after *formal trial and conviction,* may locate him without his consent. But he shall have the right of appeal to a Judicial Conference, which may restore him!!"

That is entirely different from Dr. Buckley's analogue, which never was, and is not now, the law of the Church.

Dr. Buckley's law is a pleasing allegory, but we have to follow the law of the Church. The minister is heard before a committee, and before the Conference, and can defer the action to another Conference. He must be given a year and a *formal trial* before he can be retired.

Everyone knows that our ministers are given the superannuate relation at their own request either in person or through a representative. And if the minister refuses to make the request when he should make it he cannot be forced out until he has received every kindly and legal consideration, even a formal trial, at which he may defend himself. Is this like the practice of retiring Bishops? Is "the analogy complete"? Are Bishops given, or have they been given, the same consideration? Is the only difference $2,000!

Is it essential to the main question that I made a mistake in the age of our Chief Justice? The point illustrated was that the Justice occupied a life tenure at a time when we would send him to retirement by the almanac. It happens that it would have been

this year, when he shows every sign of vigorous age for many years.

Yes, "there are exceptions," and the case is often so vastly important that we ought to be wise enough to provide for it. The blind doge at Constantinople was an "exception" of supreme importance to Venice. Sometimes the exception is greater than the rule, and the rule does not apply. We ought to be able to save to the Church the "exception" and not tie ourselves up to an arbitrary rule with no possible exceptions. We have a rule now that covers the case. What we need is to work it rationally and Christianly.

Page 149, Discipline 1912: "A General Superintendent at any age, and for any reason deemed sufficient by the General Conference, may be released by that body from obligation to travel through the Connection at large, and from residential supervision." Are we incapable of working this law?

Does Dr. Buckley think there is any argument in the sudden death of a "distinguished Methodist"—"a splendid man"—who dies on his seventieth birthday? What about that splendid Methodist who died instantly on his thirty-fourth birthday? Is it dangerous therefore to elect a Bishop at any time of life? No more than it is to leave him at his work at seventy.

Or what about that superb Methodist who on his seventieth birthday jumped up, snapped his heels together and said he never felt better, went to bed that night, rose in the morning and lived to be ninety-seven and died in a class meeting with hallelujahs on his lips!!

Neither case proves anything as an argument on this question. It may be our Bishops are a great "exhibition of intense and constrained feeling." It is not noticeable that it kills them. They average a good old age. The cases of early decay are not so numerous as to deter men from accepting the office or to cause Bishops to ask to be released from it! Insurance rates are not affected by it.

Dr. Buckley says that "superannuation is not appalling" as applied to our ministers. But that is not the superannuation of our Bishops. Let superannuation be forced upon our ministers

in full strength because of fear that they will give out before the average time of a pastorate, or at seventy for the same reason, and we venture that it would be appalling. The ministers would rise up and smite such legislation if it were made to apply to them. They would repeal it as soon as they could get their representatives into the General Conference.

Why select a single class and make the men of that class the victims of an arbitrary rule? Why not all classes, editors, secretaries, book agents, district superintendents, and pastors? Why not cut off all men at seventy-one? One of them might die in bed at seventy! Could there be a clearer *reductio ad absurdum?*

The climax argument of Dr. Buckley is that the present plan of sacrificing the best years of some of our men, if not of many of them, is that the plan would save the General Conference from the embarrassment of well-meaning brothers with more sympathy than judgment! Such a man might oppose the report of a committee. Well, if some judgments were tempered with more sympathy, better for the judge and the judged! As though the General Conference could not order action without debate at its pleasure if necessary! But, further, Dr. Buckley says it "places all the Bishops upon the same plane." Yes, it does, the strong and the weak; the old vigorous, with ten years of service in them—like Andrews and Warren, whose last years were their best—with the weak and clearly inefficient. "The same plane" is a dead level of unwisdom, to speak mildly. Really, do you think we have got where we must run men through the same machine to the same level because of incompetency and Christian inadeptness to act upon cases according to their individual merits?

What is this but a plea for the worst kind of inefficiency in the greatest body of the Church? It takes off all the responsibility and does the work for the General Conference for all time automatically, without regard to merit. It puts them on "the same plane." Look at them up there on the platform! They all are on "the same plane"! It is economical. It is an easy way of avoiding an unpleasant duty. But it includes too much and works injustice in some cases. It is impossible where so much turns upon individual and personal merit to fairly group the cases under

one general rule of action. The Church owes it to itself and the men to hear the case of each man.

But the Bishops are not on "the same plane," and they cannot be put there, and a great live, self-reliant, progressive, independent thinking, spiritual Church with a conscience in it, and the courage and tenderness of duty, will not indolently and cowardly leave them on "the same plane." To "leave them on the same plane" is not my magnificent old friend at his best. That is not Buckley. That is a debater looking around for any kind of props to hold up a poor cause. It takes the greatest debater in the Methodist Church to make the thing appear plausible. He cannot make it convincing.

Now, having come through "the maze of difficulties" into which my friend proposed to take me, and in which he expected me to "find myself" bewildered and confused by his side paths and tortuous ways, let us get into the main road. We will leave the first part of it, that there have been radical changes in our Episcopacy by which we scarcely recognize the Bishopric of our fathers. We have what we have. What are we to do with it? Are we going to shorten it up and terminate the service of it and discourage our best men from entering it? There always will be enough men who will seek it, and who would say that they were moved by the Holy Ghost to take it, but will they be the great men whom the Church must have for these tremendous times? Is what we did at the last General Conference likely to present the Episcopacy as offering a life work? Has it been left in shape for a man to finish his ministerial call in it without embarrassment? I believe not. Better put a time limit on it of six years, as we do on the district superintendency, than to leave it as it is.

An intimate friend of mine, who is one of the strongest men of the Church, wrote to me the other day: "The retirement provision is the best way to get rid of useless Bishops." But the trouble with that is that it gets rid of useful Bishops!

The general law, as we have quoted, if worked rationally, will enable us to get rid of a useless Bishop, if we ever have one, without disturbing the useful ones. The point at which we should protect ourselves against "useless Bishops" is at the election.

We have a great asset in our Episcopacy, the most apostolic

Episcopate since the apostles, given to us, against the wisdom and will of men, by Divine Providence, with no limitations of rubrics and with the world as its supervisory field. This mighty apostolic office had inspired feelings of veneration in our people and was the Divine source of administrative authority to them. It was the only administrative center sufficient to bind our ministers together in a new republic, in an extra-democratic atmosphere, into an evangelizing ecclesiasticism which has grown in strength and multiplied into a hundred effective forms through the generations since Wesley said, "The world is my parish."

We must not lose an ounce of the efficiency of this central office. It must not be made common. It must not be attacked except by judicial procedure in the General Conference. It must not fall a victim to place seekers. America has one court that stands preeminent with life tenure above all political changes, undisturbed by party politics. No one proposes to provide for the removal from that court of the oldest men because they may become, or have become, inefficient. No complaint comes from the court. No meddling is attempted from outside. It is an impressive spectacle, self-preserving, self-regulating, unimprovable. To tinker it would spoil it. It is a body that requires "greatest efforts of brain and mind."

We have a supreme body, partly judicial, partly administrative, wholly consecrated to service. For generations it was self-regulating so far as its members' terms of service were concerned. The Bishops made their wishes known and their wishes were carefully considered, with a strong tendency to keep them on the episcopal bench so long as they would consent to stay.

In a Church ever restless, and full of experimentation, is wanted a mighty center of centralized calm judgment and serene wisdom and justice and love and sympathy, uninfluenced by our unworthy ambitions and wilder passions that always travel along with the aspirations of place seekers.

Give us one body committed to the providence of God in which God can work out his plans for his great Church without the impertinent intermeddling of ecclesiastical architects.

We must take great care in the selection of our Bishops. We

must invest the office with dignity. It is a holy office. We must clothe it with a life commission that will appeal to the most sacred and reverent service and stir every element of great manhood.

We do not want the man of unfinished work, unplaced among us, wandering always for odd jobs. He becomes an apology and a humiliating accusation after a while. We do not want the little fellows, too little to be sought by the Church, with some adventitious claims, fussing around for episcopal promotion. The Church must keep a *great Episcopacy,* or it would better a thousand fold have none.

I may be told that I am contending for a return to the abhorrent practice of the last three General Conferences. No. I am confident that there will be wisdom enough in the next General Conference to provide for the use of the law we now have at page 149, ¶ 210, § 3.

That law never has been set in administrative form. It could not have been worse bungled than by the General Conferences that have tried to use it. There has been no proscription for the protection of the Bishop to be examined as to his efficiency. That was the first thing that should have been done. The American people are keenly sensitive to conditions of fair play, so much so that "square deal," etc., have been made taking political catch words.

Nothing should be permitted of the star-chamber character. There are different judicial, fair and Christian processes that will occur to thoughtful minds by which the extremely few cases can be managed without leaving embarrassment in the wake of the General Conference.

It ought not to be difficult to provide a strong committee of impartial ministers and laymen to execute the law of page 149 in a judicial, fair, and conspicuously brotherly way, or to select such a sub-committee from the Episcopal Committee to examine carefully and generously the efficiency of all the Bishops. This is in the line of our Annual Conference inquiry into the character of the brethren. If any appear too feeble for work, or are reported inefficient in administration, let them be heard, and heard fully and generously, before the committee, and if the committee decides

by a two thirds vote let them be reported to the whole committee for retirement. Let them be heard before the general committee and let the cases be decided by a two thirds vote, and if their retirement be recommended let the vote be taken by ballot without debate and decided by a two thirds majority, the vote that is required to elect. No one could complain justly.

The General Conference would have taken its responsibility as it did in their election. This would be a wholesome restraint on Episcopal administration. Now a Bishop may become objectionable and possibly useless, but not mal-administrative, and glide along until automatically retired by an age limit, for no one would want to make his a special case. There may be better methods of action than I have suggested. There could scarcely be one worse than the present plan.

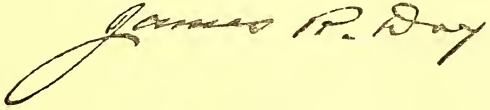
The law on page 149 says "at any age and for any reason." It should be worked.

We cannot improve that law. The panic of our feelings made the present law. Are we wise enough to rescind it?

I shall never forget the form of our great Bishop F. D. Huntington, of the Episcopal Church, passing feebly but resolutely and triumphantly along the schedule of his duties beyond the four score years until he ceased to work and live. He left a great apostolic benediction upon the city and all central New York as the people remember him at his glorified work. The image is not that of an old man turned out to wander about for something to do. The picture is that of a venerated saint, clothed with authority, so gently leading the flock of Christ, so appealing to us all by his transfigured character, that we all called him our Bishop. He went out from us one day, leaving literally his benediction on some of our heads, and came not back, because "God took him," took him from his work. No one had been permitted to break his heart by tearing him from his great work. He had suffered no "shock" while he was "still in excellent health and strength." He was permitted to work on, up at the summit, even when his step was feeble with a cumulative power that made the days of his feebleness greater than the years of his youth and strength.

We have a great inheritance in our Episcopacy. It is a pity that it cannot be enshrined among the holy stabilities. It would lift the whole Church. It would add dignity and authority to the ministerial and pastoral offices. It would present a commanding leadership to our powerful laymen. It would inspire our young people with a reverence of the Church, a fundamental virtue.

We need to cultivate some permanencies. It is one of the great essentials of our Church. The power of the old great men at the work for which the Church chose them! Do not hurry them. Every year now is summit climbing. And if they can work but feebly let them have that whereunto they have attained. Leave them to do a little more on the summit. It is transfiguring them, and that is power. They are robbing no one. They are only taking the few hours of the gloaming. The stars will soon come out.



THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

The growth of the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in non-American countries has raised a number of questions touching the administration of that work, its relation to the home Church, its alignment with the other evangelical forces at work in the several countries, and its proper place in the life of the nations where we are represented. The present world situation, while not creating the issue, has made it very prominent and urgently calls for a renewed study and a new adjustment.

Two different lines of development of the foreign work are possible. The one leads to the ultimate establishment of independent national Methodist Churches, the other keeps in view the maintenance of a universal organization, of which the churches in foreign countries remain integral parts. The history of Methodism shows that the British Wesleyans have followed the first line, while American Methodism has thus far adhered to the second policy. An exception, however, has been made in the case of the Methodist work in Japan.

It is evident that in order to attain to the highest usefulness, ecclesiastical organizations must be ready to adapt their forms of government to the broad currents of general historical development. The last half of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth century have been characterized by a marked growth of nationalism. The present war has brought this development to a climax, making national and racial feelings a tremendous force, especially in the nations of Europe. We may fully expect that after the war international relations will be resumed even between the hostile nations, but while foreign organizations will be tolerated, their influence will be limited. They will not occupy as important a place in the life of the nations as those agencies that are considered blood of the nation's blood, flesh of the nation's flesh, unless they can so adapt themselves to the spirit, the thought,

the ideals, the history, the institutions of the nation that they lose the foreign flavor and become thoroughly identified with the national life.

Several features in our polity stamp the Methodist Episcopal Church in the various countries as a distinctively foreign organization.

1. The leadership of the Church is not national. The bishop as the head of the Church is a foreigner. If he does not master the language of the country his public deliverances must be interpreted. He is debarred from representing the Church in national councils.

2. The Discipline contains whole sections that have no bearing whatever upon conditions in countries outside of America, as, for instance, the legislation referring to the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension, to the Board of Freedmen's Aid, and much that refers to the Board of Education. This legislation is a dead letter as far as our church life in foreign countries is concerned, but it is contained in our Scandinavian and German editions of the Discipline. This fact parades our "foreign character"; it causes questions on the part not only of private individuals but of government officials, and creates the need of explanations, thus placing our people on the defensive.

3. Our church government is, in its structure and nomenclature, based upon American models, is in harmony with legal and parliamentary procedure in America, but varies from the forms and methods which prevail in deliberative, legislative, and judicial bodies in Continental Europe. Switzerland differs from Sweden, Germany from Italy, but in all countries alike our system, while its expediency is admitted, is nevertheless considered something foreign, partly owing to its nomenclature, partly on account of some structural peculiarities.

4. In some countries methods of administration have gradually been developed which are more in harmony with national usages. These features have as yet not been incorporated into the Discipline. Thus we meet the awkward situation that we have two different sets of church laws, the law of usage, which is not contained in the Discipline, but which actually is in vogue, and the

defined law of the book of Discipline, which is practically a dead letter.

5. The present relation of our foreign work to the Board of Foreign Missions is felt to militate against our highest usefulness, at least in the European countries. In the first place it is repugnant to the Protestant population of the Scandinavian and German countries to see their countries considered as "mission fields" and placed in the same relation to the missionary authorities of the home church as the Catholic, Mohammedan, and pagan fields. Moreover, the missionary activities of our people in these countries do not find proper recognition. The Edinburgh World Missionary Conference has caused some changes in the organized missionary work at home and abroad which we must reckon with. The missionary statistics published since that epochal conference emphasize not only the denominational but the national element. They show not only what the denominations are doing, but also how much the various countries contribute in men and money and equipment. The missionary activities of our European Methodists lose their identity. Their offerings go into the treasury of a foreign organization and a foreign country receives the credit. Furthermore, within the last few years the missionary societies of the various countries have formed unions and have perfected permanent organizations. They hold conferences and publish literature. Our Methodists are not represented in those national councils, simply because they have no mission fields, no treasury, no missionaries—in short, no organization of their own. From the published reports of those national missionary councils it might be inferred that the Methodists have no share whatever in the great cause of world missions. As a matter of fact some speakers have publicly asserted that the Methodists of a given country were not doing anything for foreign missions.

6. The financial dependence upon a foreign organization is in some countries a hindrance to our work. It accentuates, in the eyes of the people, our foreign character. Besides, it is fraught with the danger of not sufficiently developing financial responsibility among our own people. The questions, How much can we do in order to finance a needed enterprise? What new resources

can we develop to enlarge our work? are, at times, supplanted by the question: How can we make our appeal to the home Church strong enough to receive the necessary funds? I admit that in some countries our people, though liberal, are too poor to bear, unassisted, the financial burden; in others, they are not yet accustomed to the system of voluntary Church support. But the principle remains that as long as subsidies from abroad are considered a normal and permanent arrangement financial responsibility will not be sufficiently developed.

The present system of making the annual appropriations does not stimulate the laying of statesmanlike plans for the future. We are in danger of training the leaders of our foreign work to make their plans from year to year, instead of putting up far-reaching plans and aims to be realized in the years to come. To the writer it would seem highly desirable that a joint commission, representing the Board of Foreign Missions and each field, make on the spot a detailed and exhaustive study of the whole situation, taking in account the financial strength of our members, the earning capacity, living expenses, taxes, etc., and formulate a plan which within a fixed period of time will lead to a specified goal. Whatever the ultimate relation to the home Church of any given field will be, its financial independence must be consistently kept in view. But this cannot be achieved by a mere resolution of the General Committee to gradually reduce the appropriations. A constructive plan, based upon a clear understanding of all the issues involved, is needed for each field.

Should the Methodist Episcopal Church change its policy and aim to establish at the earliest date possible independent national churches? This might seem to be the logical result. I do not think so. A modification of our system is needed, but not a radical change. The establishment of national churches would not achieve the best results.

1. Compared with the established State churches the Methodist Episcopal Church in the European countries is small in number, in financial strength, in social influence. It needs for its own good as well as for its standing in the community the vital contact with a large, world-embracing organization. Cut off from

this tremendously stimulating and broadening influence it would be in danger of becoming clannish and narrow. It would lose its world outlook.

2. Even though to-day national feelings hold sway, and even though we must accommodate our administrative machinery to national ideals and usages, we must look ahead and sense the need of to-morrow. One of the most pressing needs of to-morrow and the day after will be the tying up of the broken cords between the nations, the weaving of bonds of brotherhood that are made of better fiber and are firmer than those that snapped asunder under the great strain. This is the time to emphasize the things that constitute the unity of the Spirit and that demonstrate the supernatural claims of the religion of Jesus Christ.

The task before Methodist statesmanship is to modify our present form of Church government in such manner that the essential unity of the world-wide organization be maintained, yet that our work in foreign countries be given liberty to adopt such forms of administration as will eliminate those features that stamp it a foreign importation and will, on the contrary, make it more of an indigenous and national factor. A difficult task, yes, but not an impossible one, and a task that must be taken in hand if Methodism in non-American countries is to fulfill its mission.

To the writer the subject seems of sufficient importance for the coming General Conference to appoint a commission which shall study it in all its bearings and submit a definite plan to the General Conference of 1920.

John L. Nuelsen.

BOOK CONCERN DIVIDENDS FOR THE YOUNGER MINISTRY

Concerning the religious denomination, two facts would seem self-evident. First, while its future life, strength, and efficiency must depend upon many factors, yet by no single force will these conditions be so decided as by the ministry. Second, it would seem equally clear that by no single agency could the very future of the denomination itself be so secured as by a thoroughly equipped ministry.

Young men now in the first decade of their ministry, more than any other single force, will decide the strength or weakness of their denomination for a full generation to come. The denomination of to-day, if it is to thrive, must have a ministry that shall be familiarly at home with twentieth-century thought. A denomination so short sighted as to fail in providing for its coming ministry the best conditions of the intellectual life is self-doomed. It earns for itself a languishing and failing future.

Of the total number of effective members of Annual Conferences in the Methodist Episcopal Church more than one fourth, or about 4,500, are in the first ten years of their ministerial life. Including probationers, there are 3,278 men who are still in their undergraduate Conference studies. In the ordinary course of events, these thousands of men will put inevitably a controlling stamp upon the character and efficiency of Methodism for the next thirty years. Who are these men? How shall they be classified? So far as station is concerned, doubtless most of them are in the lesser appointments of their Conferences. The rule is that they are receiving a meager financial support. Educationally, less than fifty per cent of them all are graduates of the college or the theological seminary, one or both. As an outside figure not more than twenty-five per cent are graduated both from the college and the seminary. Of those who have graduated, it may be assumed that relatively many are more or less handicapped by debts

incurred in securing an education. A very large majority of all are men of families. At best, all of them, with few exceptions, are under the necessity of a calculating economy in order to maintain themselves and families in tolerable comfort. Large numbers are quite unable to buy books of a kind which ought to be the intellectual property, the very mental assimilation of an ideal minister.

With intense interest in what I conceive to be the grave issues involved in it all, and sincerely wishing my own views to be either reinforced or corrected by the judgment of others, I recently issued to about one third of the district superintendents of the Church the following questionnaire:

I. What is your impression of the average library of the traveling preachers of your district? Is this library well represented in modern and strong books? How near does it come to being an ideal library for the present-day minister?

II. What proportion of your younger ministers are from habit and taste diligent and intelligent students of modern world-thought, knowledge, and movements?

III. What is the average financial ability of these preachers to furnish themselves with new and desirable books?

IV. What, in your judgment, would be the value of a system which would make it possible for the younger ministers to buy books at a nominal, that is, at what would be to them an affordable, cost?

V. Kindly favor me with any suggestions or convictions of your own germane to the above queries.

In selecting persons to whom this questionnaire should be sent, I aimed to reach a representation covering the entire northern territory of the Church from ocean to ocean. The responses have been generous. In analyzing these responses allowance must of course be made for varying standards of judgment on the part of writers. But as a whole the statements must be regarded as carefully measured, and they are exceedingly suggestive.

I. In answer to this query, there is approximately unanimity of statement as to the meagerness and inadequacy of the average minister's library. It is only in exceptional cases that the minister owns a well-stocked and up-to-date equipment of books.

II. A considerable range of reply is elicited as to the relative number of young men who meet the requirements of this question. There are manifest reasons why differing answers would be given to this query. In Conference territories where the college and the theological school wield a large local influence there would naturally be a higher grade of scholarly habit and taste than in regions less favored. The question is answered in terms that range all the way from eighty per cent down to fifteen per cent. The total average, as indicated, falls decidedly below fifty per cent. In several instances the belief is expressed that many young men would gladly be students of great books if they had the ability to command such books for themselves.

III. The answer to this question is well-nigh unanimous as to the widespread inability among young Methodist preachers to purchase for themselves in needed quantity new and desirable books. In several cases it is suggested that if the minister himself had a keener intellectual appetite he would devise ways of securing the right books.

This suggestion should not pass without a special emphasis. It seems an unmeasured pity that not more men in the ministry have wrought into themselves an intellectual passion for great books. Real hunger for knowledge is one of the greatest acquirements of the human mind. There is no other greed that brings so exalting pleasures, so valuable treasures. The real booklover is familiarly at home in the elect circles of the world. He is the contemporary of every age. He is the privileged interviewer in the king's palace and at the prophet's shrine. Great scientists and inventors respectfully and painstakingly answer his questions. The world's geniuses, statesmen, warriors, philosophers, captains of industry, poets and artists, all wait to confer freely upon him the loftiest tributes of their talents and achievements. It is indeed true that when a man has begotten within him insatiate hunger for knowledge he will be inventive in securing books, and however exacting his daily duty he will find time for much profitable reading and reflection. To such a man companionship with books is an exhilaration, never a drudgery.

In the answers given, however, there is a disturbing unity

of conviction that large numbers of our young ministers are unable to own the tools absolutely needed for their largest intellectual and professional efficiency.

IV. This query is answered pretty much in one way. The conviction is generally expressed that it would be a God-send to great numbers of our younger ministers if some system could be devised through which they could possess the right books at costs which they could reasonably afford. The conviction is also very general that such a system could but result in great enlargement and blessing to the churches served.

V. In response to this query there was given a variety of interesting suggestions. I call especial attention to only three of these general answers.

(1) In many charges there is little encouragement to the minister to be a student because his congregations are so unintellectual. Whatever prompting to skepticism may arise in presence of such a statement, it would evidently be a most unworthy philosophy for the preacher, therefore, to content himself with colorless and platitudinous preaching. Horace Bushnell, one of the immortal preachers of New England, went on the principle that the preacher ought always to stand on the high levels of great truths.

(2) There is a general agreement of answers to the effect that those showing greatest interest in present-day problems, and who are the most discriminating and studious readers of standard books, are by far more numerously represented by graduates from our colleges and theological seminaries than by any other class. This fact in itself must stand as convincing testimony to the well-nigh indispensable necessity for a thorough professional training in the schools on the part of those who would enter the Christian ministry. It is also a striking confirmation of the conclusions critically reached by investigations on the part of our Educational Board as to the relative status in the ministry as between men professionally well trained and those who enter the ministry with insufficient preliminary schooling. That conclusion is that it is the exceptional case where the man without professional training comes into the ministry that he does not reach the dead-line at or

before fifty years of age, whereas the men of longest sustained service are more largely represented by those who have laid broad foundations by the most careful professional training.

(3) With ominous frequency it is suggested that we have many, not so much among the younger men, who are utterly traditional and unprogressive in their mental habits. One man who has had exceptional opportunities for knowing the entire denomination goes so far as to say that we have at least a thousand men who are not even candidates for further intellectual light or knowledge. These men, many of them, regard with distrust the work of our colleges and theological schools. It seems to be practically a view among them that God dictated the Bible to chosen amanuenses, that it is thus infallible, and therefore any attempt at historical or literary criticism of the Scriptures is wholly evil. Theology is regarded by them as a finished science. Why, therefore, should one vex himself with the study of new questions? It is difficult either to meet or to suggest a remedy for this state of mind. The bare assumption that theology is a finished science is as hopelessly crude as false. If theology is the science which is to unfold to us God in His relations to the universe and to man, then it can even now be only well in its beginnings. As long as the human mind shall have capacity for growth in knowledge, so long as the human spirit shall urge its search for the Infinite, so long must theology be a progressive science and at no time will it ever be complete.

One could greatly wish that this picture as given were overdrawn. But in just the measure in which it is true, whatever may be the conceded conscientiousness, the goodness, or even the usefulness of such men, they can have no intellectual message for the age. They must fail to command the intellectual respect of even the high school boys and girls of their own communities. Ministerial mind of this order is in this day increasingly egregious. It is an unhappy anachronism in the intellectual world. It is perfectly legitimate in assessing the assumed values of such a ministry to inquire also with all frankness as to the possible damage which it may be working in the churches. It is evident that in just the measure in which one man becomes a leader of

others, he will impose his own limitations upon those whom he leads. A man cannot impart to others that which he does not himself possess. If it be really true, as before cited, that some congregations are unintellectual, unappreciative of high themes, unresponsive to great ideas, who could have more effectively prepared for such conditions than a ministry so limited as to be out of all sympathetic touch with the dynamic movements of the age?

I have known a country preacher, his soul alive with poetic inspirations, his vision keen for the detection of possibilities in the young life around him. There arises before me now the picture of three country lads, in different communities, upon each of whom this man put his personal impress. He set great ideals before them. He inspired them with the purpose to seek a college training. These same lads, now in middle years, inspired to high purpose by the country preacher, are in positions of conspicuous and cultured leadership. The preacher has been translated, but these men live to sound his praise and to perpetuate his influence. No man lacking vision would have done the work of the country preacher with these boys. But does not the great Book say that "where there is no vision the people perish"?

So far as testimony is concerned—competent testimony—the case would seem conclusively made that the Methodist Episcopal Church owes to its own highest self-preservation and efficiency the devising of some method of getting vastly improved libraries into many thousands of its parsonages.

As one reasonable and entirely legitimate means for making possible such realization, I plead for the definite and sacred setting apart of some percentage of Book Concern dividends for this purpose. I know that this will not be, certainly at first thought, a popular suggestion. To some it will seem not unlike the touch of a profane hand upon the ark of the Lord. It has come to be so much the fashion to extol the paying of large dividends to the superannuates as to make it easy for many to believe that it is the chief function of the Book Concern to pay such dividends. The real fact, however, is that the dividend business played at most but a minor part in the thought of the godly and far-sighted

founders of the Book Concern. By an act of faith and of moral heroism worthy of any age in Christian history, our fathers made the great venture of founding a publishing house for the one and supreme purpose of providing a suitable and adequate literature for the young but rapidly growing Methodism. These men believed thoroughly in the wisdom of imbuing the mind of the laity with a love of devotional books. But they were especially solicitous to develop a stanch theological literature for the thorough furnishing and grounding of the itinerate ministry. Any policy obscuring or lowering this ideal of the fathers would be nothing less than a perversion of one of the most prophetic and holy ordinations of our denominational history.

In the meantime, let no one for a moment assume that I personally am in any measure indifferent or disloyal to the interests of our superannuated ministers. As a class they have earned the absolute right to claim from the Church conditions for their adequate support and comfort in old age. The Church is amply able to meet this claim. It is an imperative duty to respond to the demand. It would, on its merits, be the fitting and creditable thing for the Church to meet this duty independently, and not at the expense of the products of its literature. Happily, there is every indication that the denomination is being thoroughly stirred to a sense both of its duty and privilege in this field of obligation. It also should be emphasized that the proposition of this paper does not call for such diversion of Book Concern dividends from the superannuates as, the entire field over, to effect any very appreciable diminution in such dividends. I would judge that twenty per cent of the dividends now being paid to the Annual Conferences could be made to serve with high efficiency the purpose for which this appeal is made.

Books to be furnished under any plan should of course be subject to the most expert selection. It is not my purpose in this writing to assume to name the conditions by which benefits conferred should be regulated. These features, however important, may be reserved for future consideration.

The central plea of this article is for a book-reading ministry. Let it be emphasized finally, fully, and without question, that a

divine life in the soul is the supreme qualification for ministerial efficiency. It still remains true that God in the spiritual world works through agencies, through human instrumentalities, and, other things being equal, the best results will be achieved through the most finished instrument. It will always remain true that for needed educational, cultural preparation, the minister can find no substitute for a personal mastery and assimilation of soul-building books.

Let us be clearly understood as to the relation of the intellectual life to ministerial efficiency. Intellectual culture, alone considered, does not insure a good minister. It may not even make a man good. Intellectual resource, while always dynamic, may only serve to contribute to criminality. The most consummate intellectual skill is safe and valuable only when dominated by high moral character. An unspiritual minister, however intellectual, must prove at best a relative failure in the holiest of callings. But when a consecrating spirituality reigns in the heart, intellectual culture becomes an instrument of well-nigh immeasurable power and value.

A trained intellect for the ministerial vocation is indispensable and of increasing need in this age. I hesitate not to express the conviction that it ought to be the rarest exception for any young man, in this day, to enter our ministry without first having received a college or a theological seminary education—better both. In saying this, I am not unmindful of the financial and other difficulties which young men frequently face in urging their way through the professional schools. I believe, however, that any young man who has sufficient energy of character to make himself a success in the Christian ministry can, if he really sets himself to the task, discover both the means and the possibility of securing for himself a college and seminary preparation.

But with all this emphasis upon the necessity of present-day culture, I would be the last to forget that God in all ages has put his valid ordination for signal usefulness upon great numbers of humbly born and comparatively uneducated men. From the days of Amos, the rustic wool merchant of Tekoa, to the present the way is sentineled with men who have come up out of the

desert and the wilderness, unschooled save in first-hand communion with nature, yet into their hearts God has put his message, and they have gone forth to become prophets of the Kingdom. God in all ages has greatly glorified himself through inspirations by which he has given vision of soul, flame of heart, and eloquence of tongue to humble men. "Plowmen and herdsmen, tax collectors and tent-makers, sons of German miners, Huntingdonshire farmers, and Kentucky backwoodsmen, each in his time and order, have received the divine afflatus, and therewith the spiritual and moral leadership of mankind."

It is within living remembrance when in the ministry of American Methodism there was hardly a college graduate. Yet there must have been many moral giants among the preacher-builders of this great denomination. It is doubtless true at the present time that there are men who have never known a college who are far more effective preachers than are some who graduated with high honors. Nature has made some men on a larger pattern than others. The college may impart valuable discipline and strength to any normal student; but, even so, it must work under the limitations of nature's own plans and specifications.

There are many superb and admirable men in our ministry, non-college men, who in the use of pronounced native gifts, coupled with rare common sense, tactful knowledge of human nature, and consecrated energies, are making conspicuous records as approved ministers of Jesus Christ. All honor to such men. Still, it is due to say that nearly every such man has lived to regret that in early years he did not give himself to broader academic preparation for his life work.

The true aim of the minister must stand wedded to an imperious ideal, an ideal which calls for a sensitive and heroic response to the highest demands on life. Ideally, all true life, in whatever calling, must be responsive to the divine voice. The Christian minister, by virtue of his mission, is called upon to exemplify the highest ideals, and to minister in holiest things. He should achieve the art of being the most manly man in human society. But this man, in whatever company he moves, can never be less than habituated in the conviction that he is specially chosen

and ordained for God's work in the world. There are some things that can never be domesticated in the atmosphere of such a conviction. Self-ease and mental indolence can be rated as nothing else than grievous sins at the bar of such a life. Selfishness would be like a canker on the soul. For this man to be graspingly mercenary would be to degrade his birthright. In his personal character, socially, intellectually, morally, he should be, up to the human limit, a model. In some high measure, he ought with Saint Paul to be able to say: "Follow me as I follow Christ." The assumption that the minister is to deal directly and intimately with the things of God ought to be no fiction. The minister ought to be a born seer, a man of vision. But vision, spiritual vision, comes only from dwelling on high altitudes. The minister who on the heights of his own experience has not stood in some transfiguring light has yet to learn the supreme secret of power. When Moses descended from the mount of Law, though he wist it not, his face shone. He came to the people luminous with the imprint of a divine vision. So the man who has had a vision of God must descend to human levels to share the vision with his fellows. It is permitted to no spiritual worker to tabernacle himself either in case or reverie on any mountain of transfiguration. The man most illuminated will prove himself most Christlike when he spends himself in service. Christ lived in cloudless communion with the Father, but he put himself habitually in closest contact with human needs. If the preacher would know how he may at once realize the highest spiritual life, and at the same time dwell in closest and most helpful brotherhood with his fellows, let him study Jesus Christ who was perfectly at home both with God and with men.

Vision and knowledge go hand in hand. For all reasons the Christian preacher should be rich in knowledge. He is a teacher. It is required of him that by his own psychic processes he shall make himself competent to teach. The human mind imperatively exacts reasons for required faith. The minister should be rich in ability to deal in rendered reasons. This ability must inhere in his own mental inventory. For this there can be no substitute. The heart never pulses with high enthusiasms until

the mind first grasps the inspiring motive. There can be no settlement of great problems, no forward movements for Christianity itself, until intelligence discovers the solution, and a knowing foresight pioneers the way. But who should be the prophet of progress, the knowing seer of moral and intellectual advancement, if not the ordained herald of heaven's revelation to men?

But reasons, reasons growing increasingly insistent, demanding high intelligence for the Christian ministry, have, almost within a generation, multiplied a hundred-fold. The present century, in its inventive genius, in its wealth of scientific knowledge, in its readjustment of ideas, in its march of social, industrial, and moral progress, is the most wonderful in history. It stands as the prophet of the ages at the open door of an apocalyptic future. The ministry that is safely, inspirationally, commandingly to guide the Church in this new age demands imperatively the best twentieth-century equipment.

The comparative recent emergence into human thought and knowledge of a few compelling sciences and philosophies has placed the twentieth century thinker in a new world. The indubitable facts of geology alone have rendered forever obsolete certain time-honored interpretations as to the origin of creation and the length of human habitation upon the earth. Professor Henry Fairfield Osborne, of the American Museum of Natural History, is only one of many expert authorities who furnish compelling testimony to man's existence upon the earth for even hundreds of thousands of years.

Evolution is the accepted philosophy, the well-nigh universal working hypothesis of the world's thinking. While Darwin was unquestionably the greatest modern prophet of evolution, yet to-day the evolutionary philosophy, vastly amplified and clarified, has an immeasurably broader application to both the organic and social worlds than anything perhaps of which Darwin ever dreamed. The enlightened theological mind has come to be quite at home in the conviction that evolution, so far from being atheistic, is furnishing to us a marvelous revelation of God's processes with his world. It is growingly recognized as richly translating to us God's immanent processes in creation.

In theological thought, so far as controlling and working conviction in the Church is concerned, there has only recently been rediscovered one of the most revolutionizing and creative revelations made by Jesus Christ—namely, the Fatherhood of God. For nearly all the centuries up to the very threshold of the present age the Augustinian and imperial view of the Divine Sovereignty has been so magnified in the thought of the Church as effectually to obscure the Divine Fatherhood. The fact of Fatherhood was central in Christ's revelation of God. It is assumed in the first sentence of the Lord's prayer; it has matchless artistic setting in the parable of the Prodigal Son. Good people who are in doubt about the persuasive effectiveness on the human mind of the Gospel of the Divine Fatherhood have not yet begun to measure the inexhaustible wealth of motive that lies ready for the Christian preacher in the great spaciousness of this doctrine.

With the re-emergence of the revelation of God's Fatherhood, its great corollary, the Divine Sonship and Brotherhood of Man, has come to conspicuous place in Christian thought. A new illumination of Christ's teachings concerning his kingdom has resulted in giving a great emphasis to its essentially sociological mission. A numerous school of inspired prophets has arisen summoning Christianity to a mission of social service, and to an unresting campaign for social righteousness. Throughout the Roman and mediæval periods the social emphasis of Jesus was practically submerged. Human emphasis through most of the Christian ages has been laid upon ecclesiasticism. But this was not Christ's emphasis. Throughout its history the teaching of the Church has been largely characterized by other-worldliness. The present has been branded as an evil world, and emphasis has been placed upon the necessity by the individual of finally escaping from its darkness and perils by insuring for himself a post-mortem salvation in the heavenly life. But the rereading of Christ's teachings in modern light has resulted in the widening and irresistible conviction that he intended a kingdom of righteousness for this world. "It is the function of the Christian Church to establish the Kingdom of God here and now on this earth, not to save men, few or many, from a world given over and abandoned

as a wreck and loss, but to save the world itself by transforming it, translating it, transfusing it with new life." The regenerated individual, the Christian Church itself, salvation for the life to come are not to be held in less value; but the great present mission of Christ's regenerated people is to work for the moral transformation of human society, for the Christianization of all the agencies that control education, business, the social organism, government. As much as it may be the mission of the Church to prepare men for heaven, it is not less its mission to prepare on the earth the foundations of that "Holy City" which shall come down from God out of heaven—the New Jerusalem.

These epochal factors—the findings of geology and kindred sciences, the evolutionary philosophy, the Fatherhood of God, the Divine Sonship and Brotherhood of Man, the Kingdom of Christ for this world—are mountain-range revelations which challenge all seeing modern thought. To the minister of Jesus Christ they furnish continental ranges for fruitful study and reflection. For a minister not to feel in his own thought the compelling touch of these great forces is conclusive proof of his own pitiable unfitness, of his sheer inability to hold any commanding place in the thought-world of the present age.

It is but a truism to say that the dominating quality of present world thought is scientific. Science, in a general sense, is very young. Even astronomy, historically among the oldest of the sciences, is really in its most important messages of to-day new. Indeed, all science is undergoing such rapid expansion, is ramifying itself into so many new departments, that nearly all books written in its interests twenty years ago are now antiquated. This is not because science twenty years ago was not in possession of immense fields of fact, but because within this period it has come into such wealth of advanced and related knowledge as to necessitate entire restatements. Science is establishing for itself an ever-widening and infallible authority over human thought. It is literally discovering to modern intelligence a whole universe of new, of hitherto unknown fact.

Science has given us a new infinity of time and space. It has imparted to the modern man an unprecedented mastery of

nature's laws. It has woven about the planet a sensitive network for the transmission of human intelligence, so that, day by day, every man may gain full knowledge of the events which make up the current history of mankind. It has multiplied the possibilities of human labor a hundred-fold. Science, in the very recent years, has divorced medicine from empiricism, thus making it a worthy member of the family of arts. In the same time it has given us a new, marvelous, and miracle-working surgery. It has given to civilization new sanitary codes, thus promoting for the human race health and longevity. It has given us new and vastly improved views of history and anthropology, has discovered to us a great wealth of archæological treasure, enabling us in wonderful ways to photograph the very habits, laws, social and religious customs of peoples and civilizations which until recently have been regarded as mythical, or at least prehistoric. Science has given us a new psychology. The psychic nature of man was never so explored or understood as now. The better understanding of the child-mind has given us a new pedagogy. For both the preacher and the teacher modern psychic studies have furnished new methods of approach to the human soul.

The new scientific movement has begotten wide thirst for knowledge, truth-loving habits, and an intrepid spirit of investigation which insists that no field of truth is too sacred for its exploration. It has exorcised from nearly all respectable thinking the spirit of superstition, belief in witchcraft, in hobgoblins, and in humbugs generally. It conducts us discriminatingly to the sources and values of ancient records and literatures. It has studied at first-hand and has translated for our uses the domestic and social customs, the laws, usages, and religion of the diverse races of the earth. For the student, it has furnished rich records of comparative religions, records which have proved not only most informing, but which have compelled in Christian thought vast revisions of belief.

Science has largely revolutionized the methods of thought. It installs life and experience as the great interpreters. It displaces old *a priori* methods by inductive processes. It goes to nature's facts to learn what they have to say for themselves. The

modern method is biological, not mechanical. Civilization is a growth, a gradual emergence from the lower to the higher, and not a ready-made article. The human race, from rude, primitive beginnings, has come to its attainments in all that we call culture and character by clear processes of education, discipline, and inspiration.

I have indicated but a few features of the scientific era. To science there awaits an indefinite future for its enlightening and transforming mission. Its work will move resistlessly forward. To-day, in scientific laboratories, there are not less than ten thousand expert minds engaging in original research. As a prophecy of the unlimited wealth of knowledge and utility which science will yet yield to mankind such a fact is of unmeasured significance.

Now, I inquire, would it be reasonable to assume that this vast movement, bringing its untold wealth of knowledge, forcing vital revisions in the thought-processes of the age, is likely to leave untouched the historic religious beliefs? Are we to look upon religious thought as a finished product? Must we in the matter of creeds remain in the same *status quo* as held by the men of former generations? This, I submit, would not be a reasonable assumption.

As a matter of fact, science, by its processes of historic and literary criticism, is traversing all fields of the world's literature as with a lighted lamp. With a diligence and fidelity of enormous measure, processes of microscopic scrutiny, and prevalently conducted, I am glad to believe, by men of the most competent and reverent order, are being applied to the historic and literary fields of our sacred Scriptures. I do not purpose to speak here, pro or con, of the value or the lack of value of these processes as applied to the Bible. I do suggest that it is ill-becoming in any accredited minister of the gospel, standing before the community as a teacher and expounder of the Holy Scriptures, not himself, especially in this day, to be respectably informed as to what is going on in this wide field of investigation. An attitude, however pious its pose, of dogmatic denunciation against the working critic will have even a seeming value only for uninformed ears. The Church at large has often been more than meritedly humiliated by diatribes

against the "higher critic," and against science in general, as uttered by the well-meaning but ill-informed preacher. Expert ability to call opprobrious names is no substitute for either knowledge or argument. The man who really ought to have a theological mind, first and last, when venturing into the field of criticism has often come to humiliating grief from sheer "unpreparedness" for such a venture. Science moves along a path of verification. When in any field its demonstrations are reached, it speaks concerning that field with final authority. Concerning the particular truth demonstrated there is left absolutely no ground for controversy. In the final court of reason there can be found absolutely no motive for any sane Christian minister to put himself in the attitude of either neglect of, or of opposition to, the demonstrated conclusions of science. Science deals with God's world. In every translation which it makes of nature's secrets, in so far as it yields verified truth, it is giving us a new chapter in divine revelation. There is no truth in science which can finally be found in conflict with any truth of the Bible. Truth throughout the universe must stand finally in abiding harmony with itself.

With advancing enlightenment, there is the growing conviction that all truth is essentially sacred. If the ancient records of nature, richly transcribed with God's thought, yet under the dormant vision of mankind remaining through all the ages as unmeaning, shall now be scientifically translated into living knowledge, what can it all mean but that for the man of the future there shall be an infinite disclosure of Divine processes which have been shut away from all the men of the past? Surely, to the Christian preacher of this twentieth century there are open a thousand doors of knowledge the very existence of which to his predecessors was unknown.

But, and let all emphasis rest here, there can be no multiplication of, or expansion of opportunities of, knowledge which are not in themselves an imperative argument for the largest learning on the part of the Christian preacher. The very greatness of his mission gives him both the call and the right to rank intellectually among the greatest, the most knowing and most inspirational of men.

I am quite aware that I have suggested a spacious diagram for ministerial intellectual activity. I am not unaware of the well-nigh innumerable and exacting demands, not of an intellectual character, which fall into the minister's life. I am, however, profoundly impressed that this age, as no preceding age, puts a demand upon the Christian preacher not only for the richest furnishings, but for the mightiest toils. The ministry of Christ is, and will always remain, the loftiest calling in the world. It is ordained to deal with the largest, divinest question of duty and of destiny. Its work would seem to call for the super-man; it certainly does call for the best that is in any man. Jesus Christ was an enormous worker. Saint Paul, the greatest all-round preacher of the Christian ages, could declare that he was "more abundant in labors than they all." Judged by any ideal standard, a mentally indolent, a self-indulgent, an unspiritual and unconsecrated man is ill-starred and wholly out of place in the Christian ministry.

In presenting the ideals of this paper, I, of course, neither assume that the studious preacher should teach all he knows, nor that he shall literally know everything. I have sought to emphasize both the great opportunity and the imperative need for a high order of ministerial intelligence. A man of spiritual vision, and with richly stored mind, cannot fail to be a power in any Christian pulpit. From long and studious observation I am profoundly impressed that the really great preachers, the men of staying power, the preachers who command the attention and following of stalwart business men, preachers that show power to minister to the great human hunger—these themselves are enormous feeders at the sources of inspiring thought. If any may rightly covet, surely it is the right of the Christian preacher to covet earnestly the best gifts. And the measure of his desire will be best expressed by the price which he is personally willing to pay for his completest furnishing.

George P. Mains

WAS IT ONLY A DREAM?

Ellen Massey was not in a comfortable mood. A year had passed since she left home, and the memory of her mother's face, tear-stained yet radiant with love and good will, often tugged at Ellen's heart and never more than to-day. And what a year of disillusionment it had been! Twelve months ago South America was a dream and a passion. Imagination was alive with pictures of sunny skies and flowery breadths of glorious landscape, while the heart was tender to the eager young people that would press around the happy missionary whose joy it would be to share the deepest experiences of her life with these, the less-advantaged.

Alas! for the awakening. The land was gloriously beautiful —true!—but everything had been *so* different. The climate, food, manner of life, strange conventions, restrictions, but above all the failure of the people to respond at once to the self-sacrifice and superior development of the new arrival! Nor were the young people at all impressed, seemingly, nor clamorously desirous to be helped in any way. And the caution of the older missionaries lest offense be given to either social pretensions or religious prepossessions! It was all so different. But Ellen was of sturdy stock, and to-day, a bit reluctantly, but very determinedly, she was pressing up the steep road to the house beyond the plaza where lived Agatha di Pascual, the pretty but irresponsible daughter of a prominent family. Ellen Massey had been strangely drawn to the lively girl and regarded her with mingled solicitude and affection.

As she walked slowly she read from Bulletin No. 4 of the approaching Panama Congress these arresting words:

"The Spirit of the Congress Defined.

"*Resolved*, That this Conference strongly recommends that those who are making arrangements for the Panama Congress bear in mind that, if the best and most lasting results are to be obtained, while frankly facing moral and spiritual conditions which call for missionary work in Latin America, and while presenting the Gospel, which we hold as the only adequate solution of the problems which those conditions present, it shall be the purpose of the Panama Congress to recognize all the elements of truth and goodness in any form of religious faith. Our approach to the

people shall be neither critical nor antagonistic, but inspired by the teachings and example of Christ and that charity which thinketh no evil, and rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth."

Something of her dissatisfied mood entered into her unspoken criticism of these words. What she did say was, "What's the use? All this roundabout way of trying to help cannot avail."

But the house was at hand. She reached the door and was shown by a servant into the patio, where, comfortably seated, she awaited the coming of Agatha and the others.

Looking through an open window over the far-stretching landscape, her mind filled with the disturbing thoughts of the morning, the view seemed to slowly fade away, and a strange feeling crept over Ellen when there appeared, quietly seated beside her, a sweet-faced, gray-haired lady of distinction who in kindest tones said, "The señora honors us with her presence on this the greatest day this land has ever seen." With surprise Ellen greeted her kind hostess and asked the meaning of her words. Her hostess replied, her voice vibrant with emotion, her aged face kindling into strange beauty: "Señora, this is a beautiful day of the great Convocation of the United States of South America."

"What does that mean?" asked Ellen in surprise.

The lady looked at her in perplexity. "O," said the hostess, with the faintest touch of pity in her voice, "perhaps you have just come from some remote part of Europe where they have not yet learned the marvel of the new century." And then, seeing the eager curiosity in her visitor's face, she added, "It is now a year since there was consummated the Union of all the republics of South America. A great festival was held a year ago in all our state capitals when the Union was solemnly ratified by the government of each republic with impressive ceremonies, in which the President and a selected Bishop spoke for the state and the church the deep gratitude that welled in all our hearts for the new sense of security and good-will and large possibilities of widened programs for prosperity and service to all mankind that we might now hope to render; and this day was appointed for the assembling of representatives from all the republics that together they may reaffirm their mutual covenants, may perfect their trade relations,

and above all that they may unite in glad thanksgiving to Almighty God, who has brought the whole double continent into terms of joyful inter-relation and cooperative comity."

As the old lady with high excitement poured out these words, her whole face beaming with pleasure and excitement, Ellen was filled with perplexity and wonder. "How can these things be?" she gasped. "Has all South America settled down to permanent peace? And have revolutions and wars entirely ceased?"

The flush on her hostess's face deepened as she said severely: "You are indeed a stranger to our history. Have you not heard that wars and rumors of wars are no longer known among us? That peace has come, because we have outgrown the old-time barbarisms and are all alike nationally the followers of the Prince of Peace? But there," she said, excitedly pointing through the open door, "there are the first arrivals. Let me hand you a field glass. We shall see everything from here; from the top of this hill the whole gala scene will be visible."

Armed with powerful glasses both Ellen and the old lady stepped out of the door into the sun-lit outdoors and saw what was indeed a stirring sight. From several directions there came into sight steadily and swiftly moving lines of great airships large enough to hold from sixty to two hundred passengers each. These moved with exact intervals between them. They were gayly decorated with pennants and banners and over each was the flag of its country. The finest bands that Ellen had ever heard, playing the appropriate national airs, greeted each group of airships as it arrived. In the midst of these stirring scenes her hostess pointed to a speck in the sky approaching rapidly from the north.

When Ellen's glass covered this object she almost screamed with excitement, saying, "O, are my people coming too?" Her companion turned a sharp look upon her and then said quietly, "You must have relatives in the United States."

As the speck grew nearer there became visible three magnificently appointed airships holding some two hundred passengers each, with the Stars and Stripes floating over all of them. A fanfare of trumpets sounded in the distance, all the bands struck up unitedly "The Star Spangled Banner," and the people filled the

air with their cheers. Ellen's eyes were blinded with tears as the three airships gracefully alighted in their appointed places and she saw stepping out from them men and women, evidently of the highest type, who, her companion eagerly told her, were the President and many of the leading men and women of the States.

In an hour the delegations formed an imposing body and marched in regular procession to the magnificent cathedral, built something after the old Spanish style, but of such majestic proportions and symmetry as Ellen had never before beheld.

Excitedly she asked, "Are they all going into the church?" "Yes," said her hostess, "and I have tickets for admission and, happily, an extra one for you." "But," said Ellen, "will they all worship together? Will it be a high mass, and will the service be of a Roman Catholic kind?" "O," said the old lady, "you talk strangely! It sounds like the days when I was a small girl. Do you not know that we are all of the Church of America, and that there are not any more among us what you call Roman Catholics?" "What do you mean?" said Ellen, scarcely believing her ears. "I mean," said the lady, "that those old differences between one form of Christian faith and another have melted away, and while we retain most of the beliefs of the older day we no longer allow anything to separate hearts that love Christ and wish to serve him."

"But are there not any more distinct Romanos who owe allegiance to a far-away Pope?" "O, yes. There are small groups of such here and there, but they are chiefly people who have come here from Europe recently and have not yet melted into our national life; and a few of our own people, too, are that way, but they, all of them, on public occasions yield their personal preferences and join with the rest of us."

"But," said Ellen with timid anxiety, "where is the Methodist Mission? Are not our school and church in that part of the city?"

Perplexed and inquiringly the old lady looked at her. "You puzzle me," she said. "When I was a very tiny girl there was what you indicate in that direction, but all that has passed away, and the Methodist Mission, and the other missions that came to us from North America, brought us kind people who opened to us that Word of God which has now become the common possession

of us all. But when the principles and teachings of that Word had largely penetrated our whole national life we turned away from divided counsels, and put aside the differences that separated our Christian people, and now we are all of 'the Church of America.' O, there are little groups that still hold to churches not of this land, but, my dear guest," and the old lady's eyes sparkled with enthusiasm, "we can never repay the debt we owe to those who came among us, bore with our lethargy and indifference, and wooed us through long years of patient toil to look with them into that Word upon which now the church stands throughout all these broad lands. The Methodists, the Presbyterians, the Roman Catholics and the others, as such, are no more. Each has made its contribution. To-day there is only 'the Church of America.'"

Saying this the old lady arose, and was in the act of helping her guest to get ready to go with herself and the remainder of the family to where the great function was about to be held, when Ellen had a confused feeling and thought she heard the chatter of girlish voices. Things around her seemed again to melt way, and with a start she awakened to hear Agatha, with laughing voice, say to a younger child in her pretty Spanish way, "Do not make a noise. You will wake the señora and she is very tired."

It was a dream. The tired teacher had fallen asleep and in her sleep had seen the strange scenes described.

As she walked home she mused thoughtfully, saying to herself: "But was it a dream? or is it something that really is coming to pass in that slow but sure way in which God's Kingdom evolves, and have I been short-sighted and impatient for results, not remembering that God's days are often a long time coming, but they always come? And I wonder whether this Panama Congress that I have been reading about will not really lay the foundations of a program that, a hundred years from now, will make my dream not a fancy but a vision of reality!"

However that may be, Ellen Massey took new heart and hope, and was never again so discontented a woman as she had been.

W. F. Oldham

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER AND THE ENGLISH REFORMATION

The often discussed and elusive English temperament is at bottom intensely realistic and has acquired a high regard for experimental values. It was pragmatist long before pragmatism; its first question about a hypothesis is, how does it work? its first test for a theory, practice. Edmund Burke voiced its leading idea in the maxim that nothing absolute could be affirmed in the speculative realm. The lucidity and consistency so dear to the French mind, as apotheosized in John Calvin, is submissive in Anglo-Saxon thinkers to utilitarian ends. Saints after the pattern of Lancelot Andrewes, George Herbert, Richard Hooker, and John Wesley avoided the snares of hectic emotionalism and overwrought fancy. They imposed tribute on religious ecstasies in behalf of large public benefits, economizing them to this end. Hence the English Reformation must be carefully distinguished from that of Continental Europe. It has been misapprehended by devotees of High Anglicanism and by some of their opponents because it strongly reflected national characteristics, and preferred the shorter road of compromise to gain its aims. Nor should this tendency be condemned until those aims are thoroughly understood. Anglican statesmen and divines were more or less aware of the separation and strife which sprang up in the wake of Luther's protest, in which at the last he made a sorry shift. They were averse to root and branch proposals, and endeavored to consolidate various historical elements and theological opinions into a unity which should promote the integrity of the realm, preserve the continuity of the Church, and maintain uniformity of worship. In a sect-ridden age, when recently released individualism was prone to push revolt against papal usurpations and exactions to the opposite extreme, it stands to the credit of certain English leaders that they refused to sacrifice the vital part of their inheritance from the past. They carried over into Protestantism the spirit of obedience and of discipline, the chief expression of which was

found in the episcopate and in the liturgical service which is to-day one of the endowments of universal Methodism.

Four fairly well defined stages of their work are discernible to the student. The first and best of these was an intellectual and ethical process, without legislative countenance. The second and worst was marked by political interventions, some of which present a depressing spectacle. The third was a sequence of the second, in that, because of the dissolution of the compact between the Crown and the Holy See concerning ecclesiastical supremacy, the rubrics and ordinances of the Church were revised to suit this momentous change. The fourth, brought about under Elizabeth, was mainly a settling and an ordering of the second and third phases.

Two interregnums interfered with the development as a whole. The first arose out of the sturdy Protestantism of Edward VI, the youthful hope of the ultra-Reformers and the idol of Low Churchmen. The second began and ended with the fiery interlude of his eldest sister and successor to the throne, Mary, under whose rule the burnings mainly due to Gardiner and Bonner kindled a fierce hate of Rome which still smolders in England and America. Such was the degradation of this epoch that heads of colleges became inquisitors of heresy, and bishops executioners of their martyred colleagues. It was as useless as it was abhorrent, and from the hour when Latimer exhorted Ridley to play the man, the candle lit at their funeral pyres has never been extinguished. Speaking generally, by the time the last of the Tudors was securely enthroned, the Anglican Church had shattered the fetters which bound her to the Curia, and the English nation had entered upon the titanic struggle with Spain which was to give our race the supremacy of the seas and a dominant weight in the New World.

While the alliance between the Papacy and the Church of England prevailed, a sort of internationalism thwarted the isolation of the island kingdom. But the gross abuses and conscienceless extortions of the Vatican had been keenly resented for four hundred years, and their consequences brought disaster upon the foes of nationalism. Ever intent on earthly principalities and prerogatives, the Popes made war upon the Holy Roman Empire,

which had been their partner and accomplice, and when that political structure fell, it crushed the authority of the Vatican and crippled its claims to the overlordship of Europe. This enfeebled condition partly explains the remonstrances, provisions, restraints, and legislative acts scattered throughout the English book of statutes from the days of Edward I. And they furnished Henry VIII with legal precedents which enabled him to demolish the monasteries and plunder clerical estates for the emolument of the Crown and nobility.

Cranmer was not conspicuous in the policy of his rapacious prince until the religious revolution, for such it became, was far advanced. When he appeared, it had passed out of its earlier humanistic tranquility and promise into a sordid scramble for the wealth of the church. The prominent actors in this proceeding, which created many economic grievances and accentuated others of ancient standing, were the king and his ill-fated minister, Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex. The Act of Supremacy of November, 1534, sanctioned the commission of January, 1535, which instituted a visitation of the clergy, monasteries, and churches, and placed all alike at the disposal of the State. Cromwell became the vicegerent of the realm, browbeating archbishops and peers with impunity, and bent on thoroughly cleansing the church from those evils which her nominal superiors had scandalously allowed to flourish. He quickly suppressed their murmurings, enforced the novel doctrine of kingly authority, and defeated the insurrection in the northern shires with ruthless impetuosity. Naturally enough, those who clung to older forms of faith detested the iconoclast and plotted to destroy him. This seemed well-nigh impossible, but finally it was done. On the 10th of June, 1540, just after he had been made lord chamberlain and Knight of the Garter, the Duke of Norfolk, premier earl of England, whose descendants still maintain the Catholic belief, accused Cromwell at the council table of high treason. Henry made no effort to save his minister; on the contrary, he flung him to his enemies without compunction; glad to protect himself from the remainder of their anger, while at the same time he appropriated the results of a spoliation entirely due to his own conception. On the 21st

of July in the same year Cromwell died on the scaffold at Tower Hill, affirming with his last breath his loyalty to Roman orthodoxy and to the king.

The next shifting of the scenes of this inglorious drama brought Cranmer to the center of the stage, where, despite his incurable vacillations, his ignoble retreats and forswearings, it was reserved for him to leave an impress upon Anglicanism surpassing those left by Cromwell, Wolsey, or even the king. The Church of England as by law established, purified in her teaching and formularies, transferred to the sole headship of the Crown, which is equivalent to that of the State, severed from European Catholicism, is the monument of Thomas Cranmer. His association with the Reformation as an international event was far less admirable or intimate than that of other great Protestants. The verve and directness of Luther, the metaphysical grandeur of Calvin, the discipline of Knox, the dauntless love of freedom of Zwingli, were not in Cranmer. They were creative and irresistible; he was imitative and deferential. The mediocrity of Tudor publicists of every grade was brought about by the overwhelming prestige of the monarchy, which reached an ominous elevation, dwarfed anything that savored of constitutionalism, trampled down resistance in blood, and bequeathed to the Stuart dynasty those absolutisms which ended at Naseby and Marston Moor. In such a malignant environment a counselor who knew how to be flexible rather than firm, and to give legal color to courses which were essentially lawless, was best fitted to make trial of his times. To this gift and to his undoubted conviction that Erastianism was the only righteous method of church governance, Cranmer's success and failure can be ascribed.

He drew his origin from widely different sources, and the forces he handled had been generated long before he cooperated with Henry to bring them to bear. Grosseteste, Bracton, Ockham, Bradwardine, Fitzralph, and Wycliffe, a lineage of illustrious forbears, with whom should be mentioned that unsurpassed prophet of a lingering dawn, Marsiglio of Padua, were a unity in their reasonable opposition to Papal assumptions. But it was not until the fifteenth century that the occasion ripened when their labors could

be made effective. Then the moral anarchy rampant in high places; the deformities of the commonalty; the distortions of Christian truth and character; the insatiable craving for preferment and filthy lucre passed all bounds, and bred a corresponding dearth and disgust. Learning had fallen into disrepute. Superstition, the worm which exudes from the grave of a buried faith, was deliberately fostered by the clergy as a fertile source of gain. The depth and virulency of the decadence can be gauged by the blasphemous elevation in 1492 of the libertine Rodrigo de Borgia to the Chair of Saint Peter. He assumed the title of Alexander VI, which he rendered forever infamous. One of the vilest members of the vilest family which polluted contemporary annals, this betrayer of the Pontificate and of Christendom made his court a fountain of corruption and lechery. His illegitimate son Cæsar, who shrank from neither sacrilege nor murder, became a cardinal at the age of seventeen, and instigated the assassination of his elder brother that he might succeed him as Captain-General of the Church.

She was pale from loss of life and virtue, wounded in the house of her licentious dependents, ravaged by villains and apostates who openly boasted their skepticism. Small wonder was it that the popular appetite for betterment was sharpened in the region beyond the Alps which had accepted the Renaissance as a stupendous ethical obligation, and had paid regard to the evangel of Christ rather than to æstheticisms that mantled loathsome depravities. In Florence the philippics of Girolamo Savonarola aroused even Italy, but his impassioned entreaties could not prevail against the sensuous idolatries so dear to Latin Christianity. Ere he was silenced, however, his words had stirred the soul of John Colet, who visited Florence in or about 1494, and returned to Oxford in 1496 to begin those ever-memorable lectures on the Pauline Epistles which constituted a distinct departure from tradition. The university which had forsaken Wycliffe, and was afterward to spurn Wesley, and in turn to be spurned herself by Newman, has produced some sons of whom she was not always worthy. When Colet inaugurated his crusade, she was enamored of Aquinas and Duns Scotus. Their tenets circumscribed her thinking; her doctors were adepts in vain repetitions, and in a

logic which prospered in academic circles and withered in the open.

As Joseph Butler cleared the way for the itinerants of Methodism, so Colet's clarion call awoke the slumbering dons of his Alma Mater. Five years before Luther nailed his ninety-five theses to the church door at Wittenberg, Colet had expounded the genius of the gospel in Oxford. Warham, Fisher, Gardiner, Latimer, Tunstall and Wolsey, afterward divided and embittered, were for a space a band of kindred spirits, ardent advocates of a religious interpretation of life that neither stultified the intelligence nor stained the moral sense. Christ Church College was founded to facilitate educational advantages as a necessary preliminary to spiritual revivification. The lesson our own age is slow to learn, that such sanctification of knowledge is a pillar of the household of God, is enforced by the perusal of these earlier efforts. They were consummated in 1498, when Erasmus, the most celebrated Humanist of his era, who made Popes and Cardinals the laughing-stock of Europe, visited England and formed an enduring friendship with Colet, Warham, and Sir Thomas More. The morning of their day was fresh and strong; the evening in whose lurid shades it was to close had not yet cast an inkling on its radiance. No more fascinating character than that of Erasmus emerged from among the debris of mediævalism. And although but for Colet the Greek Testament which the magnificent scholar edited and bestowed on the world probably would never have been written, island and continent alike bowed to the preeminence of Erasmus as they did not to any other teacher.

His influence permeated the scholars and reformers of Oxford and of Cambridge. A high standard of personal morality, a pacific toleration for divergences of opinion, a repudiation of grossly materialistic accretions, a healthy distaste for the logomachies of scholasticism, a desire to welcome and spread useful ideas, and a solicitude for public order and decency—such were the traits of these disciples of Rotterdam's chief citizen. Nor have they been forfeited in the subsequent and checkered history of Anglicanism. The strength of the Establishment has always lain in its love of learning, and in the fearless and constructive thinkers it has

nourished. But the persuasiveness and light of the English Humanists and their faith in the merits of discussion were eclipsed by the execrable designs of Henry. Furthermore, it is highly doubtful if they could have overcome the paganized Papacy that catered to every base passion and nefarious scheme. It should be emphasized that the Curia which had subdued Abailard, Savonarola, and Arnold of Brescia, was the chief instrument in the disruption of the church over which Catholics of all shades utter loud lamentations to-day.

Events now moved with startling rapidity. Once Henry obtained a free course, peaceful evolution was impossible. The movement, which began, as we have seen, with auspicious omens, with culture, lawfulness, and the hope of a serene to-morrow, was finally attached to the matrimonial adventures of a bestial monarch. The reader should not be wearied with a recital of these love affairs, if indeed love had any serious part in them. The chicaneries, the excesses, the accusations, the cold and deadly penalties with which they were rife, repel a gaze that need not be too fastidious. Henry had been dubbed "Defender of the Faith" by Leo X, but when his infatuation for Anne Boleyn, a maid of honor in the entourage of Queen Catherine, provoked his qualms about the validity of his marriage to his deceased brother's wife, he renounced the Papacy, quarreled with the Emperor Charles V, and thus ended Wolsey's expectations of the Chair of Saint Peter. The reigning Pope, Clement VII, was now in a quandary. He studiously avoided offending the emperor, who dictated the Vatican policy, and he strove to appease the English king, infuriated because he could not obtain ecclesiastical warranty for the dissolution of his marriage. Wolsey was made the scapegoat, and died just in time to be delivered from his master's further cruelties. Clement was flouted, derided, and defied. At this juncture Cranmer left his university solitude and began his tortuous pilgrimage to the stake.

A student of Jesus College, a fellow there, though with an interrupted fellowship, a doctor in theology, a devoted student of the Holy Scriptures, and an ordained priest, the future Primate now found an unsuspected opening for his talents. His suggestion

to Gardiner, Henry's Secretary of State, made in 1529, that should the canonists and the universities decide against the validity of the royal marriage, the ordinary ecclesiastical courts would be competent to declare it null and void, thus rendering an appeal to Rome superfluous, was seized upon with avidity. "This man, I trow, has got the right sow by the ear," said the gratified ruler. "Let him be sent for out of hand." Upon his coming, Henry made a brave and detailed display of his scruples and of the immaculate motives which agitated his breast. Cunning as a fox, with imposing frankness and the dazzling condescension of his unapproachable rank, he wrought upon the sentimental imagination of the timid and overawed student who had leaped into perilous favor, and beguiled him with his wretched sophistries.

Cranmer went out of the presence chamber seduced by the purposes of a vindictive nature, infinitely more magnetic than his own, to enter, on the king's astute suggestion, the London house of the Earl of Wiltshire, the father of Anne Boleyn, where he prepared the briefs Henry had demanded. The young girl, for she was little more, sedulously attended him and lavished her blandishments upon a cleric who was busy writing her credentials for a throne. Others were not so easily fooled, if fooled Cranmer was. More and Fisher suffered death rather than yield to the royal mandate touching supremacy. Stephen Gardiner was too perceptive to commit himself unreservedly to the tiger at Whitehall. Those who quietly nursed their own hopes and ambitions recalled Wolsey, his height and fall, and kept away from the palace. But Cranmer was not shrewd, nor was he overbearing. He was simply unheroic, pliable, without self-reliance, clay, however fine of quality, in the grasp of the potter. Unwilling to move against the express inhibitions of his better self, yet ever and anon doing it, he resembled the rower who looks in one direction and pulls in another.

His treatise was completed by the end of 1529, and he was dispatched to Rome to ventilate the vexed issue of the divorce. In September, 1530, he was again in England; the following year once more found him at the court of the Emperor Charles as special ambassador. At Nuremburg he met the eloquent preacher

and disputatious theologian, Osiander, whose conversations intensified Cranmer's evangelical leanings. Both were anxious for reform in the Church, neither saw clearly whence it could be obtained. They were not alone in this; the wisest were befogged, and out of their perplexities arose the doctrinal divisions which saved the Papacy and checked the victorious onrush of Protestantism. The interest of Osiander's home was augmented by his comely niece, Margaret, whom Cranmer married in 1532, an occurrence which vindicated his avowal that he neither wanted nor expected the primacy, at that time restricted to celibates. Nevertheless, he was foredoomed to it, and on the death of Warham in the same year, Henry summoned him to the archiepiscopate. It was a promotion charged with the gravest risks, before which stouter hearts than that of the new archbishop might well have quailed. He had hitherto concealed his marriage, but could do so no longer. He delayed his return to England, but return was inevitable. The Pope consented to the nomination, giving the candidate the last pallium an Archbishop of Canterbury has received from Rome, and he was installed, probably with much fear and trembling, on March 30, 1533.

His oath of allegiance to the Papacy was qualified by his recorded statement that it was binding only so far as it did not run counter to his duty to the State. Under the contingent circumstances such attenuated allegiance, subject as it was to the whims and caprices of the king, was scarcely worth the breath it cost to utter it. The Pope was far away, the Curia not particularly estimable, while the monarch was nigh at hand and full of portents for Cranmer. Henry now had a servant on whom he could rely, whose mild objections could be tamed by a look, and whose skill and celerity hastened the divorce, and severed Canterbury from Rome. The Act in Restraint of Appeals was passed; by means of its articles Convocation released the king from his vows, and legitimatized the secret marriage he had already contracted in the preceding January with Anne Boleyn. Rome's threats and retaliations were of no avail; the freedom from her yoke yearned for by the Wycliffians had been won, but through channels they would have scorned. Excellent in itself, it was steeped in unblush-

ing frauds and hampered by lasting injustice. For although the subordination of the English Church to the Vatican was ended, her dependence upon the king's will again enslaved her, and the last state was almost worse than the first. Temporalities and spiritualities alike were subjected to wholesale rapine and humiliation. Of all Protestant communions, if one may still dare to call it such, Anglicanism, so tenacious of its standing and exclusive in its attitude, has had the most ignominious history. Its changes were constitutional, structural, financial, political, but decidedly not religious. The revision of liturgical offices and of doctrines came after Henry's death. So far as he was concerned, apart from the question of royal supremacy, which he employed for ulterior purposes, though not a Papal Catholic, he was a bigoted Catholic, and ever clung to the dogma of the Mass, the keystone of the arch of sacerdotalism.

Further references to Anne Boleyn, or to her successors, can be omitted without loss. Everything that could be done to rehabilitate their husband has been done by James Anthony Froude, but without disturbing the consentient verdict of right-minded men upon his squalid career. It is a decided relief to pass from the atrocious outrages of this monarch to the services Cranmer rendered the English Bible, which under an order he procured in 1538 was placed in every church and kept in a convenient spot for its reading. Another order in 1541 prescribed that the version known as the "Great" or "Cranmer's Bible," a revision of Coverdale's version with a preface by the archbishop, should be substituted for the older one. In passing, it can be noted that the translation of the psalms in "Cranmer's Bible" is still retained in the Book of Common Prayer. Notwithstanding the fluctuations of Henry's brutalities and the fact that any liberties he allowed were usually followed by commensurate reactions, the love of the Scriptures generated Puritanism in England: the Puritanism which produced those magisterial spirits who pulverized the divinities which had hedged about a king.

Next in importance to the circulation of the sacred oracles was the compilation of the Anglican creed, the Articles of which were a recrudescence rather than in any sense original, and were

afterward expanded into the present form. The liturgy received much from Roman and Genevan sources, blended with a rare beauty of holiness and reverence. It occupied the middle ground between contending factions, and has conquered all alike by its incomparable excellence as a vehicle of worship.

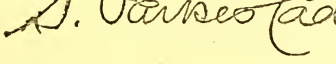
The Primate was sufficiently Protestant to oppose, though unsuccessfully, the notorious "Six Articles" forced by Henry upon an obsequious Parliament in May, 1539, and which remained unrepealed until 1547. Yet he yielded to their provisions. He put away his wife, bowed to every storm that blew, forgave insult and calumny, and witnessed the most serious violations of ethical principle in order that he might finish by means of opportunism the religious side of the work in which he was engaged. Others who had turned their back in the day of battle, or, alarmed at the excesses of an unaccustomed liberalism, endeavored to resist its flowing tides, were his constant adversaries, and spared no pains to compass his ruin. Like Cromwell, he became the object of frequent intrigues and conspiracies. The almost too radical changes of the realm when Edward VI was king, inflamed their thirst for vengeance on the chieftain of Neo-Anglicanism, who had survived Henry's tender mercies. During this period the formularies and the liturgy were completed; the book of "Twelve Homilies" was composed; the Catechism of Justice Jonas was translated from the German; peripatetic friars were excluded from churches; the manifold and extended lists of treasons and felonies enacted by Henry were abolished; the laity were admitted to the Eucharist; the clergy were permitted to marry; and in 1549, the first Prayer Book of King Edward was published. Hooker, Ridley, and Latimer basked in an interval of royal sunshine and patronage; Cranmer was predominant. But at the death of Edward, on July 6, 1553, all this passed away in the twinkling of an eye. Bonner, Gardiner, and Tunstall emerged from beneath the shadow and were brought near the throne; Cranmer, Coverdale, Hooper, Latimer, and Ridley were imprisoned. The Mass was restored, the disallowances of the previous reign annulled, the royal supremacy discarded, the pardon of the Holy See for England's offenses implored, and worst of all, the arm of persecution

bared for its direful work. These measures were expedited by the conduct of the Duke of Northumberland, who broke faith and attempted to divert the Crown to his own house in the person of his daughter-in-law, Lady Jane Grey. That innocent, lovely, and pathetic victim of the duke's lust for power suffered for his sins; the rebellion failed, and England sank to a low estate. Once Mary was triumphant, Cranmer lived solely by sufferance. He had violated his pledge to Henry that her succession should not be opposed by him, and most unforgivable of all, he had placed a stigma upon her unfortunate mother, the virtuous Princess of Aragon. He now met more than defeat, it was catastrophe. Everything seemed lost. Protestantism had gone down in the universal collapse; the archbishop's gigantic labors had vanished at a blow. In an age when men understood toleration only to despise it as a weakness, he was the first victim marked for death. Yet they hesitated until on November 25, 1555, he was pronounced contumacious by the Pope and solemnly excommunicated. If the archbishop who had been both blessed and banned at the Vatican was not to be spared, reprisals knew no clemency. He was degraded from his office in February, 1556, by a special deputation sent from Rome for the purpose. The civil authorities then took charge of him, and, face to face with the fire, he recanted in part, and again recanted wholly, repudiating his entire profession and every motive and principle which had prompted and determined his actions. The recreancy did not save him, and when his end drew near, he recovered his soul and valiantly played the man. What it cost one of his make-up to do this is beyond appraisal. Those who longed for a speedy dissolution of Protestantism were startled and chagrined by his unexpected resolution, and from that hour men predicted its revival.

On the 21st of March he was conducted to Saint Mary's Church, Oxford, the church of Newman, Pusey, Wilberforce, Manning, Mozley, and Liddon, there to repeat his recantation, and have his shame publicly branded upon him. On the contrary, his second nobler self rose up again in sublime scorn of consequence, and as one born out of due time, Cranmer boldly renounced his paltering with the faith, confessed his unalterable trust in the

reformed doctrines, and, like Saint Peter, repented bitterly and besought heaven's pardon on his sins and shortcomings. It was spring in the midst of winter for his scattered and hunted followers, the gleam and promise of another England, when Spain's fleets should lay sunken off her coasts, and Philip's vast empire totter and reel beneath the blows of the English seamen of the century. In speechless rage his foes hurried him to the stake, and there the venerable Primate thrust his right hand into the kindling flames, withdrawing it but once to wipe his brow. "This hand," said he, "hath offended." The fire blazed up; he neither spoke nor stirred again. Thus he died, and nothing became him in life so well as the way in which he left it.

In this manner passed Thomas Cranmer; "highest of all the Marian Martyrs in station, accounted lowest of all in honor," whose elegy sounds through the ages in the well-nigh perfect music of the English liturgy. His riddle is not hard to read. Beset by infirmity of moral purpose and too accommodating in nature, especially toward the Crown, of which he was nothing short of bewitched; a fearful spirit, who, like some with us now, preferred peace to righteousness; by these human traits he slipped into questionable devices, compromising paths, and inexcusable acquiescence with oppression and wrong. Nevertheless, his entire life and character should not be judged by these errors and frailties, and to make the most of them while ignoring his redeeming qualities would be a desecration rather than a just estimate. He has a great name arising out of greater darkness, and stands like a somber mountain veiled in mist on a receding shore, its apex illuminated by a single beam of splendor caught from the last ray of an expiring sun.



THOMAS HARDY AND THE ANCIENT ANGUISH OF THE EARTH

All art is necessarily reactionary; all progress is movement away from that which is most beautiful in nature and most characteristic of man. Only by initiating some form of æsthetic extravaganza, like Decadence, Symbolism, or Futurism, can the æsthetic creator keep alive. As far back as 1796, when he wrote On Naïve and Sentimental Poetry, Schiller pointed out that with the passing of Classicism poetic art was in a precarious condition, due to the fact that man has turned away from nature. Thomas Hardy expresses this same æsthetic fear when he observes how "that old-fashioned reveling in the general situation" is becoming less and less possible as man subjects nature to an ever finer analysis. Now, it is the habitual tendency of Hardy to de-modernize his mind, and thus to revel in the naïve world-order, which makes the study of his work interesting if not imperative. Unfortunately for the sincerity of his intention, Hardy carries back to the primitive order much of the reflectiveness peculiar to modern life; hence the art which should be idyllic becomes satirical. Hence the reader who takes one of the author's tremendous works in hand must divide his artistic mood in such a manner as to revel in beautifully true pictures of nature and humanity and to reflect upon the thinker's arraignment of human life as now lived among things and men.

As a reflective artist who returns to the world and man as if by supreme effort, Hardy exhibits no systematic development from book to book, nor does he take pains to advise us concerning his motives; hence the reader must gather general impressions and weave them into consistent inferences. It can hardly be overlooked that the author of the Wessex stories is troubled about the contrast between nature and humanity, vexed by the antinomy set up between the individual and society, spiteful in his opposition of Paganism and Christianity, and in despair over man's relation to God. Between these contrasted pairs, Hardy seems

to slip down into the nought. Theoretically, "man is in a quandary"; in practice, he is found "doing nothing in particular." Perhaps Hardy is only a diagnostician; certainly he does not prescribe, and to his credit be it said that he is unwilling to avoid the life-problem simply because it is difficult, just as he is averse to prescribing some false panacea for human ills. The aim of the artist is to portray the world after the manner of a realism which is usually above reproach; in this naïve spirit, he seems to envy men like Moses and Homer, whom he styles "early exhibitors of life."

When an artist makes the pathetic discovery that everything in both man and the world is really nothing, we are quite curious to know just what use he will make of his finding. Such a nihilist may be in no position to do good, but he may be persuaded to do some harm. Schopenhauer turned his pessimism into channels of contemplation and compassion; Dostoïevsky made his negations count for a tone of spiritual life almost evangelical; unlike other nihilists, Turgenieff suffered the fatal *nihil* to beautify his style and render his soul tender; Ibsen's "indignation pessimism" tended to make for reform; Strindberg felt his criticism of class-class and sex-sex to be pricks along the road he followed to Damascus; Huysmans gathered his shattered soul together under the groined arches of Chartres; Tolstoi's denials finally nailed him to the cross once occupied by the penitent thief; and even Nietzsche could not help suggesting that his was a salvation through suffering. Now, Hardy has always been noncommittal, and his reader is led to wonder whether his pastoral pessimism will ever lead him to any conclusion in either thought or deed.

Hardy can write a pretty story ("Under the Greenwood Tree") or tell a thrilling tale ("Desperate Remedies"); his pen knows the tangled paths of the plot ("The Trumpet Major"), its ink often drips with the tragic ("Far from the Madding Crowd"). But Hardy as artist-thinker reveals his ideas in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "Jude the Obscure," in "The Return of the Native" and "The Woodlanders." These last have the august setting with nature beneath, God above, and man with his humanity cast back and forth between them. In these epics, Hardy

is the artist *par excellence,* yet he cannot refrain from the modern temptation to tell a story marked by manners, moved onward by plot, and characterized by intrigues not to be expected in a seemingly age-old tale. The reader thinks first of Sophocles, then of some short-story writer, and the subtle mingling of antiquity and *fin-de-siècle* is somewhat disconcerting. This mixture of thoughtless nature and self-conscious art appears everywhere, but perhaps no more definitely than in "The Return of the Native," with its description of Eustacia. Into the features of this modern woman, Hardy seeks to read the features of Sappho; her essence is the "raw material of divinity," her possibilities of silence those of the Sphinx, her lip-curves are those of some forgotten marble, she becomes Athena or Hera. In her mentality, Eustacia leans upon William the Conqueror, Sisera, and Pontius Pilate; in heaven she shall sit between Heloise and Cleopatra. Unfortunately for the artist, Eustacia, who was fond of masquerading, shows no disposition to be transformed into the character of such august prototypes, and we behold in her a rather sentimental miss whose tendencies are exclusively modern. In trying to be a "splendid woman," Eustacia adopts the social standards of the day rather than the heroic ideals of antiquity; thus does the author suffer the painful fusion of past and present.

It is not too much to say that Hardy does the best that can be done to-day; in the midst of science and democracy, as these characterize modern physics and politics, he keeps up a strain of that genuine art which gazed so innocently at nature and humanity. The seriousness of such a literary undertaking can hardly be appreciated until one considers how a writer who has interest in the old situation, as this was reflected by the prophets of Israel and the tragic poets of Greece, contents himself with imitations which end in mere parodies, while one who affects to believe in the modern aspect of things and men disavows any connection with the old order. Hardy is pledged to both past and present; he believes in both the grand and the commonplace. Milton succeeded in uniting the primitive with the Puritanism of his own day, Goethe effected the fusion of our Romanticism with the old Classicism, while both Wagner and Ibsen read the

contemporary social situation into Scandinavian mythology. Hardy has the disadvantage of coming later than these artists, and then, since he employs prose and the novel as his medium, he is forced to do what was not incumbent upon these others; that is, create that illusion of reality whence the reader will believe that the thing actually took place. Russian realism can accomplish this miracle of turning water into old wine, since Slavonic life still rejoices in simplicity and is still innocent of modernness; but English realism seeks to reflect a scene of things in which the individual is decidedly self-conscious and self-willed, whence the extraordinary difficulty of Hardy's leading motive.

The attempt at grandeur which appears in the greatest of Hardy's works is no pretense on the part of the author, but a downright endeavor to survey life in its *largesse;* where another pensmith offering his products to the better magazines is content to tell a story which at best is only suburban, Hardy persists in keeping up the appearance of grand reality. In this attempt, his "failures" are more valuable and entertaining than the petty triumphs of the conventional author who, like Howells and Henry James, fancies that great fish may be caught in shallow waters, that big game can be found in the vicinity of summer resorts. Hardy moves out into the deeps and the jungles; if he bag but little, his adventure has a value in itself. That great thing which was done in the Pentateuch and Apocalypse, in the Rik Veda and Avesta Zend, where man and the world were grasped in their totality, is not so easily wrought in one of Hardy's novels, for modern wood-pulp cannot bear the weight of the grand message once writ on tough parchment. The stars will not cluster about us moderns or the earth-scroll unwrap before our feet as was the habit of earth and sky before man became the modern upstart.

In "Two on a Tower" Hardy attempts to survey human character and activity under the form of the blue. Upon the astronomer's tower, a dreamy youth with deathless interest in the skies and a delicious woman who has no definite desires upon earth meet at the moment when the sun is experiencing a cyclone. "Will it make any difference to us here?" timidly inquires Vivette Constantine of her destined lover. In the lives of the ill-starred

pair, there were to be catastrophes not unlike those under whose baneful influence the whole creation oft groaneth and travaileth in pain, but the artist fails to establish any stipulated astrological connection between disasters celestial and terrestrial, while the stars in their courses refuse to fight either for or against Swithin St. Cleeve. Above the fine heads of these moderns, the youthful man and experienced woman of the world, appear Sirius, Capella, and the Swan; beneath their feet the bones of paleolithic dead men; but the ideas and motives of these two living ones fail to draw from above and below for their inspiration. It is true that Swithin and Vivette do have at least one grand mood when their souls are drawn starward, it is undeniable that their astronomical enlightenment induces a sense of human infinitesimality, but instead of taking the hint from the heavens the pair behave much like other amorous moderns who enjoy no lingering connection with the remotest past. After Mme. Vivette has learned enough of the skies to feel their "dignity," which turns to "grandeur," then becomes "solemnity," only to pass on to "awfulness" and "ghastliness," she draws the youthful astronomer away from "macrocosmic magnitudes" to look after a microcosmic item—her husband, who seems to have imitated the planets in his mysterious movements from the jungles of Africa to the streets of London. The actual story cannot stand the ideal strain.

Just how Hardy, or any other author who takes the sublime as his point of departure, should make his people behave is not easy to imagine, since we have no principles of modern mythology; but the reader is quite conscious that the actual performances of the two who have learned their lesson from the skies are quite terrestrial. With all his unearthly interests, young Swithin knows how to court, and his perfect human love casts out celestial fear. Like Lucifer he falls from his one-time heights, but so sound is he that one must imagine his descent was from no great height after all. From the eternal and infinite silence of the spheres, the astronomer is disturbed by the rattle of an inexpensive coral bracelet which his beloved has so carelessly left upon his couch; equal to the mental task of explaining star-phenomena, Swithin is not so well equipped in moral matters, and he "who had soared

amid the remotest grandeurs of nature had been taken to task on a rudimentary question of morals, which had never been a question to him at all." Furthermore, after Swithin, in his trip to the southern hemisphere, had learned something more about poor earth, he is no mood to marry his sad Vivette, who avails herself of the usual device of fiction and dies.

The more earnest reader of Hardy's best books will naturally receive the shock which is ready for all those who lay their precious hands on "Jude the Obscure." Like Ibsen in "Ghosts," Hardy must have felt that it was due him to indite such an arraignment of things in general; the reader of such works accepts the general impression of strength which they convey, but is unable to pass the usual judgments of true-false, good-bad, beautiful-ugly. "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is similarly intense, but then "Tess" is a beautiful story. Hardy is sure to win more and more readers for these commanding works. Of greater import are "The Return of the Native" and "The Woodlanders"; in the one is found the essential philosophy of the realist, in the other his art is most apparent. The four novels mentioned compose Hardy's great square; they are unified works in which God, man, and the world look from one to another and strive with one another. In other and lesser tales, like "Two On a Tower" and "A Pair of Blue Eyes," there is a touch of the cosmic with its astronomical and geological attributes, but it is only so much cosmic seasoning; in the novels of the great squares, humanity, heaven, and earth are seen at the vanishing-point of the artist's perspective.

"Tess's" story has oft been told in drawing-rooms and women's clubs and has elicited its due measure of sighs and tears; but has its implicit rationale received its merited attention? Although Hardy professes to believe in the past with its mythological and heraldic glory, he tells his Tess story in such a manner as to show that the inheritance of the past, whether by blood or memory, is necessarily blighting, for it was the change of name from the modern "Derbyfield" to the ancient "D'Urbervilles" that wrought havoc in the provincial household. Now, the discovery that the Derbyfields were of the past whence they had descended from nobility should have been the redemption and rehabilitation of

the decrepit domicile; not that Hardy has any aristocratic itch, but because he seems to love and believe in the life-intuition of those who once lived simply and nobly. The heavens are again pressed into the service of Hardy's pessimism. In the early morning ride to market, Tess's younger brother blinks at the sinking stars, and becomes anxious to establish some analogy between the far-off orbs and the all-too-obvious earth. To his question as to whether the stars are habitated worlds like our own, Tess replies, "I don't know, but I think so. They sometimes seem to be like apples on our stubbard tree. Most of them are splendid and sound —a few blighted." Then, of course, the question arises concerning the quality of earth; is it a splendid or a blighted star, and when Tess ventures the suggestion that it is among the few unsound orbs, she cannot bring her brother to see why, with so many to choose from, man should have been so thoughtless as to have hit upon a bad one. Later on in her career, when Tess adorns the pasture as a dairy-maid, she seems to her lover, Angel Clare, to fear lest the milk turn sour, when in reality her feeling is genuine *Weltschmerz* under whose influence she consents to the proposition, "This hobble of being alive is rather serious." It is the Spanish skepticism of Calderon over again—

> Pues el delito mayor
> Del hombre es haber nacido.

The great Bad consists in being born; or, as Hardy expresses it, "You shall be born." The Ganges and Guadalquivir and Volga know such moods, but do they hover over the busy Thames? Hardy constantly transcends British traditions, so why should he subscribe to British optimism? According to Hardy's æsthetic intuition, nature minus man were satisfactory, or simple nature as the habitat of naïve men might be endurable; but when over-scientific nature gathers itself around over-civilized man the great catastrophe is not far off.

The æsthetico-dialectical effect which Hardy produces in "The Return of the Native" is brought about most definitely when the artist indulges in descriptions of Egdon Heath, Egdon in contrast to Paris. The pen of the artist follows the traditions of

Rembrandt and later painters of the *genre*. The *qui vive* and versatility of Paris stand out in pathetic contrast to the monotony of the heath. When the native, who knew his Paris and would learn anew the meaning of his one-time Egdon, walked abroad upon the heath, it was as though the soul were in the world of the carboniferous period, wherein plants were few and fernlike; insects and reptiles were there, but no bud or blossom or bird. Monotonous and oppressive in its horizontality, the heath bore out the plan of that equality which knows neither superior nor inferior. When Clement Yeobright threatens his eyesight by the excessive study due to his desire to teach important things to plain people, he becomes one with the heath on which he follows the occupation of turf and furze cutter. If it be true that the master shows himself in the midst of limitation, Clement the native shows his mastery of life by means of the almost microscopic narrowness which made up the sphere of his activities. Bees hum about his ears, butterflies hover about his bended body and sport with the glimmering point of his pruning hook, grasshoppers tumble over his feet, while flies buzz about him not knowing that he is man. All creeping and flying things seem to "enroll him in their band"; blue and yellow snakes glide among the fernbrakes, and young rabbits sport upon the hillocks where the sun shone red through their thin ears. To regress from the highest point of modern European civilization to the simplest beginnings of life is the movement by which Hardy would place man in a world otherwise impossible.

Because of his aptitude for the naïve, Hardy turns his realistic lamp upon another place in his "Wessex," the quandom land of Lear; this is the Hintock of "The Woodlanders." In such a sequestered spot as this, there was more passivity than action, while the reasoning begotten of such meditativeness proceeded from narrow premises to imaginative conclusions. In Hintock were enacted "dramas of a grandeur and unity truly Sophoclean by virtue of the concentrated passions and closely knit interdependence of the lives therein." Here a woman's face might wear a fullness of expression due to solitude, while man will pass from idea to act without following the tortuous path of calculating consciousness. Humanity is near nature, and man not far from

the kingdom of selfhood. Giles Winterborne, the hero, is a native who has not interpolated as a mean between the extremes of nature and civilization a residence in a great civic center; the trees know him and for him the tendrils will take root and flourish when other fingers fail. It is Grace Melbury, the heroine, who plays the part of the returned native, and, like young Yeobright, she is called upon to learn that consciousness and culture, manners and civilization really unfit one for actual life in the world. At the same time, Hintock, not to be outdone by the city, enjoys its own code of propriety, and it is "cruel propriety" which prevents the lover from seeking shelter in the cabin with the maid and forces him to endure the nocturnal storm. In the sophisticated Dr. Fitzpiers is found a devotee of Hardy's own doctrine that "everything is nothing." Taken together, "The Native" and "Woodlanders" are pieces of idealized reality which are without superior in the whole world of letters.

In "Jude the Obscure," nature, society, and Christianity come up for criticism, and as the Lamb is to be the Judge of all flesh so the sense of Pity is to pass upon arrangements of things and organizations of persons. At the outset, the reader who knows his Hardy is likely to entertain considerable suspicion as to the artist's ability to touch the note of tenderness; because, first of all, British pity is an expression in which the adjective seems to contradict the noun. Dickens is there with laughter and tears, but his art does not succeed in accomplishing anything like a classic *katharsis* of the soul. Were it the novel of Russian realism, and were the pen in the hand of Dostoïevsky, Turgenieff, or even Gorky, the success of the pathetic undertaking were promising if not assured. Indeed, in "Crime and Punishment," Dostoïevsky makes one of his most miserable characters assert that, in England, science has made pity a forbidden thing. Both Thomas Hardy and George Moore have sought to transcend the impassability of English art, but when the author of "Esther Waters" suggests that his novel was written less to show the evils of horse racing and more to prove that all human beings are deserving of pity, we feel that he is better in his pictures of the track and the condition of the racer than he is when he comes to describe life and its misery.

Hardy makes his own task more difficult when the quality of mercy which he will depict is to be Buddhistic in its combination of compassion and enlightenment. "Be kind to animals and birds, and read all you can"; such was the advice which Jude receives from the schoolmaster. Now, Wagner in "Parsival" was hardly convincing and moving when he took up the theme of enlightened sympathy.

Jude invites the rooks to feast upon the corn when he had been hired by the farmer to keep the birds from the harvest; in the temporary capacity as butcher, Jude kills the pig instanter instead of improving the pork by letting the creature bleed to death; and when it comes to parting with his household effects, that which causes the greatest wrench at his heart is the sale of his pet pigeons to the poulterer. Such susceptibility makes Jude somewhat critical in his contemplation of nature, where what seems "good for God's birds is bad for God's gardener." Hardy is eminently able to describe the cruelty which should evoke the strain of pity, but he cannot force his logic from its melancholy premises to its merciful conclusion. Furthermore, the pessimism of Hardy will not give place to that Paganism which he affects to exalt. Jude and Susanna, who have all but done with the church and who put away Jude's *Kainē Diathēkē* and bring forth Sue's Greek gods done in plaster, run the risk of Julian the Apostate when they attempt to make a religion of joy. Originally under the fond impression that nature gives man instincts that man may be joyful, at the sight of their oldest child, who, after hanging his brother and sister, takes his own life, they feel that "they were fools to take nature at her own word." Then the old British "First Cause," which is Hardy's only God, must likewise answer for this tragedy to the artist; The-Power-Not-Ourselves seems like a somnambulist whose eyes are closed to possibilities of suffering in the objects against which it stumbles. In the midst of the infinite pain, the organ of the college chapel plays the music of the anthem—"Truly God is good to Israel," but even this appeal, which is made much after the manner of the chorus in Greek tragedy, fails to impart the all-needed instruction.

The pessimism of "Jude" is disinterested and relentless;

society which man has made is no kinder to its subjects than the world of nature and nature's god. Because of his scientific and social skepticism, Hardy deserves to be read to-day, when science natural and social has become a fixed idea. As Jude takes the stand against nature, Susanna raises her voice against the social order, attitudes quite alien to men and women in general. Herself a negation of the social order, as many of Ibsen's women are, Sue leads Jude to see that there is something awry in social formulas, especially where the matrimonial contract is concerned. Hardy's spite against the social contract is great enough when he brings Jude and Sue together in defiance of matrimonial regulations, but he makes a bad matter worse when he changes the scene in such a manner as to return the woman to her lawful husband, the man to his equally lawful wife. Repentance is made to appear worse than sin, straight less obvious than crooked. To those who know Ibsen, this plausible turning the tables of stone will occasion no surprise; since the transmutation of values involved is only a symptom of that moral restlessness which we feel in an age of "social ethics" with its smug utilitarian sanctions.

In adopting the role of irreligionist, Hardy is not quite as advanced as those Continental writers who have turned away from traditional Christianity. Does one hear Ibsen and Nietzsche, Strindberg and Gorky using eighteenth century language or lisping agnosticism? Perhaps, after all, Hardy's pessimism is not as profound as its author wishes it to be; unwilling to credit God, he is loath to discredit reason. In this half-heartedness, Hardy makes Angel Clare repeat the worn-out tale of amateur atheism to the effect that the Sermon on the Mount is morally commendable, when in reality it is a tremendous program of free, enlightened spiritual life; at the same time he rings in decrepit Bayle and feeble Huxley as if they could help him establish his mild negations. On no such meat does rabid irreligion feed. Furthermore, Hardy is still fumbling with creeds; thus, when Tess and Angel Clare wander through the ruins of the Cistercian Abbey behind the mill, "the mill still worked on, food being a perennial necessity; the abbey had perished, creeds being transient." Hardy's aesthetic opposition to Christianity is much more trenchant. He lets Jude

incline toward ecclesiasticism, because the church suggests scholarship and Gothic architecture, but Sue comes upon the scene bearing in her arms nude statues of Apollo and Venus. When it comes to a tête-a-tête with her lover, Sue prefers the railway station to the cathedral, since the church has had its day, while she advises her architectural hero to turn from the Gothic to the Corinthian. To Jude, Susanna appears as a young woman one might meet in the Via Sacra talking with Octavia or watching Phidias chiseling away upon some Venus. The doom which hung over Sue's family suggests either the cloud over the house of Atreus or the fate of Jeroboam's. Hardy cannot quite decide which is the more suggestive; his style is colored by both mythology and revelation, and it is not the Pagan model which impresses him the more.

Without attempting to frame a conception of Godhead, Hardy inclines to view the Deity as more of a cosmic Demiurge toiling amidst the stubbornness of disobedient things. In this he is not far from the activistic views of James and Bergson, who appreciate the work of the Deity militant without being cheered by any vision of the Deity triumphant. "Human beings," says Hardy, "in their generous endeavor to construct a hypothesis that shall not degrade a first cause, have always hesitated to conceive a dominant power of lower moral quality than their own." But does Hardy thus hesitate? Does he not rather abandon all wistful transcendentalism, and suffer his thought to frame the idea of Godhead more like the "somnambulist" than the "sage"? When Tess was on the very edge of her life's crisis, the pessimist puts forth the query, "Where was the providence of her simple faith? Perhaps, like that other god of whom the ironical Tishbite spoke, he was talking, or he was pursuing, or he was on a journey, or peradventure he was sleeping and was not to be awakened." The special form which this Deity assumes is that of fate upon which Hardy places the responsibility for all the minutiæ of an ordinary individual's most ordinary acts. This device, so well known to a tragic poet like Sophocles, is fairly plausible when the artist is thinking of a grand personality like Oedipus performing some major work in an august, classic world; less convincing does it appear when fate is expected to play the part of a democratic Deity and thus provide

junctures like the closing of a door in a thatched cottage whence a most humble individual receives the false impression which is her ultimate undoing. A Christian Providence, with its concern for ravens and sparrows, might be expected to descend to such trifles, but a classic fate with its aristocratic prejudices is not so easily enlisted. Furthermore, modern fate shows its perpetual interest in the type, while the specimen of the species seems never to elicit its attention, so that we are always puzzled to make out just how Hardy as an individualistic modern writer is able to make his fated plots plausible.

But the worst flaw in the art of this writer, who has gone into things more deeply and described the world more beautifully than is the case with the usual modern novelist, is a pessimism which has no pity about it. Let the writer proceed optimistically and he is responsible for no sense of sympathy, he does not need even to rejoice with those who rejoice; but when he turns pessimist, it is incumbent upon him to weep with those who weep. Like Dostoievsky, although not in the same degree of pathos and bathos, Hardy is able to portray a tragic situation; but, unlike the Russian realist, he is not acquainted with grief, whence he can only stand at a distance, behold and describe that which is racking his hero or heroine. Russian realism leaves not its sufferer solitary, but the writer takes his place beside the afflicted one, who does not tread the wine-press alone. Lack of sympathy is also lack of insight, whence it may be concluded that Hardy, with all the metaphysical merits of his art, has not wholly succeeded in touching the human soul in its paradoxical and painful exhibition of life on earth.

Charles Gray Shaw

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE—WHAT IT WAS, IS, AND SHOULD BE

The Conference idea in Methodism was inaugurated by the Reverend John Wesley. Soon after he started his evangelistic movement, and had gathered around and under him a body of ministers and preachers, he realized the importance of bringing them together for the purpose of consultation in regard to the work in which they were mutually engaged. So he called them together to confer with him, and coming together for this purpose they constituted the Conference. He did not invite them to meet him in a body to direct him or to make laws for the growing societies, but merely to confer. They heard him, and gave their views, but he, as the recognized head of the movement, made the decisions. They were merely a Conference without legislative power, and as many as came together became the Conference, and those present became the quorum. Thus was established a principle, which has held ever since in Methodistic Conferences; namely, that the quorum was not a fixed number, but that as many as came together to confer constituted the quorum, a principle that has persisted in all Conferences in American Methodism with a single exception.

The original Wesleyan idea of the Conference was carried across the Atlantic and incorporated into the practice of Wesley's American followers, and the American preachers conferred in their Conferences, but the deciding was done by Mr. Wesley or his agent, called the Assistant, or General Assistant, and for the most of the time by Francis Asbury as the representative of Wesley. A radical change, however, took place in the year 1784. Then the Reverend Thomas Coke, D.C.L., had come to America with the plan for the reorganization of the work in the United States of America, which plan included Wesley's designation of Doctor Coke and Francis Asbury as the superintendents of the new organization. Mr. Asbury, however, declined to take that high office at the will of Mr. Wesley, but proposed that the preach-

ers be called together and then, if they selected him, he would serve in that capacity. The Conference was summoned and met in the Christmas season of 1784 in the city of Baltimore, elected Doctor Coke and Francis Asbury to be their superintendents, or bishops, and organized the Methodist Episcopal Church. The decision of Asbury and the action of the assembled preachers did two things: First, they modified the absolute power of Mr. Wesley in America; and, second, they established legislative power over the Church in the Conference of the preachers. This organizing body of 1784 was composed of the preachers generally and in this sense was a general Conference, and may be called the first General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America.

In contradistinction to this general assembly, there were yearly gatherings of the preachers at designated points, which places were selected because of local convenience, for the sake of economy of time as well as of money, and to prevent long absences of the preachers from their fields of labor, and these yearly gatherings crystallized into Annual Conferences. These were divisions for territorial convenience but the body of the ministry was a unit, and, hence, the determining power as to a proposition was not in a single ministerial group, but was vested in the whole body or mass of the ministry, and it was the vote of the ministry in general that decided and ruled, and that combined expression was the voice of the Church. This action might be taken by passing the proposition around from one yearly gathering to another until all were consulted, but the preachers generally could come together in one place, and this combined gathering was a General Conference.

Soon, however, there developed a conflict of policies in the young Church. Bishop Asbury believed in a highly concentrated authority, and devised a plan for centering power in the Bishop and the Presiding Elders, the Bishop's appointees, and this body was called The Council. Bishop Coke, being more democratic, favored the diffusion of power among the mass of the ministry, and this the preachers generally wanted. An appeal was made to Bishop Coke, and it was through his great influence that there was estab-

lished a General Conference that would meet at regular intervals. The General Conference idea existed before, but to Bishop Coke is due the credit of giving the Church the quadrennial General Conference fixed by law in the economy of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In this way it came about that a General Conference met in 1792, and it was agreed that one would meet thereafter regularly once in a quadrennium.

This quadrennial General Conference was composed of all the regular ministers in the Annual Conferences. No one required an election to a particular General Conference. The fact that the individual was in the Annual Conference gave him membership in the General Conference, so that the body of the ministry still possessed the sovereign power though they exercised it through the quadrennial General Conference, and the primary or sovereign power continued in the ministerial eldership in the Annual Conferences for many years.

This kind of a quadrennial General Conference went on down to, and included, the General Conference of 1808. Then the General Conference of that year, which contained the body of the ministry and, hence, possessed the sovereign power, and, therefore, could act for the Church according to its own judgment and pleasure, made a most radical change in the composition and power of future General Conferences.

In the new kind of General Conference the members still had to be ministers in the membership of Annual Conferences, but the individual member had to be elected or selected by his own Annual Conference before he was entitled to a seat in the quadrennial body. This representation was to be proportionate to the number of electors in each Annual Conference, and, so, instead of being the general body it had been, it became the delegated quadrennial General Conference.

The ministry in the Annual Conferences, however, did not give up its final sovereign power. The body of the ministry still retained the sovereignty, but it gave to its representatives composing the delegated General Conference certain delegated but limited powers. It never gave supreme power to the delegated General Conference, but gave only a small portion of the power

that had belonged to the former General Conference. It gave the new General Conference the right to make the statute laws under the head of "rules and regulations," but placed all its power, and its very existence, under certain "restrictions and limitations."

That there might be no misunderstanding, all these things were specified in a formal document drawn up and adopted by the body of the ministry assembled in the General Conference of 1808. This document was the written constitution of the General Conference and also a part of the constitution of the whole Church.

The delegated General Conference then created did not make the constitution but was made by it, and of itself could not unmake it. The General Conference, therefore, could not change or go contrary to this constitution. It had no right to do what in the restrictions it was forbidden to do, and it could not do what it was not empowered to do. In other words, the delegated General Conference had only limited powers while the ultimate authority remained with the body of the ministry in the Annual Conferences. So the delegated General Conference provided for in 1808 was a very different kind of a body from the older and the original General Conference.

The restrictions protected the representation, the doctrines of the Church, the Episcopacy, the General Rules, the right of formal trial and appeal, the use of the profits of the publishing house, and the income from the Chartered Fund, for the traveling, supernumerary, superannuated, and worn-out preachers, and their wives, widows, and children, and, of course, the process for amending the constitution of the Church, and these limitations involved many details.

After 1808 changes of more or less importance were constitutionally made in the constitution. In 1856 there was proposed in the General Conference, and later agreed to in the Annual Conferences, the only change ever made in the restriction protecting the episcopacy. This was an amendment permitting the General Conference to elect a Missionary Bishop for a foreign mission to which his episcopal jurisdiction was limited.

In 1872 a radical change was made in the composition of

the General Conference by the admission of a minority representation from the laity. In 1900 laymen were admitted in numbers equal to the ministerial delegates from the Annual Conferences. The constitution did not provide for this, but the Lay Electoral Conferences elected delegates in addition to the constitutionally authorized number and called them provisional delegates. There was no law providing for the election of such a class of delegates, and the constitution gave no permission to the General Conference to admit any parties not recognized by, or provided for, by the constitution of the Church. It was, therefore, plainly an unconstitutional act.

Subsequently, however, under the new constitution, agreed to by the General Conference of 1900, and adopted by the Annual Conferences, it was thereafter made constitutional to have as many lay delegates as there were ministerial delegates from each Annual Conference.

Under the constitution of 1900, which is the present constitution of the Church, the General Conference has no more power than the General Conferences under the constitution of 1808, as amended from time to time, and which was in force down to and including the General Conference of 1900. It remained, and still is, the delegated quadrennial General Conference, and though a share of the sovereign power was given to the Lay Electoral Conferences, the General Conference continued under the restraint of the same limitations.

The rights of the Church as to doctrines, episcopacy, trial, and appeal, the use of specified funds, and other particulars, were protected against action by the General Conference under the new as they were under the older constitution.

Under the present constitution, the General Conference, of and by itself, cannot change the doctrines or the formularies of doctrine as they existed in 1808. It cannot change in any way the episcopacy as it was in 1808, and amended by the act of 1856, directly or indirectly, or adopt anything that is different from, or modifies, the plan of the itinerant general superintendency as it was in 1808. It cannot, therefore, make the bishops local rather than general, or settled rather than itinerant, or restricted

to a limited section rather than for the whole United States of America.

The General Conference cannot of and by itself interfere with the episcopacy, though it may deal with an individual bishop, but only under and according to the constitution and the constitutional law of the Church, and with a full recognition of all his legal and equitable rights as a bishop, a minister, and a man, and not otherwise.

It may deal with him as an individual Bishop for going contrary to the law relating to the constitutional episcopate, but it cannot deal with him for acting according to the constitutional episcopacy, for to do so with individual Bishops, or Bishops individually, would be to interfere with the plan of the episcopacy, and to destroy the constitutional episcopacy in whole or part, which, under the restriction of the constitution, the General Conference has no right to do.

The General Conference cannot of and by itself change or interfere with the restrictive protection of the right of trial and appeal, and it has no right to formally or informally try or permit to be tried one against whom there are no legal charges, but it must maintain the right of trial and appeal where there are formal allegations against a party in the church, and must guarantee to the one complained of the right to hear the complaint, to face his accuser, and also to hear all that is said in the case, and nothing must be permitted to go before the court and jury without the accused hearing, seeing, and knowing it, and being given the right and opportunity to answer and make defense, and, in addition, the General Conference must maintain the right of appeal with all the protection of the forms of law and the principles of equity, and must not permit anyone to be deprived of any of these safeguards because of the assertion that the proceeding is not a legal trial though the party is actually or practically accused of some error or wrong-doing, and the General Conference must not permit anyone to suffer from the infliction of anything in the nature of a penalty or any deprivation where due process of law has not been observed.

But, it may be asked, who shall judge as to the constitution-

ality of a proposition before the General Conference, or of an act passed by that body? Is the General Conference the judge, and the only judge, as to the constitutionality of its acts? Can it do as it pleases, even to the violation and the breaking down of the constitution? These are vital questions.

In the first place it must seem incredible that, under a constitutional government, a body which owes its very existence to the constitution could do violence to and destroy that constitution, and that if the attempt was made there was no possible check upon that destructive force.

Certainly any delegate may challenge the constitutionality of any proposition presented to the General Conference. It is equally plain that the intelligence of the General Conference should be invoked to construe the constitution accurately. It would seem reasonable also that the bishops, who are the presiding officers of the body and the permanent law-officers of the Church, have a right to raise a question as to the constitutionality of a proposed measure presented to the General Conference or acted upon by that body. It is the duty of the bishop in the chair to pass upon points of parliamentary procedure and it would seem still more important that he should call attention to the unconstitutionality of a proposition.

If, however, the General Conference does an unconstitutional thing, is there no way of correcting the error? Should it happen that a General Conference has done violence to the organic law and so to a greater or less extent has shaken the very foundations of the Church, and, perchance, infringed upon the rights of individuals and subjected them to injury or loss in some particular, is that the end? Must everybody submit without any effort being made to right the wrong?

The General Conference is not supreme. It is not above the constitution but is the creature of the constitution. The constitution is above the General Conference, and the Church is above both, for it was the Church's sovereign power that made both. At the same time the Church through its sovereign power has put both the General Conference and itself under the constitution.

The General Conference is not supreme and has no right to

do as it pleases by a majority, a two thirds, or a unanimous vote, unless it pleases to do that which is in conformity with the constitution and laws of the Church.

Superficial thinkers have said that the General Conference is the sole judge of the constitutionality of its own acts, but saying that does not make it so. The whole Church is above the General Conference and under some circumstances, and in some way, it might pronounce judgment even on an act of a General Conference.

In 1820 an action in regard to electing presiding elders was challenged by Joshua Soule, a bishop-elect. The Board of Bishops pronounced the act unconstitutional and the senior, Bishop McKendree, announced the judgment to the General Conference, whereupon it suspended the action. Then Bishop McKendree submitted the question to the Annual Conferences and they held that the act was unconstitutional, whereupon the following General Conference receded from the former position.

This might have been done, if there had been further occasion, any time after that down to the adoption of the present constitution and to the present day. Had there been an unconstitutional or illegal act by a General Conference an appeal could have been taken to the Annual Conferences, the source of power, or the Annual Conferences themselves could have taken the initiative and in effect suspended or nullified the unconstitutional or illegal act of the General Conference, partly on the ground that the General Conference in violating the constitution had not fulfilled its trust and had not kept its contract with the body of the ministry in the Annual Conferences, the original seat of the sovereign power in the Church. Under the present constitution of the Church the same principle would apply, only that now it would have to be extended to the Lay Electoral Conferences.

The General Conference is not the Church but the servant of the Church, and there must be some way by which the Church can consider, nullify, or reverse an unconstitutional act by the General Conference. Otherwise the constitutionally limited General Conference might by revolutionary action usurp the powers of the whole Church, which legally is incredible.

The appeal here suggested is not the only course under the stated circumstances. Thus an individual who believed himself to have been illegally injured or unconstitutionally wronged by a General Conference could carry his case into the civil courts and the civil court would hear his appeal or complaint. If the General Conference had acted in violation of the constitution or the statute law of the Church, and that were shown, the court would intervene and right the wrong, for while the courts may not interfere where a Church acts according to its law, the court will not permit an ecclesiastical body to do as it pleases regardless of its own law, and, particularly, it will not permit it to work an injury to an individual member contrary to the Church law.

A case having been presented, the court will consider the facts and right the wrong. Thus where a member has been deprived of membership, some position, or other right, by illegal process, against the law of the Church, the court will reinstate the individual and restore the right. In this way where a member has been illegally deprived of membership the court has reinstated the party.

To resort to these methods some may think should be regretted, but it is not to be regretted so much as the acts which make such recourse necessary. The thing to be regretted would be that there was any occasion for an appeal to the whole Church or to the civil courts.

If it should happen that a General Conference did violate the constitution or did illegally wrong an individual, those would be the things to be regretted and not the attempt to protect the Church and right the illegal injury done the member. It is to be hoped that unconstitutional acts will not be done by any General Conference, but, if they are done, then the rights of the whole Church must be asserted and protected, and the wrong done the individual must be righted, even if an appeal must be taken to the sovereign power of the Church, or to the courts of the land. Justice and equity and the good name of the denomination demand it. Of course a General Conference may right its errors or those of a preceding General Conference.

In these latter years there is, on the part of not a few, a grow-

ing tendency to imagine that the General Conference can, on an impulse and by a majority vote, do as it pleases even to overriding the constitution, or refusing to recognize the existence of any constitution whatever, or by disregarding the rights of individuals.

This notion needs to be corrected without delay, and all should be taught to remember that there is over the General Conference a constitution which greatly limits it, so that it is restrained in more than it has permission to do. It can make "rules and regulations," but, in doing so, it is regulated by "restrictions and limitations" which have a very broad scope, so that, far from being omnipotent, the General Conference is an exceedingly limited body.

The General Conference of the present time, notwithstanding its marked limitations, is a great and widely representative body, but it is not more powerful than the General Conferences that met under the constitution of 1808, and nothing like as powerful as the General Conferences that met before 1812. Then the General Conference was unlimited, but now it is a delegated body, only empowered to act under certain authorizations, qualified by certain comprehensive and binding restrictions.

In its composition it is made up of clerical delegates, with an equal number of lay delegates, having equal rights in speaking, voting, and presenting propositions, and the delegates reveal a great variety of characteristics, varying in ability, skill, and experience, but making an average which has been regarded as quite high.

As compared with the older General Conferences, the average to-day, in some particulars, is not quite equal to the General Conferences of earlier times. Even if the average individual may in a general sense be equal, or superior, to the average delegate of former days, nevertheless in the matter of technical training for the work of such a body and knowledge of ecclesiastical affairs, the average is not as high as in the older General Conferences, and, so, in the Church generally there is on the average much less knowledge of the history and the polity of the Church, and even of its doctrines, than in former generations, though there may be no discount in the matter of general intelligence, and that lack

is likely to show itself, and does show itself in the lower average technical preparation of the representatives.

There is not as much real debating as was the case in the older General Conferences. Remarks are made, assertions are uttered, and favorable or antagonistic tones are used, but this is not debating, for there is little analysis, little comparison of views, little proof and as little disproof, which elements are necessary in argument. This disappearance of debate is one of the alarming facts connected with the Conferences, for it suggests a lack of scrutiny which raises a suspicion of indifference or a failure to realize responsibility, and lack of discussion is more dangerous than excessive loquacity.

The recent General Conferences have often ceased to be deliberative. With the lack of debate there has been a lack of consideration. Decisions are made in haste and the body has been rushed to conclusions with little or no time to think calmly and carefully. The rush that prevents reflection defeats the essential purposes of the body, so that it ceases to be deliberate, and when it ceases to be a deliberative and debating body it ceases to be a true Conference. This pressure has sometimes gone so far as to prevent debate upon reports and to force their adoption without their being read to the body, and this tendency has been intensified by the too frequent use of the previous question and by the improper use of the motion to lay on the table as an intended finality.

The great size of the body has something to do with such conditions. The General Conference has at last become numerically too large and it is rapidly increasing in size. The body is too large even for a good sized Church, and that has led to the selection of very large rooms with immense galleries, and so halls, armories, opera houses, and similar buildings have been utilized to accommodate the Conference. This is also done for spectacular and financial reasons.

Then the large size of the body and the immense size of the room make speaking and hearing difficult, interfere with the ease and effectiveness of the work, and are provocative of excitement and confusion. Plainly, when one third of the body cannot hear

distinctly or participate with ease, the body is at least one third too large. Then when the great mass deters the individual of average modesty from speaking on the floor, the body is practically put under the control of a few persons, who may sweep the house along according to their own sweet will, the body being practically helpless because of its bulkiness.

What the General Conference should be is partly foreshadowed in what already has been stated.

In the first place the General Conference should be made up of carefully selected and well-qualified delegates, chosen because of their general fitness and their special preparation for the work of such a body. They should have a general fitness through their Christian character, their high intelligence, and their ability and skill in a deliberative body, and they should have a special preparation by their broad and accurate knowledge of the history, the established traditions and usages, and the doctrines of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and by their knowledge of its polity, its constitution, and its statute law, and they themselves should be not only law-knowing but also law-abiding.

In the operations of a body like the General Conference much depends upon the work of its committees. Care, therefore, must be taken in their organization, and the members of a committee should be on their guard against the shrewd manager who seeks to put "his man" in the chairmanship, for if he succeeds he might have practical control of the committee through the chairman he has made.

One should be elected chairman because of his impartiality and his known ability in presiding, and not because of mere popularity. Further, the same man should not be elected chairman of the same committee Conference after Conference, for that might develop a dictator, which would be dangerous to the body, and not fair treatment of equally able or perhaps superior men who might otherwise be chosen.

For a similar reason, the same men should not from time to time be put on the same sub-committees, because it gives them an unfair opportunity to dominate the sub-committees, perpetuate personal policies, and, perchance, determine the destinies of indi-

viduals. So there is need of rotation in the chairmanships and in the composition of sub-committees.

The attendance on the committees should be less fluctuating. Now it is possible for the smaller delegations to be represented on a number of the great committees meeting at the same time, and, as they cannot attend them all on the same day, it is possible for them to delay the work of a committee by absenting themselves, and then, coming in on another day, to overturn what the committee had done in their absence. Some way should be found to prevent these fluctuations and yet preserve the rights of the smaller Conferences.

The General Conference should always be a deliberative body, not rushing business hastily, but taking sufficient time while not wasting time. It should never be rushed to immature decisions, but should always most carefully weigh matters relating to the denomination or which involve the rights and destinies of individuals.

Rules might be formulated to prevent or check inconsiderate action. Thus it might be made imperative that important propositions lie over for a day or for some other fixed period, or recourse might be had to the parliamentary practice of subjecting a measure to first, second, and third readings on succeeding days, or something of a similar nature might be devised.

The Conference should be made deliberative by deliberating, and that the body cannot be without being deliberate. To be a deliberative body the General Conference must also be a debating body. Deliberation implies discussion, for debate compels a consideration of all sides of a question. Therefore debate should not be discouraged but encouraged, and strangling motions, such as the previous question, should seldom be employed, and the use of the motion to lay on the table as a finality and as a killing measure should never be tolerated.

Too often members spring to the floor and demand the previous question, or move to lay on the table, as a gag motion, while others regard it as a joke and greet it with a general laugh, or the mover is regarded as a sort of public benefactor, and even as a sort of momentary hero. Debate, however, in a deliberative

body is necessary, and the cutting off of debate for the sake of killing discussion should be deprecated.

Another thing that interferes with debate and deliberation is the bad habit of tolerating impolite and illegal exclamations, ejaculations, and responses by members from their seats. This is worse than addressing the house out of order, for there is no way to answer these explosive observations, and, therefore, these improprieties should be suppressed. A member speaks publicly after he has been duly recognized by the chair and at no other time, the house expresses its opinion by vote and in no other way, and the individual member has no right to speak except when he has the floor and is legally entitled to speak.

To have a deliberative and debating General Conference it should be made a smaller body. It should be manageable not only by the presiding officer but manageable also by the members themselves. When the body is sufficiently small it can handle itself, and the individual members can comfortably hear and be heard, and, consequently, business can be easily and efficiently transacted.

One way to reduce the size of the General Conference is to change the ratio of representation so as to require a larger number of electors to elect a delegate, or, in other words, to have a smaller proportion of delegates, but care should be taken to ensure a fairly representative body.

The reduction of the proportion of representatives, however, is only one way of securing a smaller Conference. There are other ways of bringing about the reduction. If through loss of ministers by death or otherwise the ministry in the Annual Conferences became one half what it now is, there would be a corresponding diminution in the General Conference, and the delegates would number one half what they now do, but this is an undesirable way, and an improbable way of diminishing the great bulk of the General Conference.

Another possible way of reducing the number of delegates would be the withdrawal of delegates who come from countries outside the domain of the United States. This has occurred in the history of the Church and it is possible that it may occur again. When Canada withdrew and became an independent

church its delegates disappeared from the General Conference and made that body just so much smaller. So, when the Japanese Conference became an independent church in Japan, the delegates which it would otherwise have sent ceased to come to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and that body was correspondingly so much less. As these missions in foreign countries became independent churches, so other Conferences or missions in foreign countries may likewise become independent and thus diminish the size of the General Conference by their number of delegates. If all the missions in foreign lands became independent, no foreign delegates would appear in the General Conference in the United States, and this would mean a considerable reduction in the bulk of that body and in the expense of bringing from, entertaining, and returning these representatives to their distant lands. Such withdrawals are possible and the international complications of present times may make some of them necessary, and, perhaps, compulsory in the near future, or other reasons may arise.

It never was intended that the Methodist Episcopal Church should be a world-wide church. It never was intended that the Methodist Episcopal Church should govern the whole world or that the wide world should govern it.

The Methodist Episcopal Church is the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America. That is its full legal title and in the very early days that title was put into its legal documents, and is now in the trust clause of its deeds to church property. It is essentially an American church, primarily in and for the United States of America, but to-day with missions in Europe, Asia, Africa, Mexico, and South America, but, no matter where it may minister, it still is the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America, and if all its Conferences and missions in foreign countries became independent it still would remain the same.

If on the other hand its missions were planted in the whole world, and the Conferences in all foreign lands sent delegates to the General Conference, there would be the possibility of its being controlled by people of the foreign lands; in other words, instead

of controlling the world, the outside world would dominate the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America.

It is desirable that a body shall be homogeneous, and it is plain that, if foreign bodies planted and fostered by Methodist Episcopal agencies withdraw and become independent churches, they would not only thus far reduce the bulk of the General Conference in the United States of America, but, by the same act, they would help the homogeneity of the American General Conference, which is a church that must be an American church, in and of the United States of America, though it extends its missionary aid to many foreign lands.

The Methodist Episcopal Church is not an ecumenical church and should not aim at the ecclesiastical government of the whole world, or place itself in possible subjection to the domination of the world with its diverse perceptions, conceptions, and training.

It cannot be ecumenical without becoming less and less representative by the necessary diminution in the proportion of delegates until the General Conference would not be fairly representative at all, and such a world-government would become highly concentrated, like that of the cardinals and the papacy of Rome.

On the other hand it is also probable that many of the foreign missions will not desire to be ruled by the Americans, or by people of any country other than their own, and sooner or later will proclaim their independence.

Again, even if the Americans could retain the control, it does not follow that the Church in the United States of America should continue to dominate people under other national governments. It has never done so where the Methodist Episcopalians in other lands have expressed a desire to be independent. Evidently it was not intended that its control in a foreign country should be permanent as in the United States, and so it has regarded the status of the foreign work as different from the territory in the United States of America.

That it is not ecumenical, but a church in, of, and for the United States, is shown by various facts. Thus no General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church has ever been held

outside of the United States of America, and it cannot be held in any other country. Further, it has made its work in some foreign countries independent while it has denied that it had any right, or possessed any power, to set off any territory within the United States of America. So under the law the Church elects bishops for the United States, and, to make it possible to have bishops who could be resident in foreign countries, it changed its constitution so that it might elect missionary bishops who would be for and in foreign lands.

If missions in foreign countries did become independent that would not prohibit aid from the home church in America, for the Methodist Episcopal Church continues to aid the Independent Church of Japan. The independent church would be recognized as a church of its nation and so avoid possible friction and suspicion on the part of their government or their countrymen. Its independence would tend to self-development, it would diminish the bulk of the General Conference in America and also its expense, while it would tend to make and keep the General Conference homogeneous by keeping the ideals of the American Conference American. At the same time the independent church in a foreign country would bear a peculiarly close relation to the mother church in the United States of America, which could continue its Christian interest and its loving care.

From time to time there have been intimations that the colored people might go out of the Methodist Episcopal Church and form an independent church of their own. If they did so, of course that would reduce the size of the General Conference perhaps about, or a little less than, one hundred. There has also been talk of their forming a body of colored episcopal Methodists by themselves but having a relation to the Methodist Episcopal Church, while as a third proposition is the suggestion that all the colored Methodists having an episcopal form of government unite in one large colored Methodist Episcopal Church. In the Methodist Episcopal Church it is estimated that there are three hundred thousand to three hundred and twenty-five thousand colored members out of the ten millions of colored people in the United States, while there are more than five times as many colored episcopal

Methodists outside, and independent of, the Methodist Episcopal Church, so that if all these colored Methodists would combine they would make a colored episcopal Methodist Church of about or more than two millions. These things have been suggested by both white and colored persons. What the colored people in the Methodist Episcopal Church will do is not certain, but if they did any one of the things which have been suggested the result would be a considerable reduction in the bulk of the General Conference. Now and then some of the colored people urge that some special concession be made, some special legislation be enacted, or that some official be elected in a special way for them because they are of a different race. This makes some think that, if they want and need something other than that which is provided for the general church, they would be happier under their own laws and their own government, while they could have financial aid and would have the affectionate regard of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and they further say that the colored people would have all they now have except that they would not be controlled by white votes, but would have their own General Conference, in which they could elect their own bishops and other officers by their own votes. However, we make no forecast.

Many other suggestions might be made, but limited space prevents their presentation. With such modifications as have been suggested the General Conference will be greatly improved in its composition, made more efficient in its methods, and even more judicious in its actions, and will stand out as one of the world's greatest deliberative bodies.

Thomas B. Neely.

WHY IS A COLLEGE?

A FEW years ago the humorists of the country began propounding such idiotic conundrums as these: "Why is a crow?" "Why is a frog?" "Why is a lobster?" "Why is a dachshund?" We don't know that anybody ever guessed the answers, and we're inclined to think that no answers really existed. An air of impenetrable mystery seemed to surround the riddles. To-day some folks are beginning to ask in their puzzlement, "Why is a college?" At first blush one wouldn't think this would be very hard to answer, and he might reply, in some surprise, "Why? What do you mean? Everybody knows what a college is and what it's for. If you're in any doubt you can go to your dictionary and read the definition there: 'A college is a school for instruction in the liberal arts, having a course of study, either fixed or partly fixed and partly elective, commonly requiring four years for completion. The regular course of the typical college consists of the English, Latin, and Greek languages, mathematics, the moral and mental sciences, physics and other departments of natural science, and in recent years French or German, or both.'" "And," some interrogator might continue, "young men go to college, I suppose, to take advantage of these courses; to sit under the teaching of experts in these branches of knowledge and to give themselves for four years to hard application in order to master them and become learned?" But if the one he was questioning happened to be an undergraduate of to-day he might look at him with no little amazement at his lack of information and up-to-dateness.

Last summer there appeared a contribution in the Outlook—"The Confessions of an Undergraduate"—which made rather remarkable reading. It was exceedingly well written for a young fellow—if so he was—but its revelations made the average man gasp. He told how many of the professors had no enthusiasm in teaching their classes, being chiefly interested in doing original investigating work. Others were dry-as-dust and succeeded in eliminating all vitality from the literature, classic or modern,

which they were expounding. Consequently the students themselves lost all interest in the subjects, and instead of study gave themselves up to out-door sports—tennis, golf, baseball, "swims," canoeing, cross-country runs—according to taste or the season, or they managed periodicals and dramatic clubs of their own. They contrived somehow to kill time by playing bridge, or by endless talking, and reading magazines and novels—anything but studying. Of course they had to attend lectures, but there was no obligation to listen closely or remember. They could cram afterward, just before examination. An hour, a half hour, or even ten minutes a day of study might suffice to "get through" and "pass up." A few, but only a few, kept the lamp of scholarship burning, but there was little demand upon them to do it. It was a great change from the requirements and habits of the high school, where real work had to be done. After a time the mind and will and moral power became weakened and flabby. A man's status was determined not at all by his scholarly attainments and standing, but by the Club for which he seemed to be bound. He must fall in with the college customs, ready-made ideas and ways of talking; not to do it meant social damnation. "Sophomores do not like a man to study very hard or to be seriously in earnest about anything intellectual." If he can converse intelligently about quarterbacks, league pitchers, makes of automobiles or the girls of the variety theaters, he will have the stamp of approval put upon him. His days of idleness may be spent most pleasantly. There are, the writer admitted, possible exceptions; occasionally a professor is found who is a real teacher and who inspires the students in spite of their nonchalance and idle ways. "And then one cannot live for four years in unceasing contact with a body of miscellaneous men from all parts of the country and all walks of life without learning much on all sorts of subjects." But the undergraduate "confessor" votes the college, as a whole, a failure, when judged by the lack of thorough mental discipline which it ought to enforce. It is not to be wondered at that the editor of the Outlook asked: "Was the trouble with this undergraduate in himself, or in the college system, or in the social environment? Is his view of college life exaggerated, or pessimistic, or simply

incomplete? Does his 'confession' suggest practical means of improvement and phases that ought to have more consideration?"

Naturally some discussion was called out. A father wrote the Outlook in these words: "Many parents who think they are giving their sons an opportunity and building a foundation for the future in sending them to college are simply sending them on a vacation of idleness that may spoil them for the rest of their lives." And a mother in her turn: "When my two sons went to college, two years apart, the one and only advice given them by post-graduates was to go easy on work, to make friends, to take the course requiring the minimum of work, to try and 'make' certain desirable clubs. And when I protested that I thought some study and some ambition to stand high, or work for special honors, were valuable, I was severely told that my sons went to college to learn to know life [whatever that may mean], not to grub among books." Another undergraduate describes himself as "only one of thousands in the same side-show of inefficiency rubbed to a fine polish." And he adds: "One does not have to go to college long to learn that the real student is a doubtful quantity, a dim figure in the far background of college life, who gets little respect from his professors and none whatever from his so-called fellow students."

A critic in the New York Sun designates the "Confessions" as "horrible" and the "confessor" as one of the "sad old men of twenty who know all about it." It will hardly accept the communication as an honest one, but believes that the Outlook was imposed upon by some graduate literary hack of a dozen years' standing and a taste for faultfinding; it winds up by expressing a faith quite the opposite of his: "The American college boy is a fine fellow. The American college professor knows his business. The American college is the healthiest and ought to be the happiest microcosm in the wide, wide universe." From our own investigation we would say that the situation depicted by the "Confession" is far from general and applies only to a few "big," "popular," and "fashionable" universities, East and West, that might be easily named. Once, remembering how he used to have to pore late at night over Andrews's Latin or Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon in order to translate a page or two of the hard text,

a certain gentleman asked a scion of his house, who seemed to live a *dolce far niente* existence, absolutely released from all such drudgery, how he prepared his lessons. Did he possess any sort of dictionary? "No." Did he have some word-list in the last pages of the book? "No." Did he own a "pony," a "trot," a "horse"? "No." "Well—the mystery grows deeper. How on earth, then, do you prepare for your recitations?" "O, fifteen or twenty of us congregate in a room and some one with a literal translation reads aloud while the rest of us follow in the text. The professor knows all about it and gives us large portions accordingly. If he is a tutor and a recent 'grad' he probably did the same himself. Besides, one gets the swing of the writer's thought in that way—gets a knowledge of the literature, even though he may have little syntax drills." This latter representation we are somewhat inclined to admit.

This above-mentioned gentleman was once confidentially owning his deep disappointment about said scion's college standing to one of the young man's classmates, but he received only an expression of amazement at the dissatisfaction. "Reflect," he said, "Jim was high up in athletics and on the 'squad'; he had a room in —— Hall; he made a Junior Society; he was on the editorial boards of the ——, the ——, and the —— [naming the three representative college periodicals]; he was class poet, and he was one of the most popular men in college. What more could you ask, or expect?" And when the father, later, told this to a prominent college professor, to his surprise, instead of siding with him, he replied that the young man, he thought, make a good defense, and that no one could go through college and come into contact with the life and the men there without being in some sense educated. And the fond parent, since then, is obliged to confess that the scion has done pretty well in his after-life and has made, and is still making, quite a notable record in literary work. The youth stoutly contends that he did actually learn something, and is not altogether ignorant, and "Pater" cannot conscientiously deny it entirely or refute it. His brother, however, was of an entirely different turn of mind and a close student—a scholar by temperament—but with difficulty was he kept in college after

the Sophomore year. He roomed in his "Frat" house. There, as he told it, he heard nothing from morn till dewy eve but talk about athletic prowess—about the center-rush or the first-base man, or the coming Junior "Prom." The man who paid much attention to his books was not "in it"; was regarded as a freak, a curiosity, hard to understand, a "grind"—or, worse, a "greasy grind," and was held in no particular esteem. All reputation and honor went to the man of brawn and not to the man of brain. The drift was quite entirely away from appreciation of scholarship in itself, and there was no encouragement for or appreciative recognition of it. (His sister found the same standard set in the fashionable sororities in her university.) Afterwards, when himself a college instructor, he became so disgusted and out of patience with the careless and unstudious habits of the Freshmen and Sophomores that he resigned his place. But, to prove that not all colleges are so affected, to his gratification he finds himself at present in a university where hard work is expected and done, and where the students take themselves seriously. We believe this is not the exceptional case, particularly in coeducational schools, where the girls, having fewer distractions, set the pace in study, standing, and honors. They are winning most of the prizes and Phi Beta Kappa keys. We have noted, too, the earnest spirit in the scornfully styled "Freshwater" colleges in the agricultural regions of the West. Young men come to those halls from the farms. They have little money. They are forced to "work their way through." They arrive with "blood in the eye." They have little or no time or money to throw away. They mean business, and care little for "the social whirl," or for four years spent merely in having a good time before going out into the serious business of life. College means for them a preparation for that life, and they take it so. And, for the most part, they are the men who later will be found in the forefront of the country's activities—commercial, social, civic, reformatory, religious.

Once when revisiting his Alma Mater—a famous Methodist institution—a clergyman of our communion was invited to preach in the representative church of the town. He gladly embraced the opportunity of speaking, according to his anticipations, before a

body of fine, ardent, thoughtful young men that he fondly imagined would throng the galleries as he recalled they did, in his own student days, not once but twice on Sunday during term-time. But what was his crest-fallen state of mind when he looked about and could discover only his own son present and his chum—who doubtless felt compelled by courtesy to attend—and one or two of the elderly professors. When he afterward interviewed his son, asking where his fellow collegians were, he was informed that they were either asleep yet in bed, or chatting and smoking in the "Frat" house, or out for strolls or cross-country runs. The minister was constrained to make, with others, such a reiterated public protest to the college authorities and trustees that he is glad now to report a different state of things, the college pulpit being occupied each Sunday afternoon by some distinguished divine from outside, while some pressure is brought to bear upon the student body to gather to the service.

In a remarkably suggestive volume—"The College Course and the Preparation for Life"—a compilation of talks on familiar undergraduate problems by Albert Parker Fitch, now president of the faculty of Andover Theological Seminary, but formerly on the teaching corps of Williams College, we lit upon some most meaningful sentences apropos of this discussion: "The four undergraduate years present an extraordinary mixture of initiative and timidity, courage and cowardice, sublime confidence, profound and real despair, upon the student's part." "Amazing though it sound, and is, there are, as a matter of fact, few places in the Anglo-Saxon world where this naïve dislike of learning, this provincial distrust of intelligence, more clearly displays itself than in the American college. It is one of the many humorous elements in our undergraduate life that the question 'Is learning essential?' can be asked in all good faith, and may be quite seriously debated. It is certain that many of the students in our colleges quite frankly and innocently regard scholarship as purely incidental to an undergraduate career. When we remember that our New England institutions were founded to produce scholars in general and a learned ministry in particular, and that, indeed, a lad is still supposed to go to school primarily to get schooling, it really gives us

pause to contemplate the low average of intelligence and the limited intellectual power of the typical undergraduate. This may seem to be a harsh indictment; but the trouble is not that it is harsh, but that it is true. A scholar is a disciple of learning—one who has begun to love knowledge for its own gracious and liberating sake, and who has acquired enough of it in his four academic years to begin to be a cultivated man. But am I wrong in saying that there are not many undergraduates who answer to that definition? There are certainly some men in every college class who already love learning for its own sake, and their number is steadily increasing. . . . The minimum of intellectual labor which a student must perform to maintain his undergraduate standing is much larger than it used to be, and it is steadily increasing." And speaking of the all-absorbing topic of athletic activity he says: "Certainly it should always come second in a normal undergraduate career, as a part of the relaxation from real intellectual pursuits. But as a matter of fact it often comes first, and students must get what they can of the time and energy which are left. Hence so many men crowd into the easier courses; hence it is fashionable to depreciate learning and not good form to be a cultivated person. . . . But when the tumult and the shouting die the solemn pity of it all remains, that many a youth comes of age and is graduated from college with a man's body and a boy's mind." And, speaking to the students with forcible directness, Dr. Fitch said: "You owe it to your college, as the most necessary element of your loyalty to her, that you address yourself to acquiring that knowledge of the arts and sciences which shall make you a well-informed and clearly thinking being. You owe it no less to yourself and to the Nation to accept the austere delights and the fine satisfactions of the disciplined mind and cultivated spirit." And he boldly declares that there must be a movement for reform, such a reform as Amherst some few years ago advertised she was about to begin—and which had already been begun in Old Wesleyan—in bidding for a student-body, not so numerically large, but, though fewer, coming with a purpose to show themselves real students. Dr. Fitch in conclusion makes himself clearly understood in words quoted from an article in the

Century that the present writer would fully indorse: "We see how specious are the arguments which have led us to tolerate the college idler so long. Clinging to the remote hope of his regeneration, we have permitted him to contaminate hundreds with the virus of intellectual listlessness. The time for tolerance is past. War measures are now necessary. The first and crying need of the American college to-day is the ejection, the ruthless ejection, of the man with the idle mind. He is the leper of the college society." When this discrete policy of expurgation has been accomplished our colleges will then become what they were meant to be—what their founders had in mind for them at the start—and not simply pleasant loafing-places for four years, where, because it is "the thing," a young man is sent by his family so that he may enjoy some elegant leisure in delightful surroundings, "get in the swim," have "a good time" before taking up life in earnest, get acquainted with a coterie of wealthy chaps high up in the ultra-fashionable social stratum, who may be able to "boost" him in the future, and come out with the *éclat* of being an alumnus of —— or ——. "The elegant mendicant, the academic beggar, the hanger-on to the fringes of undergraduate life," must be severely eliminated.

We venture to quote Dr. Fitch once more in his straightforward talk to undergraduates. "For four years you are nonproducers here. The State and Nation subsidize your institution, demanding no taxes from it, and the community supports you. It is not done to give you four more long vacations. It is not done in order to make you an expert in either social or athletic activities. It is not done that you may have a winter watering-place which is just touched with an academic flavor. It is done because the Nation needs the services of a trained intelligence and a mature mind and is willing to support you for a while for the express purpose that you may gain these things and issue from the college mental and moral leaders in your community. Expert service, to be rendered on the basis of the training of these four years, is the only justification of any of our colleges. This Republic is facing social and industrial problems, economic, moral, and religious questions, which are graver and more pressing than any which

it has ever faced before in its history. . . . The Nation looks to its young, educated men to lead it out of the wilderness. It looks to you to be prime factors in the creation of what is our greatest social need to-day—a sober and responsible public opinion. The very stress of present circumstances is making America demand that a college man shall be what he purports to be—a person of trained intelligence and some expert knowledge, who is able to bring to bear, at any time, on any given problem, the concentration and continued power of a well-furnished and disciplined mind."

The president of a large university is quoted as saying: "The university is not responsible for the character, for the morals, the vices, or anything else of the community, or of its graduates." But Dr. Francis Greenwood Peabody, professor of Christian morals in Harvard University, in his Religion of an Educated Man, has put down these strong words: "The end of education is not information, but inspiration; not facts, rules, tables, but insight, initiative, grasp, growth, character, power." And Pastor Wagner—the distinguished Parisian preacher and author of The Simple Life—states the question explicitly when he observes: "The quality of a civilization depends on the quality of its aspirations, and on the elevation of its sentiments. It becomes more and more necessary for us to comprehend the life of the spirit. All our progress in material things, however fine it may appear, will be only in deeds of darkness, of disintegration, if we do not succeed in maintaining the soul in its place of honor."

Levi Gilbert

SERMONS AND SERMONETTES

There has been a marked and significant change in the character of much of the preaching of to-day when compared with that heard in some former days. Let a man stand in the presence of the average congregation of our time and present the Christian doctrines as they were presented half or even a quarter of a century ago and he would doubtless soon find that he was not in popular favor. He who should stamp his sermons with the impress of that antiquated style would be relegated to the things of a by-gone day; he would be accounted as what Bishop Foster once called "a belated mind"; he would be reckoned a "back number," as one not "up to date" in his profession. In what special particulars the preachers and the sermons of the two periods are different it is not the purpose of this paper to point out. It is rather of one peculiar feature of the modern popular sermon, and of the demand imposed on the preacher to produce it, that we would now speak. That feature is brevity; the sermon must be short and the preacher must exercise care not to exceed a certain prescribed limit. He must give what is known as a sermonette rather than a sermon. But what do these clamorous advocates of the short sermon really mean by that term? When, in their judgment, is the sermon short and when is it long? Their ideal limit seems to be fixed somewhere between twenty and thirty minutes. Rarely should the sermon exceed that length; never, except under unusual circumstances. It may fall below it; that is easily pardonable, but to exceed it is next to unpardonable. This cry for the short sermon comes not only from the pew, but from the press and other prominent sources. One man in particular, whose opinions seem to be regarded as of some consequence, is quoted as saying that "the limit of the sermon should be fifteen minutes—with a leaning to mercy." The editor of one of our leading church periodicals said in his paper recently that "no preacher in this hurrying age should expect to hold the attention of his hearers more than thirty minutes."

We infer that, in the opinion of the persons who call for this kind of a sermon, all those ends for which the sermon is employed can be better secured in this way than in any other. We know what those ends are, and that concerning them there is quite general agreement. The sermon is regarded as among the most important of all the messages that come to the ears of men or make appeal to their minds and hearts. It relates to what most vitally concerns men in the world temporal and the world eternal. It is among the foremost of the human agencies ordained for the instruction and salvation of the world. And such indeed it must be if it is anything. It is not necessary to dwell here on the prominence given to it in the Scriptures. There can be little danger of overestimating the importance of such a message. Evidently, then, whatever contributes in any manner to make the sermon effective for its purposes is of much consequence. It seems to be assumed by the advocates of the short sermon that it will be more acceptable to the hearer; he will be more willing to hear it and will be more affected by it than if it were lengthy. If this be true its advocates certainly have a good case in court and their claim merits careful attention. But is it true? We confess to some misgivings. This demand for the sermonette is an omen not altogether of good. We could offer several reasons for holding such a view, but confine ourselves to the most important one. We regard it as another indication of a disposition already too much in evidence in these days to place light estimate on not only the sermon, but all other forms of religious worship. That such a disposition is abroad anyone must discover who can read the signs of the times, and some regard them as not a little alarming. What means this widespread neglect of the house of God on the Sabbath day? What mean these jeremiads of complaint mingled with notes of discouragement which come to us from every quarter—in which not only ministers and churches join, but also the religious press finds occasion for words of regret and admonition? Are they not all alarmingly significant of the fact that sermons and services are by many not regarded as things of special importance, having no strong claim on the attention of the people, none that may not be neglected by them at their pleasure? We see not how such signs can

be otherwise interpreted. And in the face of them may we not fitly inquire whether this demand for the short sermon may not be taken as an indication of the same tendency, a token of waning regard for the sermon as a part of divine worship and of a lessened desire to hear it? But probably the advocate of the sermonette looks for other results. To him that form of sermon would be in some degree a remedy for the evils of which we have spoken. That would make the Sabbath service more attractive; that would call back to the church the feet that now wander from it; that would enlist anew the sympathy and interest of that large number of church members whose presence at Sabbath services is not noted as often as could be desired. With such a sermon that considerable class of worshipers known as "oncers"—those who attend service but once on the Sabbath, many of them among the most prominent and influential of the body—would manifest renewed interest by coming at least occasionally twice, and so giving the preacher another hearing as he pleads his great cause. Such results would be indeed desirable, but are we sure they would follow the general adoption of the sermonette? Were it the general rule that sermons should occupy not more than twenty or thirty minutes, would the preacher see before him not a mere handful of hearers and a ghastly array of empty benches, but instead a full house and vacant seats the exception? Is our pleader for the sermonette as sanguine as that? If so, we must acknowledge our utter inability to share his roseate views. Men do not begrudge time or attention for that which is to them a thing of any marked value. They are not reluctant to grant an hour or more to addresses on many other themes—on politics, business, science, art, the drama and the opera—but when they go forth to listen to the sermon, in theory, at least, the most weighty and important of all addresses, the exacting motto is brevity: "Let not the sermon detain us more than thirty minutes at most, and—'with a leaning to mercy.'" The sermonette can hardly be taken as an encouraging token of the spiritual condition of those churches where it prevails, or a sign that sermon and worship hold a specially exalted place in the esteem of the people. But in proportion as we deprive them of such a place so do we divest the gospel of its power to win and save

men. And to the category of the many influences now leading that way we are obliged to assign the sermonette.

But here arises another question, and on the answer we give to it turns much of this discussion. Precisely what is to determine the length of a sermon? When is it long and when is it short? Is it always to be measured by the number of minutes taken in its delivery or are some other factors to enter into the case? The persons who plead for brevity in the sermon appear to have in thought only a brevity in the matter of the time occupied in its delivery. But we object to subjecting the sermon to any such inadequate measurement. Not that we object altogether to a time limit. By no means do we. Let it be here understood that we hold no brief for long sermons. We do not consider them as in themselves a means of grace and in our own ministry have never preached them. But we have our own thought as to what constitutes a long sermon, and in this way of thinking we believe we are by no means alone:

1. It is not necessarily long because it fails to command the attention and elicit the interest of all in the congregation. And this for the reason that in all such gatherings there are some persons who cannot properly be considered as competent judges of either the quantity or the quality of a sermon. Among these are the thoughtless and superficial ones, those who are not largely endowed with intellectual gifts at best, and what they have has not been much improved by culture in any way. We could hardly expect such to be greatly interested in or to appreciate the sermon freighted to any extent with thought and study; the sermon of the scholarly man who goes below the surface of things and searches among the depths for what he offers to the people. Such a preacher, however forceful, earnest, and spiritual he might be, would hardly fail to be regarded by this lightweight class of hearers as more or less dull and heavy, an unattractive and uninteresting speaker. It may not be the fault of these hearers that they so judge, but that fact does not entitle their judgment to very respectful consideration. We recall an hour or more which we once spent in listening to one of Bishop Foster's great sermons—and it was great, for the preacher was at his best. Passing

from the church at the close of the service, we overheard a remark from one who had been in the audience: "What a long sermon! I thought he would never get through. I am so tired." We submit that people of this class are not the only ones who are to be considered in deciding what is a long sermon. Another class of hearers found in all churches are those who are not noted for their spiritual tastes and appetites. The spiritually minded preacher, whose sermons have a strong coloring of the devoutly religious element, would not be likely to be much in favor with these people.

2. Furthermore, we urge the claim that a sermon is not long which consumes a reasonable amount of time in developing in an effective and satisfactory way the thoughts which the speaker wishes to present. This cannot always be done in the space of fifteen or twenty minutes, or even in thirty. To be sure, a man can say something in that length of time, and sometimes can say much. Some men can say more than others. But the preacher may want to say more than can be crowded into that narrow limit. If he aims to give a sermon of unusual excellence he will be compelled to say more. Not many great sermons have been preached in half an hour, still fewer in less time. Sermonettes are not usually adapted to the highest style of preaching. The man who from choice, or in obedience to what others require of him, confines himself to the half-hour or twenty-minute limit, will rarely make a great or strong preacher. The bird which attempts nothing but short flights will never gather much strength of wing or rise high toward the clouds. Preachers should feel at liberty to attempt loftier flights than can be reached in twenty or thirty minutes. It was the contention of Dr. Jefferson Hascall, one of the prominent men in New England Methodism and one of its ablest preachers, that we are spoiling the young men in our Methodist ministry by insisting that they study brevity in their pulpit efforts. The result of so doing, he said, is that many of them are making their sermons very short, and shortness is their chief merit. And surely that grand old man was a shining example of the doctrine he thus set forth—the doctrine that the strong sermon requires a liberal allowance of time. His sermons were seldom less than an hour in length. We have heard him on a camp ground when he

held the audience spellbound for upward of an hour, and few apparently thought his sermon long. Who that heard Bishop Simpson would wish curtailment of the time occupied in his sermon? And he seldom preached less than an hour, frequently exceeding that limit. The bishops of our Methodist Church are supposed to be superior preachers, and we naturally look for sermons of an uncommon order of excellence when they preach. Generally they measure up to our expectations, some of them nearly always, and rarely have we known one whose sermon was less than an hour in length. People did not desire or expect it to be less than that. We do not recall an instance when a bishop could have met the general demand with a sermon of twenty minutes, or even of half an hour.

To all this some one will say: "Are you holding up such instances as examples for our young men? You would not have them trained to preach sermons an hour long?" No; we plead for no such training. But we do plead that we never can have a body of strong preachers, whose sermons will command attention and do great work, while they are taught that brevity is an essential if not an indispensable element in their pulpit work. We mean, of course, that unreasonable brevity against which we are uttering our protest. What we would plead for is that, when a man's soul is on fire with some great theme which he would present in a sermon, he shall not feel compelled to restrain himself by the thought that he must not pass the narrow limit which this modern standard has set up. Rather, if he feels that he must have forty minutes, or fifty minutes, or, in exceptional instances, even an hour in which to set forth what has been revealed to him, he is not committing an unpardonable offense when he uses that amount of time. If he is a sensible man, and generally he is, he will not unduly trespass on the patience of his hearers either by a too frequent use of this larger liberty or by extending it at any time beyond proper bounds. With the feeling that the liberty is allowed he will be stimulated to a larger effort in the making of his sermons. Knowing that the general expectation has fixed for him the briefer period, he will not, because he cannot, plan or execute on so large a scale as he might otherwise do.

Thus far we have endeavored to indicate some of the circum-

stances under which a sermon should not be considered long, but there are occasions when it may be fairly so designated.

1. When it is not adapted to the audience to which it is delivered. We do not mean by this an adaptation to all the hearers of the sermon. This can rarely be expected. Our thought is that regard should be had to the character of the audience in general and the sermon suited as far as possible to the majority of those composing it. The sermon that would meet with ready welcome and be much appreciated in one place, and by a certain class of hearers, might quite utterly fail to be welcomed and to command attention in another place and before another congregation. Of this fact most preachers are ready witnesses.

2. The same result of wearisome length is sometimes reached when the preacher is not duly mindful of himself, of those human limitations fixed by his own bodily or mental condition at the time of the sermon's delivery. These, of course, vary and have much to do with the sermon as with many other things. The preacher knows them well; he knows that in one condition and mood he cannot acquit himself as he might in another, and if he is wise he will give heed to this fact and not attempt the impossible. There are times when the human machine is in splendid condition for action. The man is like a steed of fine mettle, with head erect and quivering nerve panting for the race. Physically and mentally he is in trim for work and he is eager for the fray. Preaching is then a joy; he has what he calls liberty; what Dr. J. O. Peck was accustomed to speak of as "a rattling good time." Then he is a magnetic man; his words and his manner impress and thrill his hearers and he and they are quite unconscious of the flight of time. Then it will be quite safe for him to extend his time beyond that claimed on other occasions. He may then preach forty, fifty minutes, or, on rare occasions, even an hour, and few, if any, will accuse him of prolixity or complain that he wearies them. We once heard Dr. Erastus Wentworth, a preacher of no common ability, say, "When my boat has been out fifteen minutes and I have not struck a favoring gale I turn about and paddle for land." Generally the preacher can discern within that length of time whether he has struck the favoring gale, whether his mood is

such that he can successfully hold the attention of the people for the ordinary or for an extraordinary period. But when the man in the pew begins to wriggle about and at somewhat frequent intervals to consult his watch, and the woman in the pew begins to look tired and to fan herself with increasing vigor, the preacher may safely take these acts as tokens that the gale is not favorable, and turn about his craft to paddle for land. And sometimes the sooner he reaches land the better.

The preaching of the gospel is surely the greatest work that God has ever committed to man. Hence among the greatest of questions must be as to what will in any way contribute to make that work what it was meant to be, "the power of God unto salvation." Happy is the preacher, called to this work, wise enough to appreciate its greatness and strong enough to meet its demands, and happy the people who receive this man as what he really is, an "ambassador for Christ," and his sermon as a message from Him who is "King of kings and Lord of lords."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

A PASTOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS FLOCK

Robert McIntyre's Parting Address to First Church, Los Angeles, June 21, 1908, after his election to the Episcopal Office.[1]

Acts 20. 25, 26, and 27: *"And now behold, I know that you all among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God shall behold my face no more, wherefore, I take you to record this day that I am pure from the blood of all men, for I have not shunned to declare unto you all of the counsel of God."*

ANY man who is fit to be a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ must be a person of deep feeling; he must have sentiment in himself and sympathy for other people, or he will be a conspicuous failure. The Scotch folks, knowing that sometimes a man answers another man's call to the ministry, have a phrase descriptive of his inadequacy and they call him a "stickit" minister. In our utterance that would be a "stick," a wooden man, a figure head, an unfeeling, repulsive thing, a ghastly and preposterous mistake. The backwoods Americans have done it even better than the Scotch and the old circuit riders nicknamed such a character a "wet log." That is the finest descriptive phrase I ever hear in connection with that theme—a "wet log." What is more beautiful than a dry, glowing, crackling, blazing log in an old-fashioned fireplace when the golden circles leap up the throat of the chimney like golden flies? And how comforting is the warmth diffused through the family circle as they sit around it, and the babe romps on the floor before the open fire and the color fills the whole room. But

[1] The gospel ministry is the amplest sphere on earth for the free and splendid play of all high human faculties, and the true minister experiences many "a crowded hour of glorious life." No other life is so fascinating and satisfying. The enthusiasms of that life were incandescent in Robert McIntyre. A radiant figure he appears at the culmination of his pastoral life. In the sermon here presented we see and hear an impassioned man of God pouring out his heart to the people of his love, upon whom he had lavished himself self-forgettingly for six years. Within eight years McIntyre's hair had whitened; face had whitened and thinned; soul had whitened; till the man grown spiritual was like a pure flame burning on God's altar. Look on that glowing figure in the Los Angeles pulpit. Turn aside and see that burning bush afire with God: that gifted and consecrated preacher aflame with pastoral love. Well for us if we, too, catch the glorious contagion, the holy fire.

what is more discouraging than a wet log? It cannot glow; it cannot burn; it cannot shine, no sparks leap from it, no color burns from it, no warmth proceeds from it. It can only smoke and fizzle and splutter and die out. Poor, preposterous, despised, ineffective failure. That is what Cartwright called an unequipped and unfeeling preacher—a "wet log." Therefore, I repeat that the man who will make a success in the ministry of any evangelical church must have profound feeling and emotion and a great capacity for loving, and that means a great capacity for suffering, for whoever loves much suffers much. This is God's ordinance.

Paul was such a man. He says that in parting with this Ephesian Church, their tears nearly break his heart. I am coming to that place in my career where I break the pastoral tie with this glorious church, and not only break the pastoral tie with this church, but I break it forever. I will never again have a church, never again have a people to pray for me and follow me with their petitions sent to the skies, never again be the leader of a flock, never again go in and out among the homes of my own people, never again be the leader or guide, the father and the friend of a church of active Christian people. If Paul was ready to faint under the pressure of his farewell, what do you think are my feelings at this hour, for Paul never had such a church as I have? Paul never saw such a church as this; he never dreamed of a church as good as this; he only had a handful of raw heathens in the dark, pagan days, like a little flock of sheep amid a world of wolves. No culture, no education, no social standing, no influence, no power, no anything. They only had the love of God in their hearts and gratitude to him, but he was a true pastor, the man of stout heart, of level head, of clear seeing and the sanctified soul burning with emotion, flaming with zeal, and so after three years he leaves them, and it is a very melting scene, one of the most beautiful pictures in the whole world. I ask you to look at it and study it with me this morning, for it typifies what is in my breast this hour, and what I would fain believe is in the heart of a thousand people here.

You understand that when I compare myself with Paul, I am glad to say that my church is greater than his, but I, myself, am far smaller. I, of course, think of myself as a little rill hidden in the shadows of the primeval forest, flowing between the roots of the grass, scarcely seen, and he is the mighty Mississippi, rolling down through many States and watering half a continent, and floating navies on its breast, and mirroring the clouds by day and the stars by night, yet

I know that the water in the brook and the water in the river are just the same, and the feeling in my heart and the feelings in his heart are just the same in essence, though utterly different in volume. I cannot measure the scope, the depths, the heights of his emotion, but my small heart is filled with the same struggling and mysterious conflict of spiritual and earthy things that filled his that day when the brethren fell on his neck and accompanied him to the ship.

I have noticed that a little candle burning in the humble cottage is just the same in essence as the great beacon light on the seashore that shines thirty miles across the wave. My light compared with Paul's light is the tallow dip compared to the great seashore beacon, but in essence the light is the same. I feel in a measure what he felt. I am doing in a measure what he did, and in my own way I am saying to you what he said eighteen hundred years ago to his people.

You notice that my text is in three verses; each verse contains a different thought, and the thought makes a steady development, and my sermon therefore will have this triune division. The first verse tells of parting; the second tells of purity; the third tells of preaching.

First, the parting. "Behold I now know that you all." Thank the Almighty Master for that word—"you all." He put his arms round the whole company, not omitting a man or a woman there, or a child there, not the old gray-haired and wise men, not the new warm burning convert, not picking and choosing the first or the last, but "you all." I know that you all see his great heart beating and feel the pulsation of his mighty soul as it sends its rhythmic throbbings to the remotest one in that little church in Asia Minor. "Now behold, I know that you all." That is what I want to say to-day. First, you all. All of you, everyone, I am talking to now, I am praying for now, I am pleading for now, I am leaving now, you all every one of you, among whom I have gone preaching the Kingdom of God, shall see my face no more after this hour's work is done. I will go down and out and return never as a pastor of this church or any church, nor do I expect to speak here for a long time in any capacity. Here where I have been a prince, where I have been upon my own throne for nearly six years; here where I have been the happiest man alive; here where I have known celestial joy and unspeakable sorrow; here where I have poured my heart's best blood into my sermons; here where I have preached as I never preached anywhere else; here where the descending heavens have bent above me; here where I have felt Jesus standing beside me; here where the Holy Ghost has guided me

in ministering the sacrament to the thousands; here I am to break all these ties to-day. And they will never be knitted together again in this world. I said the preacher had to be a man of extreme sensitiveness to do his work, for the gospel is a love story. No flinty heart can tell it; no mouth can utter it; no "wet log" can publish it, no "stick-it" minister can declare it, but there is another reason why a time like this comes heavy on him, not only because of his own nature, but because of the nature of his work, for there is no human vocation, no mortal profession so tender as this outside of the sweet ties of the family circle and the dear sanctity of the fireside. It is the closest and most intimate relation. Every time I baptize a child of a family at this altar, I baptize myself also into friendship in that family. They will never forget me; every time I join two of our young folks in marriage I unite myself with that new-born home, and they will never forget me. Every time I stand by the casket with my little book and read the solemn words, and go with them to the graves and look down into the deep place where the loved one's remains are laid, I make a nest for myself in the heart of that family, and how often that has come to me in these six years! How many death beds I have visited and comforted the departing souls and held the cold hand as the spirit flitted out toward the sky; how many mourners I have cheered, how many broken hearts I have refreshed, how many caskets in front of this altar I have looked into! I have seen the silvery sire, and the white-haired mother, lying in the shroud; I have seen the man and woman, husband and wife, in the prime of life; I have seen the brave man and bonny maiden and dear little babes like snowdrops in the white casket; I have laid them away, in our cemeteries, scores and hundreds of them, and you can feel how this has taken me into all these families. Being by nature a man of sympathy, I have been bound to them, and now, as Paul says, I go away from all this forever. It means a great deal to a pastor, and I have to go back to Paul for an expression of it.

You know that the New Testament is the greatest book that ever came or ever will come into the world, and in it we have the greatest man that ever lived writing his first letter to the Thessalonian Church and showing the pastor's relation to his people. Paul was an expert in all the things of the soul; his great, eagle eyes looked into the spiritual matters which concern us; no husks or shells could blind or baffle the eagle vision of that mighty man and he tells what I am trying to stammer forth now, how dear the church is to the pastor;

he says, "You are our glory and our joy." Now I am not saying that; I might perhaps overstate, I might go too far, but this great theologian, this profound scholar, this holy saint of God said that his little church of the Thessalonians was his glory and his joy. I wonder what Paul would have said if he had been pastor of the First Methodist Church of Los Angeles. He never saw anything like it. It may be that he never dreamed of anything like it—certainly with the loving eye he never gazed on what I have here, and yet he called that little people, that small flock huddled round him, "my glory and my joy." You will not blame me then if I apply to my big church what he applied to his little church—"My glory and my joy."

The word "glory" as he uses it there means the thing of which he could glory or righteously boast, and have I not been able to do that of this church? O, how many times my heart has danced to hear others praise you and mine eyes have grown moist as I listened to strangers sing your praises in distant lands. I used to say this was one of the two or three great Methodist churches in America. Since I made my recent trip East and talked with those who know all about such matters, I have come back to change my statement and to say that this First Church of Los Angeles is in the estimation of the leaders of Methodism the model church of our denomination in all the world. I have learned, yet I do not dare to state it myself, though I suspected it, that the one or two churches that I thought were ahead of us are not ahead; that while one or two outnumber us, there is nowhere such solidarity, such perfect unity, such spiritual love, such sacrificial giving, such noble endeavor as there is here. You know this is not my church now; this is no more my church than any other church; all the churches are mine now. I am a general superintendent and I have just as much interest in every church in Iowa, in Massachusetts, in the Philippine Islands, in Europe, as I have in this. My relations—my particular relations—to you ended the last day of May. Knowing all this, that they are all mine, that I now am father of them all, just as I am of this, keeping this fact in mind and weighing all my words, trying to do justice to every one, I am here to declare that I recognize this to be the foremost Methodist church on earth. Blessed be the man who comes here to be your pastor. How often I have praised God for you, how often in distant lands, on great platforms before large assemblies, I have gloried in you. How often in meeting aliens under distant skies they have caught my hands and thanked God for you. How often I have torn

open letters and read glowing words concerning you. How often I have been rejoiced to find your work known far and wide, your renunciation and your endeavor for God. You have been my glory and you have been my joy.

Glory, in Paul's phrase, as he used it here, concerning his church, means the thing that he could say outwardly and tell others. Joy means the thing that he felt in himself and never could put into speech. Have you not been my joy?

I have had eight churches—every one of them fine, from a little church in the prairie grass, where I builded the edifice with my own hands, up to this stately temple, every one of them better than I deserve. I have never had the shadow of a trouble, or suspicion of a quarrel, or even a misunderstanding with any member of any church that I have served in thirty long years, and I can go back to them one by one to-day and not only be welcome, but in every family of every church I can draw my chair and sit down to the table and be a welcome guest at the feast, and every man, woman, and child will greet me kindly.

My churches have been on a rising scale, each one better than the last, and this, the final church, the blossom, the consummation, of all. I never would have been general superintendent of our denomination but for you. I do not mean that you planned it, as you did; that you worked for it, as you did; that you sent many prayers, as you did. I do not mean that; that is known; that is well known; but that is not what I mean to say. I never would have been fit for the office which I now hold if it had not been for the spiritual work on my soul that came to me through this church. I believe that God brought me here by that mysterious way that I little understood then, to throw me into the heart of a living, vital, godly people. All the people who come here every winter from various places, say, "You are a different man, Dr. McIntyre, a different man, since you came to Los Angeles: you always could talk, you always could draw crowds of people, but it was poetry and description and humor and pathos and argument and emotion. You could sway and move and melt and draw, but something has happened to you on this coast. Something has come over you, my man." And again they have said to me, "Where did you get this fresh baptism, where were you so brought into the heart of the gospel, where did the Holy Ghost overtake you?" And I tell them all, "Here." Why, do you suppose I can part with such a church as this, that has been my glory and my joy, that has

brought me the greatest honor in Methodism on earth, without some pangs?

Just now, you understand that I am working under heavy restraint, that I dare not trust my feelings lest I be overwhelmed in a flood of emotion, if I dared to tell what I owe to this church. And not to this church only, but to this town. I take this last occasion to bear witness that all the people, from the Mayor down to the newsboys on the street, have been kindly to me. I am debtor to this whole town. I can never pay it, but I am glad to acknowledge it. I cannot account for it. I have ceased to try. I have asked God a dozen times in the last two weeks what it all means, but he does not say anything. Roman Catholics, Jews, colored folks, people I do not even know by name and would not know if they were standing here seem interested in me, praying for my welfare.

Now what do you think of a man who is compelled suddenly to tear up and leave a church and a town like that? Do you think it is an easy thing to do, especially if a man has a preacher's temperament and a preacher's heart? No. Well, that is just what Paul had to do, and just what I have to do; so I say, I have come to the parting, honored far above my deserts, for I want to say to you, with an emphasis that shall carry it into your consciousness that you may hear it; that is, that I am not worthy of the least of all that the church or the people have done for me. I am but a plain man, a common man, an average man, an ordinary man; I bow my head in humility, but I lift it again and add, my lips trembling, "But He who leads me knows my heart. I am God's man; I have been for many years utterly so. I have no will of my own, have not had for a long while, but I have sunk down deep into the life of God in these latter days. And now I say, "O God, I cannot doubt the One who has brought me thus far: lead thou me on." So I break all these tender ties because I must: I am a man under orders. I do not feel the honor so much as I feel the responsibility. I go out to do my best and to stir up our church to save the lost souls of the world.

Secondly, Paul mentioned his own purity. He said, "Having made the parting while our heart-ties are bleeding, while our reluctant fingers are slipping over one another, while the ship waits, and the wind swells the sails, and the sailors are calling me to go away from you forever, I want you to raise your hand and bear record that I am pure from the blood of all men." The emphatic word is "blood." Preaching is a thing of blood. Did you think it was a thing of ora-

tory, or rhetoric, or theology, or entertainment? You have not the point of view at all. If you could get Paul's point of view you would not envy any preacher any honor that could come to him. Preaching is a thing of blood. Paul means to say that if he has not done his whole duty there is blood on him, the blood of lost souls, the blood of damned spirits wailing through eternity. And he lifts his hand to swear and asks them to witness that there is no blood on him—that he is pure.

I am glad he used that word, that he is pure from the blood of all men. Now, that one word blood will mean a great deal, for it will make you understand why the preacher tears and rends his soul to pieces to get people saved. A man said, "Why does Mr. McIntyre half kill himself every Sunday? I see him going home on the car and he can hardly sit up. It seems as if his soul would rend his body. Why don't he take it easier? They would pay him just as much. They would be as well satisfied if they got less." The only trouble I have ever had was to keep them from paying me more. I came back from a vacation and found they had a thousand dollars more stuck onto my salary, and the first thing I had to do was to fight with the official board to cut it off. Some people complain that they are never treated right by their churches. Out of my eight churches, I have had to command five of them to cut my salary down, and fight to have them do it. "They would pay me just as much." They would pay me far more. I am not in this business for pay; I am not seeking money; I told the Lord that in my first charge, and he has seen that I never lacked any money.

You will better understand why the preacher begs and prays and pleads and why he sends for the evangelist and walks the aisles and enters the pews and puts out his hands and with streaming face begs the soul to come to God. He has Paul's notion that it is a question of blood. You who thought it was a question of popularity—you would forgive the poor preacher if you knew it all. If you could get one glimpse of this business as he sees it, you would not wonder that California is full of broken-down preachers who have crushed their physical natures in trying to rescue men. It is a thing of blood as Paul looks at it.

See him as he looks at the folds of his tunic, and says, "Now before I go, lift your hands and swear every one of you that I am clean and pure from the blood of all men," and that is what I want to do today. If I have wronged any soul here, I know I have not done it

wittingly, and if I have done it unwittingly I will do anything I can on earth to make it right, for I want to be clean from the blood of all souls.

Three weeks ago in Baltimore I passed through the most solemn ordination that can come to any man in the world. In the presence of three or four thousand people I was consecrated to the bishopric of our church; being the seventh in number, I had time to study the whole scene, for they were consecrated one by one, and it was thirty minutes before they came to me (I being next to the last), and as they drew near—the two Bishops and two elders, who should lay their hands on my head and say, "We consecrate this man to the office of Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church"—I said, searching my own inmost secret soul, "Now, McIntyre, if there is any sin in you, there is yet time for an honorable confession. Rise and say before this house that you will not submit to this service; that you will not have it," and down I went, forgetting the voices of the Bishops, forgetting everything. I looked again down into my soul and I said, "O God, speak and let me hear if I am right with thee"—and long before the Bishops' hands touched my head, I felt another touch, and before their voices I heard another voice say, "Peace, be still and know that I am God. I have led thee thus far through many sorrows, with many sorrows ahead, but I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." And I looked up and said, "I am ready," and I want to stand here and say that so far as I know I am pure from the blood of all men. If I owe any man a dollar let him come to me next week and I will pay him, and if I have wronged any man or woman I apologize now in this public way, and if they will come to me later I will do it privately. If I have harmed any child or in any way hindered a soul I beg that soul's forgiveness and will gladly do anything to make it right, for I desire above all the favor of God. I am going to have that at any price. He has sometimes asked me to pay him the dearest treasure for it, and I have done it, and again I will do it; but I am going to be God's man and do God's will while I live. That much is settled forever.

Now, lastly, Paul comes to his preaching. "For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." The emphatic word is that word "all"—all the counsel of God. The counsel of God is like a bell. You have heard a deep-toned bell ring out its solemn message. Around through every one of those millions of atoms runs that thrilling sound, and that great broad mouth sends on the air its

message of joy or sorrow, but if there is a single crack in that bell, then all the rest of it is dead. Ninety-nine one-hundredths of it may be perfect, but unless it is all there, if there is a crack in that bell, the bell may be as broad in its mouth as this room or the sweep of these galleries, like the great bell in Moscow, as big as a house—but if there is a crack not wider than a hair from your baby's head, every atom in that bell is ruined. When the bell is perfect, all atoms in harmony, uncracked, unbroken, touch it and through every atom runs the solemn tone, "I am a good bell," but if the crack is there it is not all perfect. You strike and the note begins well, runs a distance and then flats, and just so with the gospel. It is a perfect unison, splendid harmony, close symmetry, and magnificent solidarity, but the trouble with the people who preach it in many cases is this that they do not preach *all* the gospel. They begin well and run on till they strike a crack. One of the doctrines is holiness. If it is left out the whole message flats. There is no resonance, no music, no salvation, no angelic echoes, no heavenly symphony—nothing.

Now, Paul asks them to swear that he is clean, because he preached all the counsel of God. I want the three thousand people or more here who have heard me all these years, to bear witness not outwardly but inwardly in your own souls each to yourself, that I have preached the whole gospel of God, all of the gospel—all of the gospel.

It comes in four parts—four corner stones. The kingdom of heaven is like unto a great temple in the earth, and the corner stones are these: Sin, Salvation, Sanctification, Service. I begin each division with a word that commences with "S," so that you may remember it.

Take the first corner stone and look at it. Have I kept clearly before you the horrible fact of *Sin?* Have I minimized it or covered it up or explained it away? Have I called it ignorance or foolishness or blindness, or inability or fate or luck or fortune, or any foolish heathen name? Have I not kept the Bible term, that terrible little word sin—have I not kept that before you plainly? You cannot go anywhere in the Bible till you get first things first, and the first and most important fact is that of sin—sin, that is evil, sin—a leprosy, sin—a fever, sin—epidemic, sin—writhing the soul, polluting the flesh, poisoning the blood, destroying the soul, introduced by Satan, the whole race inoculated, hurrying down toward destruction, to spite God. Afterward he was cast out of heaven. Satan strikes, through the children of earth, the Father heart on high. The horror of sin—

I have kept that before you. I have not covered it up with garlands. I have preached (as Paul preached) all the counsel, but not in the same way as Paul preached it—I could not do that. Paul used a golden dipper with water sparkling and bubbling, and I had to take a common gourd, a different dipper, but the water was the same. We got it out of the same well, the same fountain, the same blessed river of life, and I could give it to the people even as Paul could, as far as the salvation is concerned.

It was like a great violin. It has only four strings—sin, salvation, sanctification, service. When I took it in my clumsy fingers, I could strike only a few notes, only bring to you a suggestion, but Paganini takes the same instrument and sweeps his fingers over the same strings, and wonderful music comes out of the same violin; so Paul's grand, majestic harmony and my little, poor, cheap homilies were played on the same four strings with the same bow, a sinner's heart saved by grace. This I did even as he did, I kept sin before you, not because I loved it, not because I like to paint black pictures—I am a natural optimist—but I had to begin at the beginning and the curse and plague of this earth (which has a thousand names) is really only one thing, sin.

And the next is *Salvation,* the old love story—the sweetest story ever told. I am a lover myself, and have the happiest home in America, the dearest wife that a man ever had, but I never heard one or read one or felt one that came within a million miles of the sweet story of my Lord, who came to save his bride, the church. I have told it to you in a thousand ways. I have swept the earth, sea, and sky for similes, metaphors, and illustrations about my Lord. I've pictured Calvary a hundred times. I've told you of the crucifixion in every manner. I have wept and shouted, I have stood with you while the men took his body down. I have gone with you through the joys of the Easter morn. I have sat with Mary Magdalene at the open grave. I have gathered in the upper room with the apostles. I have stood on Olivet. I have rejoiced as I have told of this salvation.

And then I have told you of the other—*Sanctification.* Many halt before they get to this. They have not declared all of the counsel. Holiness is in the Bible, in the Old and the New. The Bible is a holy book; in fact, the word holy is on the outside of it. It is the holy Bible, and it was sent to make this world holy. Holy men and holy women—that is its essence, and I've taught you that. This is my final word to you, my beloved church, you who were my own

people, you who are dearer to me than the blood drops that rush through this heart of mine, you whom I hope to meet in heaven with the loved ones gone before. My people, my people, I want to meet you all there, and I never can without holiness, for without holiness no man shall see the Lord; without holiness you cannot do much service. Holiness is God's kit of tools. You have seen Niagara where it seems as if everything in this world is going downward, everything is pouring down; the Almighty has gathered in his hand the crystal waters of a thousand lakes and a hundred rivers throughout the north and dashed it over the edge of that mighty precipice and from the Sisters' Island above to the whirlpool below, it is all pouring down, foam, spume, and froth, a million waters roaring on downward, all tending irresistibly downward; but I stood there one day and saw put out from the landing into the thick of that roaring flood a plucky little ship called The Maid o' the Mist, and that small steamboat turned her nose against that stream and sailed right up in the teeth of the roaring waters. I took off my hat and shouted for the glorious little ship, and I said, "How is it that one thing goes up while a thousand go down? One thing goes against a world of descending waters. How is it?" I know and you know, it was the coal in the furnace, touched by the fire releasing the hidden power, but whence came the coal? Scientists tell us it is bottled-up sunshine stored by our Lord in this earth, and it is the sunlight. It is another world, 90,000,000 miles away, that is driving that little thing against that whole rolling torrent that is going the other way; and so our Lord sends Paul out there in that heathen world where everything goes hellward, where it is slavery, and cruelty, where there is drunkenness, immorality, heathenism—one soul going steadily upward by the power of another world forcing him onward. Holiness of God is in his heart. The Bible is stored-up holiness of God making the human heart able to steady itself against the powers of sin.

Service—I have tried to stir you up. Some of you wouldn't be stirred. You say, "Don't rouse me. I want to sleep. I want to be a Christian and give a dollar now and then, but I cannot do any real active work." I fear some of you deserve comparison with the old woman whose epitaph appeared on a New England tombstone:

> Here lies an old woman who always was tired,
> She lived in a house where no help was hired,
> She is now up in heaven, where anthems are ringing,
> But having no voice, she will get out of singing;
> Don't mourn for her now and don't mourn for her ever,
> She has gone to do nothing for ever and ever.

O! that fits some of you—but not many. You have seen and I have seen the four corner stones, and one of the finest and best of them all is service. Service! Why, you crowded me and begged me to find work and kept Mrs. Burch and myself busy finding new plans. You have given money until I have had to say "Stop." At this moment I have $1,000 waiting for me down in one of the banks for Christian work. I won't accuse many of you of idleness. But the grandest work is ahead of you. I am proud of you, but there are better days coming in this church than you ever saw.

Now, I close. Now I am done. The angel of the backward look and folded wings of ashen gray will close the brazen covers of this book and set it in the archives of the past, and it will never be opened again till the white light of the judgment. When we stand before the Book of God, some pressed flowers will tumble out of the pages and the angel will look at me and say, "What are these?" And I will say, "They are the forget-me-nots of First Church of Los Angeles." Set it away; no more can be written; I cannot change them. I would change them if I could. It is too late, too late.

Now I have two requests to make: First, that you will praise and help my successor as you have praised and helped me. He is coming with a spotless record behind him. He is coming in all the splendor of his power. He is an eloquent preacher and a man you will love. Take him to your heart. Take his family as you took mine. Don't talk about me after he comes. Don't let him know that I was here. He will learn that some day. Don't dare to tell him that McIntyre did this or said that. Take hold of him with a warm grip and say, "Dr. Locke, you are among friends right now." I am somewhere else. I have finished here and I go. When I go, I go. I have never gone back to Saint James Church in Chicago, nor Trinity Church in Denver, nor Grace Church, in Chicago, though they have asked me to come repeatedly. I will not go.

The last request is a very personal one. I shall never have another charge. I am to be a wanderer up and down the earth for the sake of the cause, and not connected particularly with any one place, but I feel that after thirty years' attachment to a church, always having had a church that I could call my own, I cannot go without asking you to remember me in your prayers. Not audibly, but in your secret prayers and in your family circle, for I want to cling to the last one, the one church praying for me. I naturally feel that I love it best. I want to feel that this one church is praying for me

and my welfare. I will be thousands of miles away, sometimes in foreign countries. I will often think of you. I want to feel that many of you remember me in prayer. Now this is my last request—I want to have your prayers.

Now the final words. I have always been rich in the love of the outside people. You have paid your good money in these baskets to support me and my family. Do you think I am deaf, dumb, and blind to this? If you do, you don't know me. If I dared to—if I could trust myself just now, I would say something to these outsiders. It is pathetic to know that there are things left undone. It saddens me to know that there are those at the last minute for whom something could be done and the opportunity not forthcoming.

I want to be remembered as Old Aunt Mary in James Whitcomb Riley's poem:

> Why, I see her now in the open door,
> Where the little gourds grew up beside and o'er
> The clap-board roof, and her face, Ah, me!
> Wasn't it good for a boy to see?
> And wasn't it good for a boy to be
> Out to old Aunt Mary's?

I want to be remembered as standing in the open door of this church as I say farewell to my congregation—farewell.[1]

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE STRUGGLE FOR DELIVERANCE

Rom. 7. 14-25

In considering Paul's interpretation of Christianity we have called attention to the various steps of his argument in the Epistle to the Romans. We have discussed the wonderful chapter in which what is known as Paul's "mysticism" reaches the very heart of the Pauline System of Thought.

In the closing verses of the sixth chapter of the Epistle, Paul sets forth the blessed results of the union of the believer with Christ, and the great principle of God's moral government; verses 22 and 23: "And now, being made free from sin and become servants to God, ye have your fruit

[1] At the close of this address Robert McIntyre received forty-five new members into the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Los Angeles as his last pastoral act.

unto holiness, and the end everlasting life; for the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

He now proceeds to show more fully that Christianity is to produce its fruit unto holiness by the figure of marriage; that the law has dominion over man only while he lives; it can have no power when he is dead. The woman is bound to her husband by law while he lives, but she is released from that law if he shall have died. Therefore, he argues, through the union of the believer with Christ the law ceases to have dominion over him; he is no longer married to it or united to it, but he has become married to another, even Jesus Christ, who has been raised from the dead, and the result is that we should bring forth fruit unto God, and serve in newness of the spirit rather than the oldness of the letter. Rom. 7. 1-6.

From the seventh to the thirteenth verse Paul answers the questions which might arise in view of his previous discussion concerning law and grace, "Is the law sin?" and proceeds to show that the law is not sin, nor the cause of sin, but that "the law is holy, and the commandments holy, and just, and good."

The apostle now turns to the relation of law to life. The passage, 7. 14-25, has been the battle ground of the exegetes ever since Augustine during the Pelagian controversy changed his mind, and took the position that it was the description of a regenerate man. The followers of Calvin have taken this view generally. The Greek fathers held that it refers to an *un*regenerate man, and Arminian exegetes have uniformly held this opinion. The discussion centers largely around verses 14 and 22: "For we know that the law is spiritual: but I am carnal, sold under sin" (Rom. 7. 14); "For I delight in the law of God after the inward man" (Rom. 7. 22). The former, it is claimed, is a state too low to be applied to a person who had entered into the new life in Christ described in the sixth chapter. The latter has been regarded as too high a state to be applied to an unregenerate man. By spiritual is meant here that which is inspired of God, the expression of the Holy Spirit. "It describes the man in his natural state, including not only his material body, but his mental and volitional operations so far as they are limited or dominated by his earthly and temporal concerns." (Parry.) The phrase "sold under sin" is the language of the slave market. Lightfoot says, "Sin is my task-master, compelling me to do what I would not do of myself." This view of the state of bondage is shown in the next verse, "For not what I would that do I practice, but what I hate that I do." He is no longer his own master, but under a tyranny which he hates. "Sold so as to be under sin; enslaved to sin as by a regular sale and purchase." (Vaughan.)

The phrase, "sold under sin" must not be considered apart from its context.

Let us follow Paul's further description of his religious condition at the time here indicated. He further asserts his bondage by the statement that in doing what he hates, he pays a tribute to the moral excellence of the law. This shows that his deeds are done in defiance of the beauty of the law. He declares that he is powerless, still in bondage, verse 17: "So

now it is no more I that do it, but evil that dwelleth in me." "It is as if I were two persons, not one; my true, my better self desires what is right, but overmastered by an evil power which, though an alien, has taken up its abode in me and manages me against my will." (Vaughan.)

Sin also controls his will: "For the good which I would do, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I practice." (Verse 19.) "But if what I would not, that I do, it is no more I that do it, but sin which dwelleth in me." (Verse 20.) My will inclines me to do right; I want to do the good thing, but sin so controls me that I am not able to perform the good; when I aspire after the good, and fain would do it, I find the evil is in me, and I am helpless before its power; my inner man, my inner life, aspires after the highest things, but I find that the will warring in my members holds me back.

The twenty-first verse mentions the word law in the broader sense of principle; namely, that this contradiction between "God's law and the law of the mind" is ever present: "I find then the law that to me, who would do good, evil is present." The margin of the Revised Version substitutes "in regard to the law" for "the law." The dominance of this is still present in spite of his good purpose.

The twenty-second verse sets forth the complacency with which Paul regards the law. "For I delight in the law of God after the inward man." Those who apply this verse to the experience of the regenerate regard "the inward man" as meaning the new man, the Christian man, who has experienced the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit.

The inner man is defined in the lexicon as "the mind, soul, as Eph. 3. 16." Abbott says (International Commentary), "The inner man is not the new man, but is the higher moral and rational nature, the reason which by its constitution is in harmony with the divine law, but in the unregenerate is enslaved to the power of sin in the flesh." Beet, "It is the inner and higher element in man which is farthest from the world around." (2 Cor. 4. 16.)

The cry for deliverance in the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth verses is a strong corroboration of the view here presented, that the reference is not to a man fully regenerated. His agreement with the law and its lofty ideals has not reached the form of full acceptance of Jesus Christ as his personal and complete Saviour. His appeal in the twenty-fourth verse is too strong for that. "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." The word rendered "deliver" is a very strong word. It might be represented by "rescue," as from a prison house, or from the dominance of a victorious conqueror.

There is a deliverer and a deliverance. Man is not left to himself, to his ignorance, or blind impulses. There is a power that makes for righteousness, and that power is the Lord Jesus Christ.

This delight of the unregenerate in the law of God after the inward man is confirmed as to its meaning by Beet's extended and apt references to classical authors in his commentary. In this whole passage there is no mention of the Holy Spirit. The Spirit appears only when the cry of

deliverance is answered in Rom. 8. 2: "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus made me free from the law of sin and death."

The purpose of this paper is not critical, but practical. Important points are untouched which need extended elucidation.

We have not raised the question as to the specific reference of the "I's" so frequently repeated. The natural reference seems to be to Paul's state before his conversion.

This view harmonizes with his state as mentioned in Phil. 3. 6: "As touching zeal, persecuting the church; as touching righteousness which is in the law, found blameless." This refers to the time before his conversion on the away to Damascus.

Whatever interpretations have been put upon Romans 7. 14-25, there is in these last verses at the close of the experience here described an agonizing question which has found answer, and the apostle rejoices that through Jesus Christ his rescue has been achieved.

This passage is important as a study in Christian experience, and no one can arise from its prayerful consideration without the desire to live the higher Christian life; the life of holiness.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE DESERT OF THE EXODUS

"The great and terrible wilderness wherein were fiery serpents and scorpions and thirsty ground, where there was no water," was the way in which Moses characterized the Desert of the Exodus. It had evidently not changed, centuries later, when Jeremiah called it "a land of deserts and pits, a land of drought and deep darkness, a land that none passed through, and where no man dwelt" (2. 6). After the lapse of three millenniads, it is still the same old wilderness, with its labyrinth of narrow wadies, precipitous cliffs, rough and rugged lime-stone hills, banded with occasional other strata, hot in summer, cold in winter, desolate at all seasons. According to the latest travelers through this barren waste, there is in this entire region, through which Moses led the Hebrews, but one running stream of living water. No wonder, therefore, that it is practically uninhabited, and the few who manage to exist within its limits "are very small, very spare, and sadly shriveled up—poor over-roasted snipe, mere cinders of men." Indeed, "the wearying monotony of senseless rounded hills and unmeaning valleys make this southern desert of Syria one of the most inhospitable of all deserts." Yet dreary and monotonous as it is, it has been the subject of thorough study and careful exploration, age after age, to our own day. Travelers, archæologists, Bible students, and men of science have spent many weary months in this inhospitable land and have subjected almost every square mile of it to a minute examination, chiefly because of the role it played in the story of the patriarchs and early Israel.

Professor Robinson and Dr. Eli Smith spent several weeks here in 1839, on their way from Suez to Palestine. The volumes of these men concerning this trip are still well worth reading. Captain Wilson, of the British army, made a survey of the Sinai district, including Jebel Musa and Jebel Serbal, in 1868-69, when 700 miles of marches and an area of more than 4,000 square miles was reconnoitered by him and his assistants, covering the entire territory through which the Hebrews are supposed to have passed on their way to the Promised Land.

As Captain Wilson had confined his explorations almost entirely to Sinai and its immediate surroundings, the Palestine Exploration Fund engaged Professor Palmer and Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake, of Cambridge, England, to make careful investigations of the territory north of Mount Sinai. These two gentlemen traveled afoot from Sinai to Ain Hudherah and Nakl, about midway between Suez and Akaba. They proceeded north to Wady el Arish as far as Jebel Araif, a lofty peak, from the summit of which they had an extensive view. They then went to Ain Kadeis—of which we shall speak later. From Ain Kadeis they followed their way to El Auja, once an important place, but now quite desolate. Passing Esbeita and Khalasa they proceeded in a northeasterly direction through Beersheba and Hebron as far as Jerusalem. The two volumes by Dr. Palmer, entitled The Desert of the Exodus—a standard work to this day—are the fruits of this journey.

It was in 1883 that Professor Edward Hull and his son, Dr. E. Gordon Hull, and three other men of science were sent to the Araba—a stretch of land extending from the Dead Sea to the Gulf of Akaba—in order to examine the geology, meteorology, and botany of that region. Captain Kitchener, now the most famous general in the British Empire, and Mr. George Armstrong accompanied these scientific men in order to make a survey of the Araba. In addition to the scientific data collected on this trip, there was also made "a complete triangulation of the district lying between the mountains of Sinai and the Wady Araba, bounded on the west by the table-land of Tih, and on the east by the mountains of Edon and Moab."

The last survey, and the one deserving our special attention, was that in 1913-14, by Captain Newcombe and Lieutenant Greig, both officers of the British army, and now in the active service. Their work was confined to the Negeb, immediately west of the Araba, or that region south of a line drawn from Rafah on the Mediterranean to Beersheba, thence south to the north end of the Gulf of Akaba. This completed the survey of the entire Peninsula of Sinai. The Bible student owes a great debt to the Palestine Exploration Fund for this scientific information, and were it not for this society it is probable that the British government would not have lent so willing a hand to the enterprise and consented to send its experienced engineers and surveyors to these desolate wastes, and yet, no doubt, Great Britain rejoices to-day that it possesses such accurate knowledge of this portion of the Turkish Empire. Two archæologists were sent to join Captain Newcombe and Lieutenant Greig, so that there could be not only a scientific survey, but also the latest archæological

data for the benefit of the future historian and explorer. Though the British officers and their subordinates spent less than four months in the field, the area surveyed and minutely explored by them was more than 4,500 square miles. Owing to conditions arising from the horrible war now in progress, the maps and much data submitted by them to the society have been withheld, temporarily, from the public. Were it not for that fact, a much more valuable and elaborate work might have been given us by the Palestine Exploration Fund, than that published by Woolley and Lawrence, entitled, The Wilderness of Zion (Archæological Report), 1915.

This volume, a quarto of 154 pages, is, nevertheless, very interesting, profusely illustrated, having no fewer than thirty-seven pages of plates, from photographs taken by the authors on the spot. There are also many plans of churches, forts, and various other buildings, a large number of cuts of different objects, two maps: one of the region around Ain Kadeis and the other showing the route and localities described. There are, besides, a goodly number of inscriptions in Nabatean, Greek, and Arabic, some of them new, but none of paramount importance.

This awful desert, explored by Woolley and Lawrence, is described vividly and at length, and, no doubt, accurately. If not accurately, let us hope that Mr. Lawrence's critics will be less drastic, and may deal more leniently with him than he has with his predecessors. The volume would have been quite as valuable if some of its sarcastic criticisms had been omitted.

Rocks and stones so abundant in this desert are fully discussed. Of these there are limestone, diorite, flint, and sandstone. There is a noticeable absence of verdure and trees, though there is plenty of broom, some juniper, and tamarisk—all stunted and dwarfed—used chiefly for fuel. The hills are high and the wadies narrow. The broader valleys "are drowned from bank to bank under the great billows of moving sand-dunes, and overgrown with colocynth, which emphasizes their incurable desolation." There are rains, violent and incessant in winter, which wash everything before them. Thus the alluvial deposits of one rain are driven away by a succeeding flood, or dried up by the subsequent intense heat. No wonder the poor Bedouin, inured though he be to hardships, becomes discouraged, folds up his tent in despair, and seeks a more genial clime.

The climate is thoroughly bad. Professor Palmer, Holland, and others have maintained that climatic conditions have changed in this wilderness. Mr. Lawrence, on the other hand, basing his opinion upon archæological reasons, contends that there has been no change. There is a remarkable scarcity of monuments. Even those of the stone age are conspicuous by their absence, a positive proof that man, even in the rudest ages, could not well have subsisted here. There is a great lack of flint instruments. Woolley and Lawrence found but four or five specimens on the entire trip up and down el Tih. What former travelers had regarded as flint implements are not the work of man, but of nature; of such there is enough "to sink a battleship."

Though few monuments of the stone age are found here, stone ruins of the Byzantine period abound. There are hundreds of ruined buildings, cairns, ring-graves, rectangular graves, as well as the more pretentious sepulchral chambers or tombs. There are round and rectangular shelter places, constructed for the protection of man and beast from the furious winds and storms. We also find smaller piles and ruder heaps, some of great antiquity, others the work of yesterday. The ring-graves at Kossaima, ranging from two to five yards in diameter, take us back to the first half of the second millenniad before Christ. And yet, though these are undoubtedly old, there are graves of precisely the same pattern which, if the broken pottery in and around them be any criterion, cannot antedate the Byzantine period, and, indeed, some of them are even much later. This is not strange, for in "the unchangeable East" the Arabs of to-day make graves precisely the same as those made by their predecessors in the days of Moses, David, and Mohammed. This unchangeableness is still more evident in connection with the so-called "Dead Man's Pile." It has been a custom from time immemorial, and is still, to pile up stones upon the spot where the body of a murdered person is found.

There was a time when the Nabateans ruled this desert and had their commercial routes from Petra to the coast. It is, however, astonishing how little they have left in buildings or inscriptions to preserve their memory.

The golden age of the Desert of el Tih must be sought neither in gray antiquity, nor yet in modern times, but rather in the Greek or Byzantine period. It was then that the emperors had to protect the routes from Syria and Mesopotamia to Egypt and southern Arabia. Forts had to be erected, and garrisons maintained at suitable distances, as well for military as commercial purposes. Auja, Abda, and Kurnub were walled castles with garrisons of regular troops, and there were forts at Aila and Khalasa. The church, too, helped to populate the desert. The soldiers of the cross and those of the emperor kept in close touch. Church and monastery nestled close to the fort and military post. Though prelates lived in elegant palaces in the larger and gayer cities, "piety fled to the wilderness." It was then that the desert was transformed into a garden, and very naturally, for "monks, soldiers, and merchants must all eat." The soil, arid as it was, had to be cultivated. Springs of water were few and far between; recourse, therefore, had to be had to irrigation and other devices. Fields were cleared of their stones. With these terraces were built on the slopes so as to preserve every particle of soil and loose dirt. Not only were the winter rains stored up in their natural channels in the narrow gulches by dams and barrages, but numberless cisterns and huge reservoirs were constructed on every hand. It was thus that the desert was changed into fertile fields and fruitful gardens, with rich vegetable growth, their palms, their olives and vines. Some of the towns, as Esbeita, had not a solitary natural spring, but were entirely dependent upon the water rained from heaven and stored away.

The traveler through this region is at once impressed by these ruins and remains of a splendid system of irrigation and cultivation, which,

being of Byzantine origin, and under direct Byzantine control, prospered greatly for a time, but, alas! had to be abandoned when the emperors were forced to take away their soldiers from these desert garrisons for wars in more fertile regions of the empire, as was Heraclius for his campaign in Persia. It was not long after this that the Arabs took possession of these old Byzantine towns and settlements in North Sinai. From that time desolation has reigned supreme, and yet, in spite of this desolation, merchants and travelers had to pass from north to south and *vice versa*. Of the several routes, the more common, perhaps, is that called Darb el Shur from Akaba. There is another way from Akaba, through Wady Araba, by the way of Ain Ghadian and Ain Gharandel to Ain Weiba, whence one may go directly north toward the Dead Sea, or northwest over Darb el Sultana to Beersheba.

There is a great absence of tells south of Beersheba, though very common in the other three directions. From Beersheba to the Red Sea "the little post of Wady Guderat is the only true tell" that Woolley and Lawrence could find. This is a very conclusive proof that the desert of el Tih was practically uninhabited before the Byzantine period.

No name in the Negeb is more familiar to the Bible student than that of Kadesh Barnea, usually identified with Ain Kadeis. Strange that a place so prominent in the days of Moses should be all but unknown to the modern Arab. Though Rowland discovered Ain Kadeis in 1842 and Palmer found it in 1871, it was only in 1882, when Dr. H. C. Trumbull visited the same spot, that general attention was called to the place as the supposed ancient Kadesh Barnea. Dr. Trumbull wrote a big book entitled Kadesh Barnea, in which he took it for granted that Ain Kadeis and Kadesh Barnea were one and the same place. His description of the locality is too highly colored, or that of Mr. Lawrence not nearly enough so. The former describes Ain Kadeis as a veritable oasis, with verdure and flowers, flitting birds and humming bees, without even the suggestion of a wilderness—in short a real paradise—while the latter characterizes the same spot as "a most unmitigated desert." Mr. Lawrence is probably correct when he says: "Our opinion is that only in the Kossaima district [few miles farther north of Ain Kadeis] are to be found enough water and green stuffs to maintain so large a tribe for so long, and that, therefore, the Wilderness of Zin and Kadesh Barnea must be the country of Ain el Guderat, Kossaima, Muweilleh, and Ain Kadeis." At any rate this district is very central and a convenient starting point for any direction. Here, too, are a deeper soil, larger fields, taller trees, better and more abundant water. Such conditions would naturally impress any passing through the desert, as it did the Byzantine people, Moses, and even earlier sojourners. No wonder, therefore, that Ail el Guderat has its tell with remains from the Arab, Byzantine, Roman, Syrian, and even old Semitic periods. Along with ruined aqueducts and reservoirs of the Greek period there are fragments of Syrian and ancient Semitic wares of the second millenniad before our era. It may be incidentally stated that this lone tell of the wilderness is two hundred feet long, one hundred and fifty wide, and from twelve to fifteen high.

Let us emphasize the fact that were it not for the Byzantine emperors, the Desert of the Exodus might have never been anything but the desolation which it is to-day. It was their soldiers and pious people, "in search of solitude and uncontaminable space for hermitages," that, for a season, reclaimed this barren waste, or rather made it a fit place for human habitation. The principal Byzantine towns are Esbeita, Mishrafa, Abda, Beersheba, Khalasa, Saadi, Raheiba, El Auja, and Akaba.

There is such a sameness of construction and plan in all these places, that the description of one, that is, of Esbeita, may serve for all. This town, 1,800x1,400 feet, is twenty-eight miles south of Beersheba. It had no regular walls, except as the back walls of buildings and gardens, closely joined together, served as such. There were buildings, large and small, public and private. There were three churches, each with a spacious adjoining house—evidently the homes of priests and monks. The private houses had either one or two stories. Everything was built of stone—floors, roofs (arched), partitions, cupboards, and presses. No mean skill was shown in the stone-work; jambs, lintels, and columns were often richly carved and ornamented. Of course the grotesque and rude are also in evidence. The same skill extended to the tombs and sepulchers, though, strange to say, no inscriptions were found on these. It is needless to add that cisterns and reservoirs were found in abundance.

The churches of Esbeita, as of other towns, were all built according to one plan. There were three aisles separated by arcades and ending in semicircular apses on the east. The central aisle was always the largest. The church and the adjoining buildings had a good-sized court, with its walks and cloisters, also a tower and the inevitable cistern, sometimes more than one. Besides the ornamented stone work, there were other decorations. There is in the ruins of one of these churches a large mural painting, The Transfiguration. The elements, of course, have played havoc with this painting, as with all similar decorations, and yet with little imagination one may recognize the following figures: The Master, Peter, James, and John, with, perhaps, Moses and Elijah.

We shall conclude this article with just a word concerning Abda, the Nabatean Eboda, which deserves especial attention on account of the remains of a large pillared temple, over which was built a Byzantine monastery. The stones used in the two buildings differ in style and kind, those of the older structure being in every way superior and displaying a higher grade of workmanship. It should also be stated that many of the cut stones of the Nabatean temple were used in the walls of the Byzantine monastery. .

Another Nabatean ruin is the large rectangular rock-tomb, with more than a score of niches, a little south of Abda.

Since writing the above the papers tell us that Palestine has become one immense camp, that the Turks and Germans have built a railroad through this wilderness; one report goes so far as to say that this railroad has four tracks all the way to the borders of Egypt. This is probably nothing more than a newspaper report.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The International Standard Bible Encyclopædia. Professor James Orr, M.A., D.D., General Editor; Bishop John L. Nuelsen, D.D., LL.D., and President Edgar Y. Mullins, D.D., LL.D., Assistant Editors; Rev. Morris O. Evans, D.D., Ph.D., Managing Editor. Five volumes, royal 8vo, pp. 3,541. Chicago: Howard-Severance Co., 1915.

The past twenty-five years have been unusually productive in helps for Bible study—helps of all sizes from the simple pamphlet of few pages to the bulky volumes of several thousand; helps from the pens of every shade of critics; the ultra-rationalistic, the ultra-conservative, and still in greater numbers from the saner progressive conservatives. This is a clear index to the spirit of the age in which we live, for in spite of our commercialism and apparent indifference to religion and higher matters there is still a vast army of Bible students intent upon the true interpretation of the will of God as revealed in his Holy Word and Jesus Christ. Account for it as we may, there never has been an age when not only Christ and the apostles, but also Moses and the prophets have been studied more thoroughly and by a larger number of earnest, intelligent persons than the present. Smith's Dictionary of the Bible held the field for half a century or longer, and filled its mission well; for it was the work of scholarly men of deep religious convictions. But, owing to the fact that many and important discoveries have been made in Bible lands, and that a revolution has taken place in every field of learning, and that the Book has been attacked by remorseless criticism, the time had come for a restatement of many subjects. So this great and favorite standard work had to give place to a more modern presentation of the same old truths. The same is true of McClintock and Strong's Encyclopædia, which contained much which was not germane to Bible study. The two largest and best known works of our century in the English language, intended to replace Dr. William Smith's monumental volumes, were published about the same time—the first years of this century—in Great Britain. They are The Encyclopædia Biblica, edited by the late Professor Cheyne, of Oxford, and a Dictionary of the Bible, edited by Dr. James Hastings, of Scotland. Each of these is in four volumes—though the latter has a supplementary volume. There have appeared also several smaller Bible dictionaries, or biblical encyclopædias. Of these we may mention one by Professor John D. Davis, of Princeton, another by Professor W. W. Davies, of the Ohio Wesleyan, a third by Dr. C. R. Barnes, of New York, and still another by Professor Zenos, of Chicago. These, of course, do not profess to compete with the larger works above mentioned. The International Standard Bible Encyclopædia, just from the press, is, however, a competitor, both in magnitude and in the number, length, erudition, and excellency of its articles. The quality of paper, the workmanship, and general make-up of this American encyclopædia are superior to its two British

competitors. The same is true of the illustrations. The maps, sixteen in number, are models of clearness and accuracy; these are made so much the more convenient by the long list of place names, with key numerals and letters, enabling the reader to locate any place without any difficulty. The indices at the end of the fifth volume are quite unique and will prove of great convenience. There is a general index, with the names of all the articles, then one with the names of the writers of the longer articles, an index of all the Scripture texts to which references have been made, another of every Hebrew, Aramaic, and Greek word occurring in the articles, and finally a complete list of the illustrations and half-tones. The question naturally arises, why another work of this kind, when there are already so many of similar character? The answer lies on the surface. It will be admitted at once that thorough and scholarly as the articles in the Encyclopædia Biblica may be, they are, nevertheless, as far as biblical criticism is concerned, almost without exception, too radical, absolutely at variance with the teachings and creeds of the great majority of evangelical Christians. Many of the articles are ultra-rationalistic, though learned, and containing much wheat, yet full of tares and chaff, mere guesses without the shadow of foundation. So much of the imaginary and subjective is given us as solid truth and indisputable facts. While many of these guesses are harmless, as for example, the thousand and one references to Jerameel, many more have in them the most insidious attacks upon the very citadel of our common faith. In proof of this assertion, the reader has only to turn to the articles on the Patriarchs, the story of early Israel, to say nothing of the long paper on Jesus Christ. In short, in spite of its many excellences, a poisonous air pervades the entire work, such air as makes it dangerous to the untrained critic. We should be sorry to have it placed in the hands of the average layman, or for that matter, in those of our theological students and younger ministers.

> It offers so much poison in disguise,
> Which scarce from medicine you can recognize.

If we turn to Hastings's Bible Dictionary, we find it much more conservative and reverent in its criticism. It is generally free of ultra-rationalistic hypotheses of the more advanced destructive critics. And yet the articles on Genesis, Deuteronomy, and the Hexateuch are based upon the unproved theories of Wellhausen. And this in spite of the fact that many of his conclusions have never been scientifically demonstrated, nay, more, that some of them are demonstrably incorrect. The writers of these articles do not seem to know the counter arguments by such men as Green and Orr, or if they do, they purposely ignore them. It would certainly have been fairer, if such counter arguments had been, at least, noticed. The greatest objection to the Wellhausen theory, adopted in Hastings, is that it first formulated its own theory of evolution of the history of mankind and its religion, and then made everything in the Old Testament conform to it. Wellhausen published his theories nearly fifty years ago, or some time before the discovery of the Tel-el-Amarna tablets, the Code

of Hammurabi, and before but little had been known from the monuments about writing and ancient civilizations. The past twenty-five years have made wonderful progress, not only in archæology, but also in the textual criticism of the Old Testament. If properly quoted, Wellhausen himself has acknowledged the force of some of the later attacks upon his hypothesis. Indeed, there are signs on every hand that much of the Graf-Wellhausen theory must be abandoned. "The new Babylonian school in Germany (that of Winckler) assails it in its foundation. Recently the successor of Kuenen in Leyden, Professor B. D. Eerdmans, formerly a supporter, has broken with the theory in its entirety and subjects the documentary hypothesis to a damaging criticism." Besides, the great majority of pastors and Bible teachers the world over find that these unproved speculations and hypotheses still to be demonstrated are mental pabulum, which the average congregation cannot relish and consequently refuse to take and feed upon. We may never return to the so-called traditional views of fifty years ago, but the evangelical church of the future will demand something less subjective and more positive than the critics of the Wellhausen school have to offer. From what has been said, it will be seen that neither of the great works published in Great Britain, and well known in the United States, is such as may be safely recommended to those uninitiated into the mysteries of biblical criticism. Besides, as has been well said, any dictionary which emphasizes theory rather than or at the expense of fact is destined soon to pass away. For these reasons the International Standard Bible Encyclopædia appears at a time when just such a work is needed. It is written from the conservative standpoint by men of undoubted scholarship and unquestioned piety and devotion to the truth. It is a work which the intelligent layman no less than the learned clergyman may safely welcome. The writers of the several articles have, for the most part, looked at the questions in biblical criticism from every angle, and have not attempted to dodge, conceal, or ignore the arguments of the more radical school. On the other hand, abundant room has been given for the fullest presentation of the subjects from both sides. Take as an illustration the article on Biblical Criticism. Professor Orr discusses this important question from the conservative standpoint, and Professor Easton presents the liberal side. If we examine the article on Genesis, by Wilhelm Moeller, of Halle, Prussia, we find that it is written with all the thoroughness of the German theologian, by a man perfectly acquainted with the immense literature on the subject. Though written in Halle, where Wellhausen was once a professor of theology, and where he thought out his theories, Moeller rejects Wellhausenism *in toto*. Professor Robinson, of McCormick Theological Seminary, a well-known scholar and traveler in Bible lands, has written the papers on Deuteronomy and Isaiah, and concludes that there is no sufficient reason for giving up the Mosaic origin of the former, and also maintains that the latter is essentially the work of Isaiah, the son of Amoz, and not a compilation fom various authors and ages. Mr. Harold M. Wiener, a Jewish barrister of London, England, an expert in Hebrew literature and biblical criticism, has written the articles: Hexateuch, Levites, and Priests,

Pentateuch and others, and has produced crushing arguments against the Graf-Wellhausen hypothesis, as well as against the less liberal critics of the Robertson Smith and Driver school. It would be difficult to find any one better qualified to enter the field against the giants above mentioned. Then there is a number of articles by Professor Orr, the editor-in-chief. He is at his best in those on Jesus Christ, Criticism of the Bible, and Immortality. The article on Jesus Christ is in very marked contrast with that by Schmiedel in the Encyclopædia Biblica. The fairness of this new encyclopædia is further seen in the papers on Baptism and the Lord's Supper. There are three papers on the first, one by a Baptist, another by a Presbyterian, and a third by a Lutheran. But space forbids us to enter at greater length into the merits of other articles. This new work will, no doubt, be welcomed by the average evangelical pastor everywhere, as well as by a host of earnest lay Bible students, not only because it is less technical and far clearer without being any less scholarly, but also because it is far more temperate without being a whit less critical. The time has passed when Moses and the patriarchs are to be regarded as merely ideal personages, tribal gods or astral myths. The more advanced and flippant critic is losing caste in the church and a soberer type of criticism is steadily replacing the wild guesses of Cheyne and his school. The church is not willing to give up its belief in the supernatural and the miraculous, in revelation and the inspiration of the Bible. We shall never again return to many of the old beliefs of the past, much less shall we accept the ultra-radical views of rationalism. The tendency now is greater than it has been for many years to return to a saner biblical criticism. Not many of our American theological professors and biblical scholars reject the view that Moses may have given us at least the substance of the Pentateuch, much less that he never existed at all. Too many of our German scholars have denied the supernatural in religion and history, and have tried to reduce Christianity, at least in its essence, to the level of other religions. It is this "spirit which eviscerates Christianity of most of the vital truths, which the church, resting upon the Scriptures, has always regarded as its essence. With such a spirit and with the treatment of biblical subjects resulting from it, the present encyclopædia disclaims sympathy." Though welcoming all the new light and solid reasoning which help men to understand the Word of God better, it has no place for the unproved speculations of the ultra-critical school. This new encyclopædia absolutely and effectually demonstrates one thing: all the biblical scholars in America and Europe do not accept the teachings of Wellhausen, Cheyne, and their schools. On the other hand, there is a great host of eminent scholars and thinkers who reject their claims. Yea, the great army of church members in all English-speaking countries are exceedingly loyal to the ancient faith. To these the terms Revelation, Inspiration, Sin, Atonement, Deity of Jesus Christ are not empty phrases and meaningless words, but terms fraught with meaning. If we examine the list of contributors we see at a glance that the encyclopædia is not only international, but also undenominational. Of the more than two hundred contributors, one half are from the United States, about sixty

from Great Britain and its colonies, and the remainder from Germany, Africa, and Asia. The editor-in-chief is a Presbyterian, the managing editor a Congregationalist; of the two assistant editors, one is a Methodist and the other a Baptist. Among the contributors, in addition to the denominations just mentioned, there are also Anglicans, Lutherans, Jews, and others. Of the Methodists we may notice the following: President Breslich, Professors C. M. Cobern, W. W. Davies, F. C. Eiselen, J. A. Faulkner, G. G. Findlay, A. S. Geden, D. A. Hayes, L. H. Hough, A. C. Knudson, L. B. Longacre, H. L. Luering, R. B. Miller, H. F. Rall, R. W. Rogers, C. F. Sitterly, W. N. Stearns, C. M. Stuart, W. F. Tillett, J. R. Van Pelt, R. H. Walker, Dr. C. E. Schenk, Dr. H. H. Meyer, and Bishop F. J. McConnell. This list of Methodists is certainly a representative one. They are all well known in their several specialties. One has only to read the articles from their pens to be convinced of their scholarly character and religious value. While most of these are conservative, not one can be classed with the ultra-liberal wing of biblical critics. It would be impossible to find a better list of writers on archæology and recent discoveries in Bible lands. We mention only a few of the more prominent: Professor Edgar Banks, Professor A. T. Clay, Colonel C. R. Conder, Professor Flinders Petrie, Dr. C. Pinches, Sir William M. Ramsay, Professor A. H. Sayce, and Professor Arthur Ungnad. All the above are everywhere known and have rendered valuable services in their various fields. Among other distinguished writers we notice: Professors W. J. Beecher, T. W. Davies, J. D. Davis, J. Iverach, C. Orelli, James Robertson, J. Stalker, H. C. Strack, B. B. Warfield, F. G. Wright, and Bishop Moule, of Durham. We predict a wide circulation for this excellent aid to Bible study, and it will, no doubt, find a prominent place in thousands of pastors' libraries, as well as in those of reverent students of God's Word, who have not enjoyed the advantages of special training in our theological seminaries, but are longing for a more perfect understanding of the Book.

Works of Martin Luther, with Introduction and Notes. Volume II. Philadelphia: A. J. Holman Company. 1915. Pp. 476. $2.

A Protestant friend of this reviewer, who had come to take almost the Roman Catholic view of Luther, once communicated to him in Latin the passage so well known to Luther's calumniators about the rights of a married woman in certain abnormal conditions, with the imputation that after such a passage one could say nothing more for the reformer. It occurred in the first edition of the great treatise, *Praeludium de captivate Babylonica* (1520), but was omitted by Luther in later editions, either because time had made him more conservative or for fear of misunderstanding. But that omission could not go to his credit. Whatever he had once said or done is entered on the books of his opponents for their ever-present judgment day. Well, thanks to the noble candor of that scholarly band of translators (for this volume Professor C. M.

Jacobs, of Mount Airy, Philadelphia; Schindel, Steinhaeuser and Steimle, of Allentown; and Lambert, of South Bethlehem) gathered around Mount Airy Theological Seminary, who are putting out this admirable edition, even this passage is translated. And when read in full in connection with the whole treatise it is even more innocent than when we read the Latin extract, whose chief fault seemed to be a too frank attitude in loyalty to the original divine institution of marriage due to an error of judgment. In fact the bad things in Luther, so relentlessly exploited by his enemies, are like the fantastic fearsome shapes you see in going through the woods at night, they disappear in daylight. This does not mean that there are not offensive things in Luther—that goes without saying in a man of his brutal frankness—whose coarseness and extravagance he got from good Catholic teachers, but it means that the more light you throw on those passages the more natural, the less offensive they generally appear. For this reason the numerous popular pamphlets and books gotten out by Roman Catholic publishers on Luther and the Reformation are worthless, for although they tell some truth they tell more things that are not true, and the truth is told in such a way that it also becomes error. Not only so, they take undue advantage of the ignorant. Not one Protestant in half a million is able to evaluate scientifically passages from Luther thrown up to him by Roman Catholic and Anglican controversialists. These Protestants have not the works of Luther to study the whole context, and even if they had they have not the knowledge to fill in the historic background on which alone a correct estimate can be made. For this reason most Protestants are entirely at the mercy of the Roman polemic. And remember this, that this polemic is also often taken over without sufficient testing by free-thinking college professors and secular historians, generally building on Janssen, with the critical reviews of whom by German Protestant scholars they do not seem to be familiar. The extravagance and intolerance of Luther are just as much an offense to these professors as to Catholics, and his stalwart faith is an additional stumbling block. This volume contains the treatises on the Sacrament and Brotherhoods, 1519 (Luther knew nothing, of course, of our modern secret fraternities, but if he had known it is evident from many passages in this book that his attitude toward them would have been that of the strict orthodox Lutherans of the last two centuries), on the Ban, to the Christian Nobility of the German Nation, concerning the Babylonian Captivity of the Church, Christian Liberty, Explanation of the Ten Commandments, Creed, and Lord's Prayer (all 1520), the Eight Wittenberg Sermons, and that Doctrines of Men are to be Rejected (both 1522). These are accurately translated in full with admirable introductions and notes, well printed, with full indexes to subjects and Scripture passages. The publisher has done his part of the work on a par with the scholarly zeal of the translators, and the whole set is a worthy introduction to the world-wide celebrations of Luther and the Reformation to come in 1917, which cannot be understood unless one immerses himself in Luther's own writings, especially the more famous and characteristic ones which have been selected, with others only a little less im-

portant, for this edition. To have those three celebrated sledge-hammer treatises of 1520 translated in full with the fine apparatus offered by these Lutheran scholars is, indeed, something to be devoutly thankful for. Read for yourself, dear friend, and find out what kind of a man Luther was, and whether the Reformation was really necessary, for in them you feel the very pulse beats of the writer who did not know how to write except with naked frankness, and who relentlessly uncovers the Catholic world in which he was born on both its practical and theological sides in these writings. You know the legend of Antaeus, the giant of Libya, who threw all wrestlers because every time he touched the earth he received new strength from his mother, the earth (Gē). This reviewer has read every word of this book, and he can testify to the strength that comes from a touch with the native vigor of this unspoiled son of the soil, who, unlike Antaeus, gives life rather than death to his wrestlers. The Catholics have English translations of the voluminous anti-Luther books of Janssen and Grisar. We have nothing of the kind of the German replies or of the larger German Köstlin. In that lack, the words of Luther himself in this excellent edition are the very best substitute.

Outlines of Biblical Theology. Volume II. Theology Proper. By Rev. T. J. Scott, D.D., ex-principal of Theological Seminary, Bareilly, India; author of Science of Logic in Hindustani and English, Missionary Life among the Villages of India, translater of Whedon's Commentary on the New Testament into Hindustani, fellow of the University Allahabad, Lucknow. Methodist Publishing House, 1912, with portrait, xxix, 489, $1. For sale by Methodist Book Concern, New York, and Author at Ocean Grove, N. J.

In 1854 a young man converted the year before was walking in the field near his house in Jefferson County, O., when he heard a voice, which said, "Go." He looked up and replied audibly, "I will go, Lord." It was a crisis, for he felt ready ever after to enter the first open door in foreign lands. In two years he had finished a classical course in what was then Richmond College, Jefferson County, O., and then went to Ohio Wesleyan University, where he graduated in 1860. He entered Pittsburgh Conference, was stationed at Cadiz, O., and in 1862, on the recommendation of Secretary (later Bishop) Harris, sailed from Boston for India on the ship Guiding Star (name of good omen). He was engaged in evangelistic and school work in Buadon District, Rohilkhand, 1863-69, presiding elder of Bareilly District 1869ff, founded with others the Bareilly Theological Seminary in 1872, and was connected with it mainly as teacher and principal until 1904. He retired from mission work in 1906. Dr. Scott's life has been a most busy one, having to his credit as editor or translater or author during his teaching in Bareilly about twenty volumes, large or small, besides contributing to various theological reviews, not to speak of many and intense missionary labors. From his Scotch-Irish

ancestors and from his father (a minister, the Rev. Andrew Scott, of Pittsburgh Conference) he inherited a love of theology and of sturdy thinking on theological questions, and we have the fine fruit of this thinking in the book before us. This is not a work in Biblical Theology, properly so called, but in Systematic Theology. The former discipline is connected with the development and exposition of the theological ideas of the biblical writers, and not with theology as truth. This is a regular text book in divinity. But as such it is a strong and interesting book, an honor to our missionaries in India and to our whole Church, a vigorous, earnest, independent unfolding of religious truth by a man who has been accustomed for a long life to the serious study of theology—a custom which we fear is less with us than with our fathers. This reviewer finds much to admire and assent to in Dr. Scott's exposition, though of course with occasional dissent. Especially is this last true of his doctrine of the Trinity. He is a Patripassian Monarchian or Sabellian—one divine Person manifesting himself under the three forms of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. (See Faulkner, Crises in the Early Church, ch. 5.) When it is remembered that Person does not mean individual, but subsistence, that Christ stood over against the Father and prayed to him as to a separate being, that Christ sent the Holy Spirit, whose office it is forever to testify of that same Christ, that Christ himself has a consciousness of an existence as a Person with and in God from eternity, and that not one of these facts could be true on the Sabellian Monarchian theory, it will be seen that that theory is wrecked on the testimony of the Gospels. The only theory which explains and harmonizes the New Testament revelation of the Father, Son, and Spirit is the Christian historic doctrine of the Trinity, when understood rationally. The only alternative to that is dynamistic Monarchianism, revived and reshaped by the modern "liberal," namely, that Christ was a man in whom God lived and influenced in a pre-eminent degree, just as he did Wesley, only more. This new Unitarianism is wrecked on the New Testament witnesses, who find in Christ their Lord and God, and on Christian experience, which finds in Christ its Saviour from sin and its indwelling Presence. By a slip the author speaks (p. 124) of "the common orthodox view of one will and consciousness" in Christ. As to the will see any encyclopædia or church history or history of doctrine, say under Monothelitism. As to one consciousness we think there has been no positive deliverance in the same sense. Why should not Christ have as many consciousnesses as he had states of feeling or thinking? But that he had two wills is on the whole surface of the Gospels. The assertion of the one will by the Monothelites was really a denial of the incarnation in the interest of an unreal semidocetic Christ. Canon Farrar is spoken of (p. 468) as carrying the "thought of restoration to its utmost limit," whereas he did not carry it as far as the Universalists, as he allowed the possibility of everlasting punishment. It is to be hoped that the able author, after his long and distinguished services in India, will find many buyers to this fine and thought-provoking product of his brooding for over half a century on the fascinating problems of theology.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The English Essay and Essayists. By Hugh Walker, M.A., LL.D. Crown 8vo, pp. 343. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

This is one volume in "The Channels of English Literature," others in the series being The English Epic, The English Drama, English Lyric Poetry, English Philosophers, English Historians, The English Novel, and English Elegiac, Didactic, and Religious Poetry: an important, comprehensive, and ably written series by selected and competent scholars. This volume, by Professor Walker of Saint David's College, Lampeter, seems adequate in knowledge, careful and judicious in critical discrimination and estimate. After a definition of what constitutes an essay, Dr. Walker says that the name and the thing were introduced into England by Bacon, in "1597, when he published the little book containing ten pieces of the most concentrated literary pemmican ever presented." This book describes and discusses essays and essayists from Bacon in the sixteenth century down to men of yesterday, naming Andrew Lang and Lafcadio Hearn and George Gissing and Francis Thompson as foremost in this century, mentioning also Richard Middleton and John M. Synge. An excellent index adds to the value of this book, which contains many rich and exquisite, weighty and splendid extracts from the best essays of three centuries. A sample of Ben Jonson's quality is in his beautiful note headed *Beneficia:* "Nothing is a courtesy unless it be meant us; and that friendly and lovingly. We owe no thanks to rivers, that they carry our boats; or winds, that they be favoring and fill our sails; or meats, that they be nourishing. For these are what they are necessarily. Horses carry us, trees shade us, but they knew it not. It is true, some men may receive a courtesy and not know it; but never any man received it from him that knew it not. Many men have been cured of disease by accidents; but they were not remedies. I myself have known one helped of an ague by falling into a water, another whipped out of a fever; but no man would ever use these for medicines. It is the mind, and not the event, that distinguisheth the courtesy from wrong. My adversary may offend the judge with his pride and impertinences, and I win the cause, but he means it not *me* as a courtesy. I scaped pirates by being shipwrecked, was the wreck a benefit therefore? No, the doing of courtesies aright, is the mixing of the respects for his own sake, and for mine. He that doth them merely for his own sake, is like one that feeds his cattle to sell them." Here are samples of John Selden: "The main argument why they would have two sermons a day is, because they have two meals a day; the soul must be fed as well as the body. But I may as well argue, I ought to have two noses because I have two eyes, or two mouths because I have two ears. What have meals and sermons to do one with another?" "Religion is like the fashion, one man wears his doublet slashed, another laced, another plain; but every man has a doublet: so every man has his religion. We differ about trimming." Selden has the power of conveying suggestion in a few words: "The King himself used to eat in the hall, and his lords sate with him, and then he understood

men." Selden means that possibly, if he had continued to sit in the hall and had still understood men, there might have been no Civil War. He has also a marked gift for felicitous illustration: "'Twas an unhappy division that has been made between faith and works; though in my intellect I may divide them, just as in the candle, I know there is both light and heat. But yet put out the candle, and they are both gone, one remains not without the other: So 'tis betwixt faith and works; nay, in a right conception *Fides est opus*, if I believe a thing because I am commanded, that is *opus*." If Selden had written more in the vernacular he would have been unsurpassed in the union of instruction and entertainment. Selden describes a tedious speaker as "one that touched neither heaven nor earth in his discourse"; he should touch both. Our author exhibits Dekker's eloquence, strength, and earnestness in The Seven Deadly Sins of London (1606). The apostrophe to London is particularly fine: "O London, thou art great in glory, and envied for thy greatness: thy Towers, thy Temples, and thy Pinnacles stand upon thy head like borders of fine gold, thy waters like fringes of silver hang at the hems of thy garments. Thou art the goodliest of thy neighbors, but the proudest; the wealthiest, but the most wanton. Thou hast all things in thee to make thee fairest, and all things in thee to make thee foulest: for thou art attir'd like a bride, drawing all that look upon thee to be in love with thee, but there is much harlot in thine eyes. Thou sittest in thy gates heated with wines, and in thy chambers with lust. What miseries have of late overtaken thee? Yet (like a fool that laughs when he is putting on fetters) thou hast been merry in height of thy misfortunes." Dr. Walker says that Sir Thomas Overbury, the author of A Fair and Happy Milk-maid, certainly had a heart and deserved no mean place among English essayists: "In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk the whiter or sweeter; for never came almond glove or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wisht to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that fell'd them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new made hay-cock. She makes her hand hard with labor, and her heart soft with pity: and when winter evenings fall early (sitting at her merry wheel) she sings a defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. . . . She dares go alone, and unfold sheep i' th' nights, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none." An imitator of Overbury was Earle, who is at his best in his exquisite character of a child. It is comparable with Overbury's milk-maid, and has the ring of perfect sincerity: "The child is nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time and much handling dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith at length it becomes a blurred note-book. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath much means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on the beater. Nature and his parents alike dandle

him, and tice him on with a bait of sugar, to a draught of worm wood. . . . The elder he grows he is a stair lower from God. He is the Christian's example and the old man's relapse: The one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burthen, and exchanged but one heaven for another." Felltham was an imitator of Bacon, and thus he paraphrases Bacon: "It was the fool that said, There is no God; for certainly no wise man ever thought it, and, yet, the fool had so much wit as not to prate on't: It was but in his heart he said it. Impudence was not so great, nor inward conviction so strong, as that he could with confidence declare it with his tongue. Nor did he seriously think it in his heart: so that it proceeded no farther than a bare and lazy wish, because he would be glad it were so. But, doubtless, he could no more believe there was no soul in this vast world than that there was no spirit to actuate his body." William Drummond's favorite conception was the oneness of the universe, and the oneness of the soul with that from which it comes. It is this which inspires him to his highest flight of eloquence in A Cypress Grove: "If on the great theater of this earth amongst the numberless number of men, *to die* were only proper to thee and thine, then undoubtedly thou hadst reason to repine at so severe and partial a law: But since it is a necessity, from which never any age by-past hath been exempted, and unto which they which be, and so many as are to come, are thralled (no consequent of life being more common and familiar), why shouldst thou, with unprofitable and nought-availing stubbornness, oppose so inevitable and necessary a condition? This is the highway of mortality, and our general home: Behold what millions have trod it before thee, what multitudes shall after thee, with them that at that same instant run. In so universal a calamity (if death be one) private complaints cannot be heard: With so many royal palaces, it is no loss to see thy poor cabin burn. Shall the heavens stay their ever-rolling wheels (for what is the motion of them but the motion of a swift and ever-whirling wheel, which twineth forth, and again uproUeth our life) and hold still time to prolong thy miserable days, as if the highest of their working were to do homage unto thee? Thy death is a pace in the order of this *all*, a part of the life of this world; for while the world is the world, some creatures must die, and others take life. But that, perhaps, which anguisheth thee most, is to have this glorious pageant of the world removed from thee in the spring and most delicious season of thy life; for though to die be usual, to die young may appear extraordinary. If the present fruition of these things be unprofitable and vain, what can a long continuance of them be? If God had made life happier, he had also made it longer. Stranger and new halcyon, why wouldst thou longer nestle amidst these unconstant and stormy waves? Hast thou not already suffered enough of this world, but thou must yet endure more? To live long, is it not to be long troubled? But number thy years, which are now———, and thou shalt find that whereas ten have outlived thee, thousands have not attained this age. One year is sufficient to behold all the magnificence of nature, nay, even one day and night; for more is

but the same brought again. This sun, that moon, these stars, the varying dance of the spring, summer, autumn, winter, is that very same which the Golden Age did see. They which have the longest time lent them to live in, have almost no part of it at all, measuring it either by the space of time which is past, when they were not, or by that which is to come. Why shouldst thou then care, whether thy days be many or few, which, when prolonged to the uttermost, prove, paralleled with eternity, as a tear is to the ocean? To die young is to do that soon, and in some fewer days, which once thou must do; it is but the giving over of a game, that after never so many hazards must be lost." Of samples from Sir Thomas Browne we quote only this: "Were the happiness of the next world as closely apprehended as the felicities of this, it were a martyrdom to live; and unto such as consider no hereafter, it must be more than death to die, which makes us amazed at those audacities that durst be nothing and return into their chaos again. . . . It is the heaviest stone that melancholy can throw at a man, to tell him he is at the end of his nature; or that there is no further state to come, unto which this seems progressional, and otherwise made in vain." Here is what Cowley, the essayist, wrote of himself: "I confess I love littleness almost in all things. A little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast. As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew, or was capable of guessing, what the world, or glories, or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a young boy at school, instead of running about on holidays and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper." This is the temperament of the born essayist; and it is because they display it with an easy grace that Cowley's essays preserve a perennial charm. As an essayist his position is sure. From Charles Lamb is quoted the familiar passage in his essay on New Year's Eve, an essay which lifts the curtain that shrouds the innermost thoughts and fears of all. It is beautiful, melancholy, profoundly human, and absolutely sincere: "I begin to count the probabilities of my duration, and to grudge at the expenditure of moments and shortest periods, like miser's farthings. In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away 'like a weaver's shuttle.' Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide, that smoothly bears human life to eternity; and reluct at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived; I, and my friends: to be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age; or drop, like mellow fruit, as

they say, into the grave. Any alteration, on this earth of mine, in diet or in lodging, puzzles and discomposes me. My household-gods plant a terrible fixed foot, and are not rooted up without blood. They do not willingly seek Lavinian shores. A new state of being staggers me." We have this extract from De Quincey's Dream-Fugue: "Sweet funeral bells from some incalculable distance, wailing over the dead that die before the dawn, awakened me as I slept in a boat moored to some familiar shore. The morning twilight even then was breaking; and, by the dusky revelations which it spread, I saw a girl, adorned with a garland of white roses about her head for some great festival, running along the solitary strand in extremity of haste. Her running was the running of panic; and often she looked back as to some dreadful enemy in the rear. But when I leaped ashore, and followed in her steps to warn her of a peril in front, alas! from me she fled as from another peril, and vainly I shouted to her of quicksands that lay ahead. Faster and faster she ran; round a promontory of rocks she wheeled out of sight; in an instant I also wheeled round it, but only to see the treacherous sands gathering above her head. Already her person was buried; only the fair young head and the diadem of white roses around it were still visible to the pitying heavens; and, last of all, was visible one white marble arm. I saw by the early twilight this fair young head, as it was sinking down to darkness—saw this marble arm, as it rose above her head and her treacherous grave, tossing, faltering, rising, clutching, as at some false deceiving hand stretched out from the clouds—saw this marble arm uttering her dying hope, and then uttering her dying despair. The head, the diadem, the arm—these all had sunk; at last over these also the cruel quicksand had closed; and no memorial of the fair young girl remained on earth, except my own solitary tears, and the funeral bells from the desert seas that, rising again more softly, sang a requiem over the grave of the buried child, and over her blighted dawn." Coleridge tells the story of Sir Alexander Ball, Nelson's friend and captain, in illustration of the Power of Law. Ball had been appointed captain of a man-of-war with a mutinous crew, and had restored order, not by exceptional severity, but by the promulgation of rules as to offenses and their punishment as near as possible to those of the ordinary law, and with precautions against hasty or arbitrary action; upon which Coleridge says: "Strength may be met with strength; the power of inflicting pain may be baffled by the pride of endurance; the eye of rage may be answered with the stare of defiance, or the downcast look of dark and determined resolve; and with all this there is an outward and determined object to which the mind can attach its passions and purposes, and bury its own disquietudes in the full occupation of the senses. But who dares struggle with an invisible combatant like law? with an enemy which exists and makes us know its existence—but where it is, we ask in vain. No space contains it; time promises no control over it; it has no ear for threats; it has no substance that my hands can grasp, or my weapons find vulnerable; it commands and cannot be commanded; it acts and is insusceptible of my reaction; the more I strive to subdue it, and the more I think of it, the more do I find it to possess a reality

out of myself, and not to be a phantom of my own imagination; that all, but the most abandoned men, acknowledge its authority, and that the whole strength and majesty of my country are pledged to support it; and yet that for me its power is the same with that of my own permanent self, and that all the choice which is permitted to me consists in having it for my guardian angel, or my avenging fiend! This is the Spirit of Law! the lute of Amphion! the harp of Orpheus! This is the true necessity, which compels man into the social state, now and always, by a still-beginning, never-ceasing force of moral cohesion." Carlyle insisted that external circumstances never can ruin a man, that the spiritual is greater than the material, good stronger than evil. A kindred doctrine drawn from the same source is that of the supreme importance of the silent forces, which he sets forth in this passage: "Truly it is a mortifying thing for your Conqueror to reflect, how perishable is the metal which he hammers with such violence: how the kind earth will soon shroud-up his bloody footprints; and all that he achieved and skillfully piled together will be but like his own 'canvas city' of a camp—this evening loud with life, to-morrow all struck and vanished, 'a few earth-pits and heaps of straw!' For here, as always, it continues true, that the deepest force is the stillest; that, as in the fable, the mild shining of the sun shall silently accomplish what the fierce blustering of the tempest has in vain essayed. Above all, it is ever to be kept in mind, that not by material, but by moral power, are men and their actions governed. How noiseless is thought! No rolling of drums, no tramp of squadrons, or immeasurable tumult of baggage-wagons, attend its movements: in what obscure and sequestered places may the head be meditating, which is one day to be crowned with more than imperial authority; for kings and emperors will be among its ministering servants; it will rule not over, but *in*, all heads, and with these its solitary combinations of ideas, as with magic formulas, bend the world to its will! The time may come, when Napoleon himself may be better known for his laws than for his battles; and the victory of Waterloo prove less momentous than the opening of the first Mechanics' Institute." Dr. Walker thinks George Gissing the most charming of recent essayists and quotes from his praise of silence: "Every morning when I awake, I thank heaven for silence. This is my orison. I remember the London days when sleep was broken by clash and clang, by roar and shriek, and when my first sense on returning to consciousness was hatred of the life about me. Noises of wood and metal, clattering of wheels, banging of implements, jangling of bells—all such things are bad enough, but worse still is the clamorous human voice. Nothing on earth is more irritating to me than a bellow or scream of idiot mirth, nothing more hateful than a shout or yell of brutal anger. Were it possible, I would never again hear the utterance of a human tongue, save from those few who are dear to me. Here, wake at what hour I may, early or late, I lie amid gracious stillness. Perchance a horse's hoof rings rhythmically upon the road; perhaps a dog barks from a neighboring farm; it may be that there comes the far, soft murmur of a train from the other side of Exe; but these are almost the only sounds that could force themselves

upon my ear. A voice, at any time of the day, is the rarest thing. But there is the rustle of branches in the morning breeze; there is the music of a sunny shower against the window; there is the matin song of birds. Several times lately I have lain wakeful when there sounded the first note of the earliest lark; it makes me almost glad of my restless nights. The only trouble that touches me in these moments is the thought of my long life wasted amid the senseless noises of man's world. Year after year this spot has known the same tranquillity; with ever so little of good fortune, with ever so little wisdom, beyond what was granted me, I might have blessed my manhood with calm, might have made for myself in later life a long retrospect of bowered peace. As it is, I enjoy with something of sadness, remembering that this melodious silence is but the prelude of that deeper stillness which waits to enfold us all." The author calls Francis Thompson the most eloquent of recent essayists, and quotes this on "Sadness": "I know her, and praise knowing. Foolishly we shun this shunless sadness; fondly we deem of her as but huntress of men, who is tender and the bringer of tenderness to those she visits with her fearful favors. A world without joy were more tolerable than a world without sorrow. Without sadness where were brotherliness? For in joy is no brotherliness, but only a boon-companionship. She is the Spartan sauce which gives gusto to the remainder-viands of life, the broken meats of love." "That's what all the blessed evil's for," says Browning. Thompson holds that Asceticism is wise and indeed necessary. Wise asceticism is that which will secure health in the deepest sense, the health of both body and soul, the health which is holiness. And such asceticism will vary with time and circumstance. "The dastardly and selfish body of to-day needs asceticism—never more." It is said that Francis Thompson always inscribed a cross on the top of the page before he wrote on it his essay or poem. From Huxley we have his strong plea for the study of the Bible: "Throughout the history of the Western world, the Scriptures, Jewish and Christian, have been the great instigators of revolt against the worst forms of clerical and political despotism. The Bible has been the Magna Charta of the poor and of the oppressed; down to modern times, no State has had a constitution in which the interests of the people are so largely taken into account, in which the duties, so much more than the privileges, of rulers are insisted upon, as that drawn up for Israel in Deuteronomy and Leviticus; nowhere is the fundamental truth that the welfare of the State, in the long run, depends on the uprightness of the citizen so strongly laid down. Assuredly, the Bible talks no trash about the rights of man; but it insists on the equality of duties, on the liberty to bring about that righteousness which is somewhat different from the struggle for 'rights'; on the fraternity of taking thought for one's neighbor as for one's self." Speaking of "the great saying of Micah"—"And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"—Huxley asks: "What extent of knowledge, what acuteness of scientific insight, can touch this, if any one possessed of knowledge, or acuteness, could be absurd enough to make the attempt? Will the progress of research prove that justice is worthless

and mercy hateful; will it ever soften the bitter contrast between our actions and our aspirations; or show us the bounds of the universe, and bid us say, Go to, now we comprehend the infinite?"

Adventures in Contentment. By DAVID GRAYSON. 12mo, pp. 232. New York: Grosset & Dunlap. Price, cloth, illustrated by THOMAS FOGARTY, $1.25.

A FRIEND to whose suggestions we always pay attention writes: "Have you gotten into David Grayson's Adventures in Contentment, The Friendly Road, Adventures in Friendship, and Hempfield? I have surrendered to Grayson." Who is David Grayson, pray? A farmer, sir. From the age of seventeen, when he began to pay his own way, he was in the breathless rush of city life, under the merciless lash of competition and ambition, running hard in the race for success. Hear his story: "One day—it was in April, I remember, and the soft maples in the city park were just beginning to blossom—I stopped suddenly. I did not intend to stop. I intended to go on toward success: but fate stopped me. It was as if I had been thrown violently from a moving planet: all the universe streamed past me. I lay prostrate with fever and close to death for weeks and watched the world go by: the dust, the noise, the haste. I watched dimly my friends racing past me, panting as they ran. Some of them paused an instant to comfort me where I lay, but I could see that their minds were still upon the running and I was glad when they went away. I cannot tell with what weariness their haste oppressed me. Thus I lay, and presently I began to hunger and thirst. Desire rose within me: the indescribable longing of the convalescent. So I lay, questioning wearily what it was that I required. One morning I wakened with a strange, new joy in my soul. It came to me at that moment with indescribable poignancy, the thought of walking barefoot in cool, fresh plow furrows as I had once done when a boy. So vividly the memory came to me—the high airy world as it was at that moment, and the boy walking free in the furrows—that the tears filled my eyes, the first I had shed in many years. Then I thought of sitting in quiet thickets in old fence corners, the wood behind me rising still, cool, mysterious, and the fields in front stretching away in illimitable pleasantness. I thought of the good smell of cows at milking; of the sights and sounds, the heat and sweat of the hay fields; of a certain brook I knew when a boy that flowed among alders and wild parsnips, where I waded with a three-foot rod for trout. I thought of all these things as a man thinks of his first love. O, I craved the soil. I hungered and thirsted for the earth. I was greedy for growing things." David Grayson and his sister, Harriet, took a farm; lived a free, peaceful, wholesome, healthy, contented life there: David plowed and sowed and reaped, Harriet cooked and scrubbed. After eight years there came from that farm this book, Adventures in Contentment. Three others have followed. It seems his admirers have formed a Graysonian Club. They describe themselves thus: "To be a Graysonian

is to be fond of the open air, to love the stretching road, the sun on the shoulder-blades, the golden riot of the autumn leaves; to slip away from everything and go a-wayfaring with joy for a comrade." To be contented with one's lot, to be rich in friends, and to step with a light foot on the friendly road of life, such is the Graysonian philosophy. It is a cheery, home-spun message, bringing us close to the simpler joys of living. Here is one sample of this book. "A Boy and a Preacher" tells how a shy country boy loved a preacher, but never told him so. What a pity! The story runs like this: "There was something in that preacher, gaunt and worn, though he appeared; a spark somewhere, mostly smothered by the dreariness of his surroundings, and yet blazing up at times to some warmth. As I remember it they sent to our church preachers worn out in other fields. Such a succession of them I remember, each with some peculiarity, some pathos. They were of the old sort, indoctrinated Calvinists, and they harrowed well our barren field with the teeth of their hard creed. Some thundered the law, some pleaded love; but of all of them I remember best the one who thought himself the greatest failure. He had once had a family, but one by one they had died. Finally, before he came to our village, his wife, too, had gone. And he was out of health, and discouraged. How I see him, a trifle bent, walking in the country roads: not knowing of a boy who loved him! O gray preacher, may I now make amends? Will you forgive me? I was a boy and did not know; a boy whose emotions were hidden under mountains of reserve: who could have stood up to be shot more easily than he could have said: 'I love you!' In that country church one tow-headed boy sitting in a front row dreaming dreams was thrilled to the depths of his being by that tall preacher. Somewhere that preacher had a spark within him. It was a spark of poetry: strange flower in such a husk. In times of emotion it bloomed. By some instinct the preacher chose his readings mostly from the Old Testament—those splendid, marching passages, full of Oriental imagery. As he read there would creep into his voice a certain resonance that lifted him and his calling suddenly above his gray surroundings. How vividly I recall his reading of the twenty-third psalm. I suppose I had heard the passage many times before, but upon this certain morning—shall I ever forget? The windows were open, for it was May, and a boy could look out on the hillside and see with longing eyes the inviting grass and trees. A soft wind blew in across the church; it was full of the very essence of spring. I smell it yet. On the pulpit stood a bunch of crocuses crowded into a vase; some Mary's offering. An old man named Johnson who sat near us was already beginning to breathe heavily, preparatory to sinking into his regular Sunday snore. Then those words from the preacher, bringing me suddenly—how shall I express it?—out of some formless void, to intense consciousness—a miracle of creation: 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' Well, I saw the way to the place of death that morning; far more vividly I saw it than any natural scene I know; and myself walking therein. I shall know it again when I come to pass that way; the tall, dark, rocky

cliffs, the shadowy path within, the overhanging dark branches, even the whitened dead bones by the way—and as one of the vivid phantasms of boyhood—cloaked figures I saw, lurking mysteriously in deep recesses, fearsome for their very silence. And yet I with magic rod and staff walking within—boldly, fearing no evil, full of faith, hope, courage, love, invoking images of terror but for the joy of braving them. Ah, tow-headed boy, shall I tread as lightly that dread pathway when I come to it? Shall I, like you, fear no evil? So that great morning went away. I heard nothing of singing or sermon and came not to myself until my mother, touching my arm, asked me if I had been asleep! And I smiled and thought how little grown people knew—and I looked up at the sad sick face of the old preacher with a new interest and friendliness. I followed my mother when she went to speak to him, and *when he did not see, I touched his coat.* After that how I watched when he came to the reading. And one great Sunday, he chose a chapter from Ecclesiastes, the one that begins sonorously: 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.' Surely that gaunt preacher had the true fire in his gray soul. How his voice dwelt and quivered and softened upon the words! 'While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain—' Thus he brought in the universe to that small church and filled the heart of a boy. 'In the days when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened. And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird and all the daughters of music shall be brought low.' Do not think that I understood the meaning of those passages—I am not vain enough to think I know even now—but the *sound* of them, the roll of them, the beautiful words, and above all, the pictures! Those daughters of music, how I lived for days imagining them! They were of the trees and the hills, and they were very beautiful but elusive; one saw them as he heard singing afar off, sweet strains fading often into silences. Daughters of music! Daughters of music! And why should they be brought low? Doors shut in the streets—how I *saw* them—a long, long street, silent, full of sunshine, and the doors shut, and no sound anywhere but the low sound of the grinding: and the mill with the wheels drowsily turning and no one there at all save one boy with fluttering heart, tiptoeing in the sunlit doorway. And the voice of the bird. Not the song but the *voice.* Yes, a bird had a voice. I had known it always, and yet somehow I had not dared to say it. I felt that they would look at me with that questioning, incredulous look which I dreaded beyond belief. They might laugh! But here it was in the Book—the voice of a bird. How my appreciation of that Book increased and what a new confidence it gave me in my own images! I went about for days, listening, listening, listening—and interpreting. So the words of the preacher and the fire in them: 'And when they shall be afraid of that which is high and fears shall be in the way—' I knew the fear of that which is high: I had dreamed of it commonly. And I knew also the Fear that stood in

the way: him I had seen in a myriad of forms, looming black by darkness in every lane I trod; and yet with what defiance I met and slew him! And then, more thrilling than all else, the words of the preacher: 'Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.' Such pictures: that silver cord, that golden bowl! And why and wherefore? A thousand ways I turned them in my mind—and always with the sound of the preacher's voice in my ears—the resonance of the words conveying an indescribable fire of inspiration. Vaguely and yet with certainty I knew the preacher spoke out of some unfathomable emotion which I did not understand—which I did not care to understand. Since then I have thought what those words must have meant to him! Ah, that tall lank preacher, who thought himself a failure: how long I shall remember him and the words he read and the mournful yet resonant cadences of his voice—and the barren church, and the stony religion! Heaven he gave me, unknowing, while he preached an ineffectual hell." One day David Grayson saw a man painting letters on a roadside bowlder, and gradually drew from him his story: "You see, sir," he said, "when a man has got the best thing in the world, and finds it's free, he naturally wants to let other people know about it. You see, Mister, I was a wild sort when I was young. The drink, and worse. I hear folks say sometimes that if they'd known what was right they'd have done it. But I think that conscience never stops ringing little bells in the back of a man's head; and that if he doesn't do what is right, it's because he *wants* to do what is wrong. I went through all that, Mister, and plenty more besides. I got pretty nearly as low as a man ever gets. O, I was down and out: no home, no family, not a friend that wanted to see me. If you never got down that low, Mister, you don't know what it is. You are just as much dead as if you were in your grave. I'm telling you. I thought there was no help for me, and I don't know's I wanted to be helped. I said to myself, 'You're just naturally born weak and it isn't your fault.' It makes a lot of men easier in their minds to lay up their troubles to the way they are born. I made all sorts of excuses for myself, but all the time I knew I was wrong; a man can't fool himself. So it went along for years. I got married and we had a little girl. I thought *that* was going to help me. I thought the world and all of that little girl—" He paused. "Well, *she died*. Then I broke my wife's heart and went on down to hell. When a man lets go that way he kills everything he loves and everything that loves him. He's on the road to despair, that man. I'm telling you. One day, ten years ago this fall, I was going along the main street in Quinceyville. I was near the end of my rope. Not even money enough to buy drink with, and yet I was then more'n half drunk. I happened to look up on the end of that stone wall near the bridge—were you ever there, Mister?—and I saw the words 'God is Love' painted there. It somehow hit me hard. I couldn't anyways get it out of my mind. 'God is Love.' Well, says I to myself, if God is Love, he's the only one that *is* Love for a chap like me. And there's no one else big enough to save me—I says. So I stopped right there in the street, and you may believe it or explain

it anyhow you like, Mister, but it seemed to me a kind of light came all around me, and I said, solemn-like, 'I will try God.' And I did try him, and I found that the words on the wall were true. They were true back there and they've been true ever since. When I began to be decent again and got back my health and my job, I figured that I owed a lot to God. I wa'n't no orator, and no writer and I had no money to give, 'but,' says I to myself, 'I'm a painter. I'll help God with paint.' So here I am a-traveling up and down the roads and mostly painting 'God is Love,' but sometimes 'Repent ye' and 'Hell yawns.' I don't know much about religion—but I do know that his Word is like a fire, and that a man can live by it, and if once a man has it he has everything else he wants. The trouble with people who are unhappy, Mister, is that they won't try God." Near the foot of the hill there is a little bridge. It is a pleasant, quiet spot. My companion stopped and put down his bag. "What do you think," said he, "I should paint here?" "Well," I said, "you know better than I do. What would *you* paint?" He looked around at me and then smiled. "When in doubt," he said, "I always paint 'God is Love.' I'm sure of that. Of course 'Hell yawns' and 'Repent ye' have to be painted—near towns—but I much rather paint 'God is Love.'" I left him kneeling there on the bridge, the bit of carpet under his knees, his two little cans at his side. Half way up the hill I turned to look back. He lifted his hand with the paint brush in it, and I waved mine in return. I have never seen him since, though it will be a long, long time before the sign of him disappears from our roadsides.

Escape and Other Essays. By A. C. Benson. 12mo, pp. 302. New York: The Century Company. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

Tennyson's-Brook Benson, at the age of fifty-four, still goes on forever in volume after volume written in his easy, fluent style, like a smooth, limpid, purling stream. A clean and delicate fragrance floats over these pages, the effluence of a sensitive and cultivated nature, the musings of a scholarly and well-bred man. Fifteen essays here on such subjects as "Literature and Life," "The New Poets," "Charm," "Sunsets," "Villages," "Dreams," "School Days," and "Authorship." From what the author tells us in one of the essays, we infer that he spent special pains upon, and sets special store by the allegorical essay entitled "Herb Moly and Heartsease." After six pages of allegory, he drops allegories and tries to be plain and simple. But, as he says, the idea in this essay "is deep and dim"; and the result is not plainness, but rather the vague suggestiveness which largely characterizes Benson's writings. Listen to him: "I will say first that when I was at college as a young man, I seemed to myself to be *forever looking for something which I could not find.* It was not always so; there were plenty of contented hours, when one played a game, or sat over the fire afterwards talking about it, or talking about other people—I do not often remember talking about anything else, except on set occasions—or later in the evening some one

played a piano not very well, or we sang songs, not very tunefully; or one sat down to work, and got interested, if not in the work itself, at least in doing it well and completely. I was a sober citizen enough, with plenty of faults and failings; and this is not a tract to convert the wicked, who indeed are providing plenty of materials to effect their own conversion in ways very various and all very uncomfortable! I should like it rather to be read by well-meaning people, who share perhaps the same experience as myself, the experience, as I have said, of *searching for something which I could not find.* Sometimes in those days, I will make bold to confess, I read a book, or heard an address or sermon, or talked to some interesting and attractive person, and felt suddenly that I was *on the track of it;* was it something I wanted, or was it something I had lost? I could not tell! But I knew that *if I could find it, I should never be in any doubt again how to act or what to choose.* It was not a set of rules I wanted—there were rules enough and to spare, some of them made for us, and many which we made for ourselves. We mapped out every part of life which was left unmapped by the dons, and we knew exactly what was correct and what was not; and O, how dull much of it was! But I *wanted a motive of some sort,* an aim; I wanted to know *what I was out for,* as we now say. I did not see what the point of much of my work was, or know what my profession was to be; I did not see why I did, for social reasons, so many things which did not interest me, or why I pretended to think them interesting. I would sit, one of half-a-dozen men telling stories about other people. A——— had had a row with B———, he would not go properly into training, he was too good to be turned out of the team—it was amusing enough, but it certainly was *not what I was looking for.* Then one made friends; it dawned upon one suddenly what a charming person C——— was, so original and amusing, so observant; it became a thrilling thing to meet him; one asked him to tea, one talked and told him everything. A week later, one seemed to have got to the end of it; the path came to a stop: there was not much in it, after all, and presently he was rather stale: he looked gloomily at one when one met him, but one was off on another chase; this idealizing of people was rather a mistake; the pleasure was in the exploration, and there was very little to explore; it was better to have a comfortable set of friends with no nonsense; and yet that was dull too. That was certainly *not the thing one was in search of.* What was it then? One saw it like a cloud-shadow racing over the hill, like a bird upon the wing. The perfect friend could not help one, for his perfections waned and faded. Yet there was certainly something there, singing like a bird in the wood; only when one reached the tree, the bird was gone, and another song was in the air. It seemed then at first sight as if one was in search of an emotion of some kind, and not only a solitary emotion, like that which touched the spirit at the sudden falling of the ripe rose-petals from their stem, or at the sight of the far-off plain, with all its woods and waters framed between the outrunning hills, or at the sound of organ-music stealing out of the soaring climbing woodwork with all its golden pipes, on setting foot in the dim and fragrant church; they were all sweet enough, but the mind

turned to some kindred soul at hand with whom it could all be shared; and the recognition of some other presence, visibly beckoning through gesture and form and smiling wide-opened eyes, that seemed the best that could be attained, that nearness and rapture of welcome; and then the moment passed, and that too ebbed away. It was *something more than that!* because in bleak solitary pondering moments, there stood up, like a massive buttressed crag, a Duty, not born of whispered secrets or of relations, however delicate and awestruck, with other hearts, but a stern uncompromising thing, that seemed a relation with something quite apart from man, a *Power* swift and vehement and often terrible, to whom *one owed an unmistakable fealty* in thought and act. *Righteousness!* That old-fashioned thing on which the Jews, one was taught, set much store, which one had misconceived as something born of piety and ceremony, and which now revealed itself as a force uncompromisingly there, which it was impossible to overlook or to disobey; if one did disobey it, something hurt and wounded cried out faintly in the soul; and so it dawned upon one that this was a force, not only not developed out of piety and worship, but of which all piety and worship were but the frail vesture, which half veiled and half hampered the massive stride and stroke. It did not attract or woo; it rather demanded and frightened; but it became clear enough that *any inner peace was impossible without it;* and little by little one learned to recognize that there was no trace of it in many conventional customs and precepts; those could be slighted and disregarded; but there were still things which the spirit did truly recognize as vices and sins, abominable and defiling, with which no trafficking was possible. This then was clear; that if one was to find the peace one desired, then these were two certain elements; a *concurrence* with a few *great and irresistible prohibitions and positive laws* of conduct; and next to that, a sense of *brotherhood and fellowship* with those who seemed to be making their way harmoniously and finely towards the same goal as oneself. To understand and love these spirits, to be understood and loved by them, *that was a vital necessity.* But this must be added; that the Sense of Duty of which I speak, which rose sturdily and fiercely above the shifting forms of life, like a peak above the forest, did not appear *at once* either desirable or even beautiful. It blocked the view and the way; it forbade one to stray or loiter; but the obedience one reluctantly gave to it came simply from a realization of its strength and of its presence. It stood for an order of some kind, which interfered at many points with one's hopes and desires, but with which one was compelled to make terms, because it could and did strike, pitilessly, if one neglected and transgressed its monitions; and thus the quest became an attempt to find *what stood behind it,* and to discover if there was any *Personality* behind it, with which one could link oneself, so as to be *conscious* of its intention or its *goodwill.* Was it a Power that could *love* and *be loved?* Or was it only mechanical and soulless, a condition of life, which one might dread and even abhor, but which could not be trifled with or appealed to. Because that seemed the *secret of all the happiness of life*—the meeting, with a sense of intimate security, something warm and breathing, *that had*

need of me as I of it, that could smile and clasp, foster and pity, admire and adore, and in the embrace of which one could feel one's hope and joy grow and stir by contact and trust. That was what one found in the hearts about one's path; and our wonder was, did some similar chance of embracing, clasping, trusting, and loving that vaster Power await one in the dim spaces beyond the fields and homes of earth? I believed that it was so, but saw, as in a faint vision, that many harsh events, sorry mischances, blows and wounds and miseries, hated and dreaded and endured, lay between me and that larger Heart. But I perceived at last that the adventure did indeed lie there; that I should often feel repulsed, untended and unheeded, shaken out of ease and complacency, but *assuredly folded to that greater Heart at last.*" Instead of quoting from the closing essay, "Behold this Dreamer Cometh," we take Shaemas O'Sheel's poem on the "Power of a Dream," and change it to fit the Christian's Wide-awake Dream, the vision of the Christ:

He whom this dream hath possessed *knoweth no more of doubting*,
For mist and the blowing of winds and the mouthing of words he scorns;
Not the sinuous speech of schools he hears, but a knightly shouting,
And never comes darkness down, yet he greeteth a million morns.

He whom this dream hath possessed *knoweth no more of roaming;*
All roads and the flowing of waves and the speediest flight he knows,
But wherever his feet are set, his soul is forever homing,
And going, he comes, and coming he heareth a call and goes.

He whom this dream hath possessed *knoweth no more of sorrow*,
At death and the dropping of leaves and the fading of suns he smiles,
For this dream remembers no past and scorns the desire of a morrow,
And this dream in a sea of doom sets surely the ultimate isles.

He whom this dream hath possessed treads the impalpable marches,
From the dust of the day's long road he leaps to a laughing star,
And the ruin of worlds that fall he views from eternal arches,
And rides God's battlefield in a flashing and golden car.

A Pilgrim of the Infinite. By William Valentine Kelley. 16mo, pp. 84. New York and Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern.

There are two different editions of this book, one in cloth, selling at fifty cents. The other, bound in soft leather, is called The Friendship Edition, because it contains the author's picture, and also a foreword intended for his friends. The price of this edition is one dollar. This is the author's foreword: "A Pilgrim of the Infinite is in reality my personal Confession of Faith on the subject of personal survival beyond death. I would like to have it so regarded by my friends. When I go out of this world, this declaration of belief will be the legacy of my soul to them. It does not aim to be an academic or formal argument, but to create a cumulative, and, if possible to the author's ability, a convincing impression; a substantial and sufficient foundation for faith." Under this simple and sincere statement is the

author's autograph. This edition makes a choice and elegant holiday or birthday gift, and is unsurpassed as an uplifting Easter message, especially to the bereaved and the afflicted, for whom it is full of strong consolation. The dedication is "To the radiant memory of Richard Watson Gilder, a Poet of the Soul, a Pilgrim of the Infinite." Prefixed to the book are lines from Browning's "Cleon":

> I dare at times imagine to my need
> Some future state revealed to us . . .
> Unlimited in capability for joy,
> As this is in desire for joy,—
> To seek which the joy-hunger forces us:
> That, stung by the straitness of our life, made strait
> On purpose to make prized the life more large—
> We burst there as the worm into the fly,
> Who, while a worm still, wants his wings.

Also, there are these lines from Browning's "Christmas Eve":

> Earth breaks up, time drops away,
> In flows heaven, with its new day
> Of endless life, when He who trod,
> Very man and very God,
> This earth in weakness, shame and pain,
> Dying the death whose signs remain
> Up yonder on the accursed tree,—
> Shall come again, no more to be
> Of captivity the thrall,
> But the one God, All in all,
> King of kings and Lord of lords,
> As His servant John received the words,
> "I died, and live for evermore."

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

A History of Babylonia and Assyria. By Robert William Rogers, Ph.D. (Leipzig), LL.D., F.R.G.S., Litt.D., University of Dublin, Professor in Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J. Sixth Edition in Two Volumes, Revised, largely rewritten, and illustrated. 8vo, pp. xxvi, 542; 609. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, $10, net, prepaid.

Great as Professor Rogers is as a teacher of Hebrew and the Old Testament, his forte is Assyriology, and he is one of the foremost authorities in this department. After fifteen years, during which the first and successive editions of his two volumes have stood the test of criticism and compliment, we now have a new edition which has grown from eight hundred to twelve hundred pages. This is the work of an original investigator in a field which is exclusively occupied by specialists. Professor Johnson, of Bowdoin College, in his recent exquisite translation of "The Divine Comedy," states in the preface that a translator of this immortal poem "must receive his first impulse from within, and must con-

tinue to the end in a kind of solitude, looking to a reward that is ideal. His object is to attain, without sparing himself conscientious endeavor, a faithful result. His courage is his own, and he values above price the personal help which he receives from friends as unpractical as himself." These words are equally applicable to the eminent Assyriologist who has written these two portly volumes. Professor Rogers writes with the becoming modesty so characteristic of all truly great scholars, but we must receive all personal allusions *cum grano salis*. There is a delicious delicacy in what he says concerning the first edition: "The friendly reception of the book far exceeded my utmost hopes, and, I fear, went much beyond the book's deserts. In France and Germany, in England and America, the men whose opinion I valued most highly united in words of generous approbation, and found surprisingly little fault. Still more striking was its extensive use by Assyriologists, and by students of the wider Orient, while the great and very useful army who popularize learning, to the world's advantage, gleaned widely from it. Most of those who took from it made ready acknowledgment of the source, and some even graciously and delicately. Some lifted without stint and spared even the comely device of quotation marks, while others paid the fair compliment of turning its suggestions into convictions of their own, and named no other authority but themselves. I grudge them naught, hoping only that as they read these things again in these new pages they may not accuse me of borrowing from them! for 'the reciprocal civility of authors is one of the most visible scenes in the farce of life.'" This is one of the richest passages in modern literature, both for its genial humor and its charming generosity. It is a rare treat to be in the company of a genuine scholar and to listen to him as he discourses pleasantly and informingly on his favorite theme. With surprising ability Dr. Rogers puts together the fragmentary information obtained from inscriptions and astrological and religious texts, found on stele, vase, obelisk, cylinder, tablet, and brick which have been rescued from the rubbish heaps of lonely steppes and deserts. The author knows how to sift and weigh evidence; he has the characteristic patience and persistence of the skilled man of research; his attention to detail is not at the cost of perspective; and he reaches his conclusions not on the strength of some phantom hypothesis but on the basis of duly verified data. A large portion of Book I is given to a recital of the arduous and heroic services of the early travelers, decipherers, and explorers, beginning with Benjamin of Tudela, who started out on his pilgrimage in 1160 A. D. He follows the successive men whose investigations and observations gradually added to the sum total of important knowledge. In this way we are introduced with eager appreciation to Niebuhr, Grotefend, Burnouf, Rawlinson, Hincks, Otter, Schrader, Rich, Layard, Botta, Loftus, Rassam, Sayce, De Sanley, Halévy, George Smith, Delitzsch, and many others, who in the name of scholarship gave themselves to the cause of truth. It is also worth reading of their difficulties occasioned by the cupidity or fanaticism of the natives. At one point in the narrative we read: "If now we pause for a moment and look back, we cannot fail to be moved by the patience, skill, and learning that had

been employed in the unraveling of these tangled threads of ancient writing. It was a long and hard hill, and many a weary traveler had toiled up its slope." What gives additional value to the findings of these men is not merely a matter of archæological interest, but the far more important fact that much light has thereby been thrown on the biblical record. We are furthermore better able to understand and appreciate the human aspects of Old Testament history. Here is an interesting sidelight and it is a sample of many others in these two volumes: "The period of the Judges was a rude and barbaric age, but it was an age in which Israel developed some idea of national life and some power of self-government. If the conquests of Tiglathpileser had continued many years longer, he would surely have been led to invade Palestine, and the Hebrews, without a fixed central government, without a kingly leader, without a standing army, would have fallen an easy prey to his disciplined and victorious troops. But the period of Assyrian weakness which followed his reign gave the needed breathing spell in the west, and the kingdom of Saul and David was established. Herein was established a new center of influence ready to oppose the ambition of Assyrian kings and the commercial cupidity of Assyrian traders." It is information of just this kind, from the contemporary history of the Old Testament, which we need to enable us to follow more intelligently the movements and monitions of the divine Spirit, who has never ceased to bear witness to every age and land. The chapters on the "Lands and Peoples" of "Babylonia and Assyria" are of exceptional value. What have been for so long mere names in the biblical record can now be clothed in flesh and blood with the aid of the decipherments. We also learn considerable about the Hittites, the Egyptians, and other peoples who came in contact and collision with the Israelites, and we thus get a better perspective of the *welt-politik* of those ancient empires and nations. How indispensable such a knowledge is, has been vividly impressed upon us by Principal George Adam Smith in his recently published Atlas of the Historical Geography of the Holy Land, more particularly by the ten maps in Part I. In view of the fact that a large part of Old Testament history was molded by Assyrian influence, for the worse and not for the better, although good came out of the evil, the following about Tiglathpileser IV is worth quoting: "He had come to the throne out of a rebellion. He found himself in possession of a small kingdom with tribute-paying dependencies, many in a state of unrest or of open rebellion. He made this small kingdom a unit, freeing it entirely from all semblance of rebellion or insurrection. He reconquered the tribute-paying countries, and then, by a master stroke of policy, but weakly attempted in certain places before, he made them integral parts of an empire. He made Assyria a world power, knitting province to province by unparalleled colonizing, and transforming local into imperial sentiment." The next great personage who is dealt with is Sennacherib, and the chapter devoted to his reign is of the greatest value in understanding the prophecies of Isaiah, the greatest seer and statesman of Judah. The chapter on "The Fall of Assyria" makes valuable side reading in the study of Zephaniah the prophet. Book IV, on the "Chaldean Em-

pire," is relatively a small section of these two volumes, but its value must not be measured by size. It is of large significance in the study of the latest period of Old Testament history. Nebuchadrezzar is another of the outstanding characters who receive honorable mention in these pages: "He accomplished by force of arms the complete pacification of the long-troubled Syrophœnician states—a pacification that long continued even though his hand was removed. He carried war into the land of Egypt, and that when the land was not weak, as it once had been, but immediately after a great increase of strength. He began the work of consolidating a vast new empire and carried it to brilliant success by sheer force of despotic power. There were no civil wars and no further rebellion, because none dared raise a head or hand against a personal power like his." The closing pages deal with the victorious march of Cyrus, who conquered everything before him. One of the finest pieces of writing in these volumes is the eulogy and elegy over Babylon, which cannot be quoted for want of space. We must not fail to mention the very large number of half-tone illustrations which enhance the value of this work. Looked at from every point of view, Professor Rogers has produced what will hold the field for a long time. He has done for Babylonia and Assyria what Breasted did for Egypt. It is unfortunate that the price of the volumes is so prohibitive, but whoever has the courage to pay it will fully get his money's worth.

The Life of Robert Flint, D.D., LL.D. By Donald Macmillan. 8vo, pp. xi + 518. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, $3.00 net.

There are some men who ripen slowly and who come to their own in spite of difficulties. Other men come to the front early in life and hold their position with growing influence for many years. Professor Flint was of this latter class. After serving as a minister in two parishes in the Established Church of Scotland, he was elected to the Chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Saint Andrews at the age of thirty years, over T. H. Green, later of Oxford fame. Twelve years subsequently he was called to the Chair of Divinity in Edinburgh University, where he remained for twenty-seven years, when he resigned in 1913. The high regard in which he was held by his colleagues was finely expressed by Professor Butcher, who wrote to him at the time of his resignation: "You are the most distinguished member of our body, to put the fact bluntly, and your withdrawal from the Chair will be felt all over Scotland and outside this country." Robert Flint was a prodigious student, an encyclopedic scholar, a profound thinker, and an inspiring teacher. His vast stores of accurate learning were secured by severe self-discipline. His students always referred to him with enthusiasm. He was their ideal, and their connection with him formed an epoch in their lives. He is best known by his volumes on Theism, Anti-Theistic Theories, Agnosticism, Socialism, and Philosophy of History. The last was a subject which he made specially his own, and which was the best of all

his constructive contributions. Concerning his qualifications, his biographer says: "Flint undoubtedly was the most learned man of his day in Scotland. He was fully equipped intellectually, he had a strong brain, was an acute reasoner, a clear thinker, and the master of a lucid style; he was also a profoundly religious man and had that purity of heart which sees God. Further, he was open-minded, candid, singularly void of prejudices, and eager to welcome truth from any quarter. If he found any fact fully accredited, any discovery in the realm of nature, any new light on the revealed records, he welcomed them all and said that they were so many new arguments, not only for a belief in the existence of God, but also for entertaining a wider conception of him." The value of these writings is carefully appraised by Professor Wenley, of the University of Michigan, who has written a brilliant chapter on His Philosophical Teaching. Dr. James Lindsay has a chapter on His Contributions to Theism, and Flint's successor, Professor W. P. Patterson, writes on his Doctrinal System. This biography is of importance because it offers a valuable expression of the progress of theological thought in modern times. Flint had the unusual faculty of conveying his inspirations to his students and of holding before them high ideals of ministerial efficiency. In one of his opening addresses to the students he said: "Humanly speaking, the progress of Christianity, with all that it involves, is largely dependent on the qualifications of its teachers. And never was that more true than now; never in any previous generation was the call more urgent for a fully cultured and thoroughly spiritualized manhood in the ministers of religion, the need greater that they should have vigorous, disciplined, and instructed minds well-grounded in the knowledge of Christian truth, than in the present when even a high education is so very common among the laity, and its combination with skepticism and worldliness is so far from uncommon." Remember that Flint was a powerful preacher and always commanded large congregations not only when he was in the pastorate, but also wherever he was known to speak. Then read what he says about a popular preacher so called: "Congregations not unfrequently choose the worst preachers on their leets, quite convinced that they are the best. Glittering superficiality is often more esteemed than solid worth. Even almost absolute unintelligibility is at times attractive and admired. Once, happening to be in Glasgow one wet Sunday forenoon, I went into the nearest church. There was a crowd of carriages at the door, there was a crowded congregation within, and the sermon was given by the minister himself. It was listened to seemingly with rapt attention and interest. But I not only confess that I understood virtually nothing at all of that sermon, but I am convinced that, whatever they might suppose, the preacher and all his hearers were in the same position, since there was, in fact, nearly nothing intelligible in it. There was there success in verbal articulation and modulation of voice, wonderful success in the use or abuse of the dictionary, and remarkable success in attracting a mass of wealthy people who, doubtless, supposed themselves to be intelligent; but, notwithstanding all such success, it was assuredly far worse than worthless. It was mischievous." It is worthy

of note that Flint carefully prepared for his prayers, not only when he was a pastor, but also when he became a professor. The effect of this is seen in the following testimonial from one of his students, who points out the true secret of his greatness: "The most striking thing of all in each day's work—the most impressive act of all—was the prayer with which he began the day's work. There we were—130 of us or so, finding our several ways like the members of a great herd to our accustomed places, and having found them chatting away about all sorts of things in church and state—sharpening pencils, preparing notebooks; a hum, a buzz, a rustle over all. And then the retiring-room door opened; a little spare alert figure hastened to the platform with exactly that shy sideways-looking expression in the Sir George Reid portrait, so sideways-looking and uncertain in his walk as to give one at times the impression of lameness. The next moment we were on our feet with heads bent, minds waiting, ears straining, listening to the few short sentences of agonized and agonizing pleading with which he cast himself and us all on the mercy of God in Christ. Pardon for our sins, strength for our need, the strength needful for this day and its duties; just a few short sentences, but they seemed to rise out of definite depths of helplessness and of trust, the cry of a strong man in his utter weakness and absolute dependence upon God. It was an instruction to us that we should prepare the devotional part of our Sunday service before we took up the preparation of our sermon; we know that this was his own custom for each day's lecture. And as we ponder his precept, and recall his example and think of our foolishness in the neglect of both, we get very near the secret, the greatest of all the secrets, perhaps, of our failure on the Sabbath day. His prayer was a wrestling with God and a prevailing; the hard won victory of faith over a stubborn willfulness and out of the midst of a great weakness." It is not surprising that such a man, whose piety was as profound as his intellectual grasp, was a true friend and always came to the rescue of those in need. It is delightful to read the account of his defense of Professor Hastie, who, next to him, was the most learned man in the Church of Scotland at the time. Read the chapter on Flint and His Friends, and you will get a good idea of the character of this noble man. This record of one of the foremost Christian philosophers and theologians of the church, who was also a devout Christian, should be widely read.

J. Brierley: His Life and Work. By H. Jeffs. 12mo, pp. 268. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Price, cloth, with portrait, $1.25.

Brierley was a gifted man, his career in the ministry thwarted by ill health which dogged him for years and finally compelled him to relinquish the work he loved. At the age of forty-three he had to quit the pulpit and pastorate. His public work seemed ended. But he did not give up hope. After a year of rest his returning mental vigor craved occupation. If not with tongue, perhaps with pen, he might continue his

service for Christ and for mankind. He began to write for The Christian World, and thus entered on twenty-five years of brilliant, helpful, and stimulating service, becoming really a personal force in the intellectual and religious life of Great Britain and of regions far beyond. The book before us shows that noble and inspiring spectacle—a good man, a devoted minister struggling against adversity, refusing to accept defeat, keeping the springs of his life always sweet, intent on using every ounce of his strength and every golden moment of his time in the service of the adorable divine Master whom he loved with all his heart. Jonathan Brierley was one of five boys, whose father, a dealer in wool, was a Methodist class leader in his home church and a local preacher on the circuit plan, a great reader with a good library, in which the boy Jonathan was fond of browsing. Young Jonathan had his father's religious passion and was made a local preacher very early. Later he attended a Congregational training school, entered the ministry of that church, and had three pastorates, the first in a Devon village of three thousand souls, seven miles from a railroad, where he preached five years; the second in north London, four years; the third in south London. So intense was his ministering that from the first his frail physique could hardly stand his vehement outpourings in the pulpit; and his pastoral zeal was equally unsparing. The many extracts from his diary given in this book show the intense devotion and concentration of his whole ministry, and also his great and holy delight in it. The reading of those extracts will do any minister good. As minister, Mr. Brierley was a firm follower of Richard Baxter in his belief that the "faithful pastor," by his intensive dealing with persons, is many times more effective than the mere preacher, whatever crowds he draws, who deals only with people in the mass. His Journal and Visitation Book show how diligently he used all available means of getting into personal touch with his people. After his retirement from the ministry, while nursing himself back to comparative health, in one of his earliest Christian World articles, he heavily emphasizes the value of pastoral visitation, and advises ministers to get and read Baxter's Reformed Pastor. He says: "Baxter's work in Kidderminster may be recognized as a scientific experiment in the field of human nature, and one the results of which have established for all time the validity of certain processes with reference to it. Bring into operation on any scale, large or small, the same causes, and similar results may confidently be expected to follow. Let it not hence be supposed that I am expecting the Christian pastor in this business of visitation to be on every occasion tackling his auditors in cottage or workshop with theological problems or specific religious discourse. Let that come as it is needed. The essential point is in his being there—his higher humanity, his Christian consciousness, his nature in all that it is worth, in immediate vital contact with his fellow man. Let the contact be established through sympathy, and the process of raising and redeeming has commenced. I am bold to affirm that the method of individualizing more upon souls in the business of visitation, is to one who knows how to turn his opportunities to account in itself a preparation of unsurpassed value

to the preacher and the theologian. The Christian minister is a professor of the science of human nature, and how can he gain his efficiency apart from a continual diagnosis of individual cases? The poet, the dramatist, and the novelist, who are workers in the same field, know the value of the method. Fielding, Thackeray, and Dickens were students of books; but they would never have achieved their successes had they shut themselves up in their libraries and sought all their information there; they could not afford to confine themselves to second-hand studies, they must get face to face with the actual living fact, and bring to bear upon it—there before them—all the faculty of insight they possessed. If any man needs further convincing on this point let him put the matter to a practical test. Taking the method as it relates to public preaching, let him prepare two discourses on successive weeks on these two different systems and compare their effectiveness. For one, let him draw his inspiration simply from theological, literary, and philosophical sources. The effect will hardly be electrical. For the other let him, in the earlier part of the week, prepare by a course of visitation, let him open his ear and heart to the pathetic story of human life as it is offered to him by one struggler after another in the great battlefield. Let him be a good listener and a keen observer, getting the *entrée* to human interiors by the 'open sesame' of a genuine sympathy. Let him, from this observatory, note the boundless variety of human experience and of human feeling. Then, for the discourse he is about to deliver, let him begin to gather up the results of his observations, and he will be overwhelmed with the richness of the field that has opened up. Every visit has furnished pictures for the imagination. Every life he has touched reveals itself as a poem, one an epic, another an ideal, a third a tragedy. Let him weave all or some of this into the structure of his thought. Let the discourse he is to deliver throb with this 'still sad music of humanity.' With rapid touches of the true artist let the audience be made to see what he has seen, and to feel what he has felt, and there will be, I venture to predict, no sleepy person in his congregation. Such a preacher will never run dry, for the field he works in is inexhaustible." Before me is the Visitation Book kept by Mr. Brierley from the beginning of his pastorate. He makes such notes as these: Young people's party at Mrs. ———. Not introduced to me by name. Note: always in future, if possible, get introduction by name in order to know people. Visited Mr. ———, carpenter, young, married, one child. Just begun business. Ill with rheumatic fever. Active at Ragged School. Bottom of Wells Street, left side going down. At chapel sits before Mr. ———. Visited Miss ———, aged. Laid up with cold. Row of small cottages off Baptist chapel. Last door but one, going down street. Other people who come to church in same row. Miss ——— formerly member of Baptist Church. Sits in second pew right-hand aisle going in. Visited Mrs. ———, widow. Sons in Australia. Poor. Confined at present to room. Next door to Belle Arms. Visited Mrs. ———. Husband just died. Cottage in Castle Street. Children do not come to school. Such entries show that the pastor practiced what he preached, and preached to people whom he took care to know.

Even in broken health Brierley's optimism never flickered. It was always in full flame. One day a Free Church minister and novelist gave utterance to a pessimistic plaint in "J. B.'s" presence. He was almost shocked. "No, no, you've no right to be a pessimist," he said. "I'm the only man here with that right: but I'm an optimist through and through. For the last twenty years I've had 'an inside' that has played all sorts of unconscionable tricks upon me. I never know when I get up in the morning whether I shall not before the end of the day have been sent to bed for a week or a fortnight. But every morning when I get up as I sit on the side of the bed and pull on my breeches I say to myself, 'Brierley, you old rascal, you get infinitely more than your deserts.'" After that occasion, pessimistic utterances were restrained in the presence of "J. B." His optimism when he had so much right to be pessimistic silenced cheap pessimism. In one of his articles in The Christian World Brierley cries out: "If we can only get back from the Nicene Creed to the Beatitudes, from theories about the Atonement to the vision of Calvary, and from wrangles about Inspiration to the words of Him who spake as never man spake." Writing of the difference between the truly Christian ideals of the church and the ministry, and the actual modern church and its minister, he pictures a minister facing the ideal and failing to recognize himself in it. "Wherein, after all, lies my resemblance to the Prophet of Nazareth? I am an Englishman, saturated with the spirit of the Western world and of the nineteenth century. I am surrounded and hemmed in with conventionalities of all kinds. I dress conventionally. I and my family keep up a certain social position, and conform to its written and unwritten rules. My round of ecclesiastical engagements is largely a conventional one, for a large part of which I find little enough precedent in the four Gospels. What is there in all this which would lead any of my fellows to discover in my life and work anything approaching to a facsimile of the life of Jesus?" Brierley considers it a false idea of the church and of religion—the idea that a church just exists for preaching and hearing. He says: "Churches, in a multitude of instances, are in an unhealthy condition because they have been trained to hear and criticize instead of to work. Some day we may hear of a Christian community, with the minister at its head, instead of spending the regulation hour and a half of Sunday morning in the stereotyped form of service, devoting it to a great visitation of the neglected parts of the neighborhood, discovering cases of need, both spiritual and temporal, comforting the afflicted and inviting the outsiders to a great gospel service in the evening. Why, when the Master laid such stress on feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, should the modern minister be shut up to a gospel of talk? Let him be free to abate the flood of religious oratory which is now expected of him, and to give himself to the service of man in the thousand ways that are open. Herein he will be able to follow far more closely the footsteps of his Leader, will prolong his life by abating the strain upon one overtaxed part of his nature, and will show the church how to increase a thousand-fold its power for good upon the community and the age." In an article on "Prophetic Power," "J. B." discusses the nature

of inspiration, in preachers and religious teachers. He suggests that the Christian Church might profitably institute a commission of inquiry to collect and sift all the evidence bearing on the possession and exercise of prophetic power, with a view to discovering the laws of its operation. Such an inquiry, he believes, would yield these, among other results: "1. There is a condition of mind of the religious teacher, in which the power he exerts is not that merely of organization or of affirmation, though the effect of these is included in it. 2. The speaker finds in himself an exaltation of inner states in which, while the brain is intensely active, its functions are dominated by another force, which some may call religious feeling, which others, more specifically, affirm to be a deep sense of the Divine presence in the soul. The sense of this presence is an essential condition of persuasive or prophetic power. 3. This power, higher than thought, can only be possessed by men whose minds are deeply and habitually exercised on life's highest themes." Brierley found in the lasting power of Spurgeon a reinforcement of his views on "prophetic power." "It was Spurgeon's spiritual force which drew men. Many who did not accept his opinions on more than one outlying religious question, and on some which he regarded as vital, thankfully reckoned him as their teacher because of this. Multitudes of educated Christian men loved Charles Spurgeon, spite of intellectual differences, for that reason. From the days when Samuel Rutherford so preached his Master as to compel the Duke of Argyll to cry out, 'O, man, keep on in that strain!' no one, we can safely say, has set forth the claims of Christ to men's love and service with such inimitable sweetness, with such melting pathos, with such eloquence of the inmost soul as Charles Spurgeon. It may be that the dark background of his theology, to which the mood of this age could not by any effort accommodate itself, threw into greater relief this side of his teaching." That same year "J. B." wrote on "Yorkshire Methodism," which had shown a numerical decline. He recalled some notable Yorkshire figures of the Evangelical Revival, and led up to William Bramwell, of a later generation. There is the familiar belief in an ultra-human power operative in men in close communion with God, combined with the belief that that power, if understood, is not so much supernatural as in the line of the divinely natural. He says: "Bramwell might be described as one of the elect few of humanity who have been permitted to penetrate into the innermost secret of the spiritual life. What other men sought by busying themselves among their fellows, he, unless his biography is all a romance, obtained by communing with the Invisible. It was with him a familiar experience to spend long hours upon his knees, hours which he counted among the most productive of an extraordinarily busy life. His prayers seemed to work miracles. If people could get him to pray for them, they went away assured that the way would be opened, though a mountain or a sea stood in front. In his presence men were conscious of a subtle spiritual influence which they could not analyze, but which filled and lifted the soul. Wherever he went, great revivals broke out. In the fulness of his power he predicted he was about to die, and the prediction was fulfilled. *Some day science will come to recognize that,*

in the phenomena which such lives present, lies more of the secret of the universe than anything which geology or biology can furnish. The latter may reveal to us what man has grown from. The former are full of hints as to what he may grow to. The force that shatters men's oppositions and changes their lives comes from a sphere behind and above that where learning and oratory, wealth and position, produce their effects. It is a possession for those only who know how to hide themselves in the secret place of the Most High." In 1893 appeared Studies of the Soul, the most successful of all his books. It has run into eight English editions, and has had a large circulation in translations into German, Swedish, and other languages. To "J. B." the soul was the personality of the man, the means of spiritual communication alike with his fellow men and with God. It was the battleground of the forces of light and darkness. It could be fed or starved, grown or stunted. "To a generation which does not read the world's deepest books it is difficult to give an idea of what the human soul has really grown to in those who have given it a chance. The literature of this subject is the lives of the great saints, and among them perhaps especially the great mystics. Here we learn the possibilities of a grown-up soul; the annihilation in it of the lower desires, and the full set of its determination upon the highest things; its power of vision, by which it has an apprehension of God which nothing can shake, and a sense of the spiritual world that makes it grandly indifferent to the conditions of the earthly lot; its power of influence, such that through commonest words and acts thrill mysterious forces that shake and inspire the hearts of men; and its power of enjoyment, drawn from sources which the world cannot dry up, and which reaches at times an intensity that transcends the limits of expression. Unless that world's best men and women have been its greatest liars, these experiences have, in differing degrees, been common to them all." Everything, he argues, turns on the question of personality. "The personal is the one thing that interests. Doctrine and dogma, whether theologic, social or economic, left to its naked self, will molder on the back shelves of libraries. To be powerful it must be incarnated. Create a living character which holds the doctrines and he will preach them to millions. The Baptist creed of Pilgrim's Progress can hardly be called attractive to the mass. As talked by Christian and Hopeful it is the property of the world. Scotch Presbyterianism 'in the abstract' is held commonly by outsiders to be a dry subject. Translated into the life of a Jeannie Deans, or into the characters and opinions of the worthies of Drumtochty, its flavor is appreciated by every palate. Art tells the same story. The pictures that live are those where the colors have been mixed with the artists' own life-blood. Surely the reason of all this is plain, and it is dead against the materialists. Into whatever region of thought we stray—whether theology, philosophy, history, literature, or art—we find the universe spelling out one word as its final message; that word is personality. The personal life is the ultimate life, the personal interest the ultimate interest. The line which is writ everywhere on this side of the grave, we may well believe is the line beyond it, and becomes thus

the charter of our personal existence after death." To an inquirer concerning the future life Brierley wrote: "As to future life and recognition there, let me say that what seems to you difficult to believe is to me not nearly so difficult as the things that have actually happened. Imagine a thinker unacquainted with our world being asked to believe that such a race as ours would be evolved out of matter. I think he would regard it as incredible, and yet here we are. When I think of the million improbabilities *à priori* against my being alive as I now am upon the earth this other question of continuing such a life seems quite a minor difficulty. We live in a universe of incredibles—all of which have come true." In The Christian World of February 5, 1915, appeared an essay on "Life's Loose Ends." It was destined to be the last he was himself to see in print. He begins: "Benjamin Constant relates that he met once with a Piedmontese who gave him his confession of faith. He believed that the world was made by a God who had died before his work was completed. Only in this way could he account for the bewildering contradictions which he found everywhere; on the one side the evident marks of law, order, and beneficent design; on the other hand, the confusions, the evils, the ragged edges of things. Everywhere an aim at perfection which had stopped short, a purpose uncompleted, if not frustrated. So our Piedmontese; who certainly, amid the medley of cosmic theories with which philosophy has presented us, has the merit of offering one as quaint as it is original. His solution is the last we should think of accepting, but he unquestionably had an eye for certain aspects of things which call for a solution." "J. B." treats the apparent incompleteness of things as God's challenge to man to continue his work and fill out the plan which he has sketched. He wrote with feeling when he said: "There is a personal side to this topic which might well have occupied all our thought, but which we can now only briefly touch upon. How often do we seem, in our private fortunes, to be brought to a loose end? Some source of supply has been stopped; some door of career has been suddenly slammed in our face. The well-defined track we have followed has all at once disappeared—we are faced with the wilderness, wherein we must strike a road of our own. Most of us who have lived any time in the world have had a touch of that experience. It is one of the greatest tests of character. We have been good enough for routine; what good are we for this crisis of the unexpected? It is here that strong men prove their strength. How often has that moment proved the starting point of mightiest things! It was so with Wesley when he found himself in hopeless conflict with the Anglican authorities, and he must choose some other way. And with General Booth, his true successor, when on that fateful morning he left the New Connexion Conference, his terms rejected, his career as one of its ministers closed, and himself in face of a new, untried world. Spurgeon had his moment when by the strangest of accidents he missed his collegiate training. But these men 'made good,' as the Americans say, of their loose end. And their example shows us how a loose end in life, encountered with courage and faith, may become to us our divine moment; may prove the turning point to our true vocation. Assuredly no

man, whether he be great or small, should be afraid of his loose ends. They are life's great possibles; they call upon what is in us. The gulf that yawns in front reveals your leaping power. The seeming ruin may be the beginning of your better fortunes. The world is full of hopes for the man who has hope for himself. The way to master the world's loose ends is to have no loose ends in ourselves. Things may snap at the circumference, but there will be no catastrophe if there is soundness at the center. A man may find his world tumbling around him, as when Robertson of Brighton saw the dogmatic structure of his earlier creed crumbling to ruin. He found himself with nothing to believe in but God and duty. But in that wild hour those central anchors held; held till a clearer, fuller, saner gospel faith was born in him, a faith which proved good for thousands of other storm-tossed souls. The thing is to hold on and never to give up. Believe, in the tempest's fiercest hour, that the world you are in is water-tight, and is not going to founder. You are in a world of loose ends, and the handling of them calls for every atom of strength and courage that is in you. But the farthest ends of them are not loose. They are gripped by a hand that is Love and Omnipotence." At the time of his death he had just completed an essay on "Religion and Buildings," in which there is a note of reminiscence. He says: "In our own early religious life we used to attend a Monday evening prayer meeting, held in a humble room over some stables in an inn yard. It was a stuffy, ill-ventilated, malodorous meeting place, amid the most incongruous surroundings. But never since have we experienced a greater power of religious emotion, of the pure spirit of fellowship, of prayer, faith, and rapturous devotion than in that crowded, ill-smelling room. When the surroundings are humblest the spirit mounts highest. It is the continuous complaint of the Fathers that when the church came out of the back streets and from its humble conventicles to sumptuous buildings and worldly recognition, its early spirit declined, its purity was soiled." Here is Brierley on one need of the present age: "The supreme want of our time is a spiritual teaching, which, addressed with fearless impartiality to our upper, our middle, and our working classes, shall, with irrefutable argument and irresistible appeal, urge them to inner improvement as the indispensable accompaniment of any external advance. This teaching must be adapted to the new thought conditions. It must, above all, be a teaching that shall capture the imagination of the young. One of the leading features of it should be the creation in their minds of an intense sense of social obligation. They should be taught to realize, as their great initial lesson, their debt to life. The doctrine to be taught, we say, is a doctrine of indebtedness. There is a huge account against us, which, if we possess a spark of honor, we shall want, as far as we can, to repay. We are where we are and what we are because of boundless benefactions bestowed upon us by invisible helpers. It would be the death blow of cynicism and of pessimism, if people, instead of accepting what they possess to-day as a thing of course, would take the trouble to trace the process by which it has come to be theirs. We should see then, if we never saw it before, that a cross is signed upon all things."

Henry W. Warren

METHODIST REVIEW

MAY, 1916

STUDY OUR EPISCOPACY—FINAL ARTICLE

When I received the Methodist Review in March, 1915, I saw that the first article was entitled, "Restore Our Episcopacy," by James R. Day. Not having known that the Episcopacy was gone, I gave much attention to every passage in the article. A few of these I will reproduce for the readers who have not seen that article, or have forgotten it.

The first statement declared that "The Methodist Episcopal Church had reduced the high office of the Episcopacy to the level of a traveling agency." Again he says: "The high function conferred upon a Bishop with great solemnity is stripped from him."

Bishop Foster, who had been superannuated, said, "You cannot take from me my Bishoprie." Dr. Day says, "*But they did.* They left him naked, old and comfortless. . . . Every man, with one possible exception, stripped of his robes and *turned out into nowhere,* had years of service in him."

He says also, "By meddling with Providence we have on our hands more serious difficulties and *have torn our Episcopal office to pieces.*" And this, "A great shout of protest came out of the throats of men. It was a body made up of many such men and more of their advocates and champions that tore our Episcopacy to pieces."

Along the same route, just before he ceases, he says, "We are the people that has been peculiar in mending Providence. But meddling with Providence we have wasted force enough in this period of our history to bring the millennium if it had been the mustard seed of faith used with sound sense."

I saw that these, with other unreliable statements, would be deceiving to many in our own Church and in other churches. Therefore, after having been the editor of The Christian Advocate for thirty-two years, receiving thousands of letters from all parts, and having had hundreds of conversations with members of our own Church on church interests, I thought it my duty to look into this explosion of heat.

To those who have read Dr. Day's articles and my articles upon this subject, this will be clear; but for those who have not read the previous articles there are a few necessary repetitions in this one.

SOME OF DR. DAY'S MISTAKES

Dr. Day began his first article: "For many years the Methodist Episcopal Church had agitated the status of her Bishops until she had succeeded in clouding much of their dignity and reducing the high office to the level of a traveling agency. What a degeneracy of the greatest office in the history of the Christian Church."

I deny this.

But if it is true, where was Dr. Day? In his published sermons, his books, his lectures, and in the General Conference, why has he not been lifting up his voice in protest, strong, clear, and never ceasing?

The reason why I referred to "the rude manners of Asbury and Lee" was that the "old-time" people were not as Dr. Day highly represented them when he says: "There is the positive loss of the glory, the ascending glory, of old men at work, the wealth of counsel, the power of example, the ballast of dignity, the divinely softening temper, the words inspired, ever growing feebler and fewer, of our old-time Bishops."

In the second article he observed, "I simply said that we have done away with the Episcopacy of our Fathers (Methodists), the authority, the scope, the privilege, the power, and dignity of the earliest days."

When I read that I thought of Shakespeare's language: "What do you read, my lord?" *Words! Words! Words!*

And then he asks, "Have we the old-time Episcopacy?"

I answer, "Yes, *substantially,* we have it."

But nothing, if virile, can stand still in this world, as can be shown by the following:

The Revolution being over, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and others put forth letters to the effect that the *ground work of the States, that were then re-formed,* was established, and also the *United States;* but that it was necessary, and always would be, to create principles and laws for the States and the Union. But those statesmen declared that in the changes the *foundation* of the United States must be maintained forever.

Such was the condition when the Revolution was over.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has had similar conditions and transitions, and to-day the main principles and the general methods of the earliest times exist through all changes and additions.

As Bishop Merrill says: "The Christmas Conference in Baltimore, A. D. 1784, organized the Methodist Episcopal Church and established the essentials of the polity which has distinguished Methodism from that time to the present. Annual Conferences have increased in number as the work has enlarged and as the geographical and other necessities have required. And the General Conference does what becomes necessary within the scope of its powers to give effectiveness to all the agencies of the denomination."

The Third Restrictive Rule has protected the Episcopacy in its fundamental and essential powers.

DR. DAY'S MISREPORTS

Dr. Day wishes to prove that *sixteen* years ago, in the General Conference at Chicago, I attacked the Bishops on account of one or two of the Bishops who had charged the people for preaching at dedications, and so on.

Ministers and laymen came to the General Conference about it and the subject was taken up by the Conference. I will again quote extracts from the Daily Christian Advocate which reported two of the speeches that I made. They are:

"We are not reflecting upon the Bishops as a whole. Not at all. We simply mean by this resolution that some General Conference officers and some Bishops have made charges for dedicating churches, and have specified the same in writing. We know that to be a fact. We do not say that it was immoral. We do not say that it was wrong. We do say that it is a custom that has grown up in modern times. We do say that we want to check it."

In the same paper I am recorded:

"Now, remember! You say this is a reflection on the Bishops. I repudiate it. There is not a Bishop here that we do not believe to be a true man; and I do not believe there is one here that would object to the passing of this resolution."

All that I said *then I would speak now.*

In my *second article,* discussing the retiring of ministers against their own desires, I said: "The elder retires on an allowance of $200 to $500, and a Bishop on an allowance of $2,500."

Dr. Day seems to gloat over that statement. He says: "Passing over the surprising and unfortunate pieces of socialism of the last sentence, which is as unjust as it is unkind to the retired Bishops, and which is calculated to stir class feeling in our Church over the inequality of pensions, fixed by the General Conference." I said that "The elder retires on allowance of from $200 to $500 and the Bishops in their retirement on an allowance of $2,500." I *placed this there* to stir up the people to give the poorly pensioned ministers more, and to assist the wonderful work of Dr. Hingeley and his colleagues. I would not give the retired Bishop *less,* but the retired pastor *more.*

Dr. Day brings forth two wonderful passages. The first is, "It is remarkable how feebleness of mind and body adjusts itself to the limitations of nature." And the other is, "Our Episcopacy is splendidly adapted to vigor of mind and body *in old age.*" A few without doubt appear in that form, but the greater number cannot adjust themselves to their own satisfaction.

Dr. Day says, "Better put a time limit on the Episcopacy to last for six years than to leave it as it is!" Other Methodisms may have that limitation, but for us that would be a breaking down of the Episcopacy with a vengeance.

Dr. Day says: "We have done away with the old-time Episcopacy in that it is different, just as we have done away with the old-time itineracy by substituting *practically* a settled *pastorate* within the itineracy."

But I must say that we do *not* have "a *settled* pastorate." Every man receives his appointment from year to year and does not infallibly know that he will be in his present location more than a year, or even a part of a year, as he may be transferred.

That word "practically" that the doctor uses covers many things.

Dr. Day declares "that there have been radical changes in our Episcopacy by which we scarcely recognize the Bishopric of our Fathers."

Certainly there have been radical changes, but every person of intention, attention, or retention could recognize in any part of the world the Methodist Episcopacy, old and new.

The Methodist Episcopal Church in its organic form and spiritual power has been established in Europe, Asia, and Africa, where God and consecrated men and women have given it wondrous success. As the *Doctrines and Discipline of the Church in 1912* says: "Evidently God's blessing has been with us and we have seen an extraordinary work expanding throughout all the United States and territories and throughout the British possessions in North America, also the planting of successful missions in South America and Mexico."

Dr. Day says: "America has one court that stands preeminent with life tenure above all the political changes, undisturbed by party politics. No one proposes to provide for the removal from the court of the oldest men because they become or have become inefficient. Few complaints come from the court. No meddling is attempted from the outside. It is an impressive spectacle, self-preserving, self-regulating, unimprovable. To tinker with it would spoil it. It is a body that requires the greatest efforts of brain and mind."

I am well acquainted with that court. When I was pastor in the city of Detroit more than fifty years ago a distinguished young man was practicing law, and I for a time was in a club with him.

He afterward became one of the members of this court. I met him now and then until he died a little while ago, and have known several others during this period. Since 1869, with a *life tenure,* any of the members of that court, if they have ten years before they reach the age of seventy, can depart, and so long as they live have the same amount of money per annum until they die. Some time ago a member of that court was asked whether sick members or very old members remained in the active work. He answered that one or two did so, and as the work of the court was very heavy, those who had to re-do the work were overburdened.

Dr. Day closed his third article with a eulogy of Bishop Huntington of the Episcopal Church. He says, "He left a great apostolic benediction upon the city and all Central New York as the people remember him at his great work." But the next sentence was this, "The image is not that of an old man turned out to wander about for something to do."

Dr. Day spoke of the Bishops who were retired as being "turned out into nowhere," a fiction. With the exception of those that had been ill, all had at once opportunities to preach and lecture, and they used them.

Bishop Huntington was a great and a good man. I had the pleasure of knowing him many years ago. He lived long, but he could see all his ministers within a day's travel. He might have died twenty years before he did if he had to fix the appointments of many appointees.

I have asked five Methodist Bishops how much they can be at home per year, and all of them said that they could not be home more than three or four months. They could not tell exactly how many miles they traveled, but some of them stated they had covered more than forty thousand in a year.

Dr. Day, when excited, seems to enlarge or belittle the subject. I do not say intentionally.

J. M. Buckley

THE FIRST AND SECOND ADAM

There is a way of supplanting the true kingship of Christ which presents Christ as the ideal Humanity in the mind of God. Humanity is the true Son of God, and Christ is great because he is the complete and crowning case of this spiritual Humanity. But he is only representative. In the assembly of ideals he is the member for Humanity, and, after all, it is the constituency that counts. In this view Jesus made of his life a work of such complete moral art that he fully set out man's moral idea, excellence, and resource as a Greek statue does man's formal grace. He acquired his greatness and perfection by moral and spiritual conflict, but, even thereby, only in so far as he realized the idea of Humanity and was the bloom of its intrinsic moral power. This view even makes use of Paul, and recurs to his treatment of Christ as the second Adam completing the first (1 Cor. 15. 45-49). It is a misunderstanding. The point of comparison with Adam is not that the one was in flower what the other was in germ. It is that the new Humanity was as dependent on Christ as the old was on Adam. The act of the one is as determinant of the future as that of the other, and represents a departure at least as new and creative. The passage is not evolutionary at all. The parallel is dominated not by the personality of Christ but by his official or functional place as the originator of an entirely new departure. The second Adam was as creative of the immortal as the first had been of the perishable. The second Adam is of heaven, not the avatar of the heavenly Humanity. He is not the archetype of the old Humanity become flesh, not the earthly precipitate of the heavenly *Urmensch*, but the creator of the new Humanity. The Platonic and Philonic notion of a primal Humanity in heaven, a first to Adam as second, is what Paul was protesting against.

To use the passage for the exhibition of Christ as the racial man, the archetype of a Humanity which, in spite of all lapses, only needs to be true to itself in order to be found in him—such use of the passage is an illustration not only of a mythical idealism

but of a hasty way of reading it into the Bible as poetical ideas. Nay, it is a case of forcing on a passage the very idea it was written to destroy. Paul was not Platonizing but Hebraizing. He was not promoting the current mythologema of an *Urmensch*, an archetypal man, a pattern Humanity in the heavens (analogous to the heavenly Jerusalem preexistent with God and descending on earth). He was correcting the notion for a more Messianic purpose—as his way was with the myths around him. They did not produce his thought, and he did not adopt them; but they gave him an imagery to express his mind. His thought of Christ was produced by the work of Christ; and his idea of Christ's preexistence especially was the necessary reflection into past Eternity of his redeeming and final glory. Paul's preexistent Christ, therefore, was but the antedating of the historical Son of God for whom the whole creation was destined through the triumph of his cross; he was not the archetype or ideal of Humanity. For, since Humanity is create, Christ would be in that case the incarnation of the create, he cannot be of Godhead; and therefore he was not really an incarnation at all, but rather a precipitate. Or he was an incarnation of man, not to man. He was man coming to himself, not God coming to him. He was not the presence of Godhead in man, but only an avatar or epiphany of ideal Humanity in an historic man. God was not then in Christ reconciling, but Humanity was in Christ consummating.

Paul is really here combating the view the idealists or gnostics thrust upon him, the philosophic myth of the spiritual or archetypal man in heaven prior to Adam, whereby Philo explained the two accounts of man's creation in Genesis. No, Spiritual Humanity was not first, Paul said, but second. It was not the cause of the historic Christ but his product. The first man was Adam—the race as psychic or natural. The spiritual man, the pneumatic race, was second, created by Christ, not as Christ, and living in him. Christ was not the incarnation of spiritual manhood (which did not as yet exist) but its creator; he was the incarnation of Godhead. Adam became a living soul, Christ became a life-giving spirit to all souls. But Christ never *became* the Son of God. He was only determined as that Son in history, in effective power on

history, by his resurrection (Romans 1. 4). For speculative Judaism the first man was the ideal man in heaven and the second was Adam. But this order Paul inverts, while still using the fabulist language—as we do when we speak of Adam at all. The first man was the created Adam, the second was the new Creator, Christ, who, after his victory, from the right hand of God, and especially by his expected return, created and occupied, as its redeeming Lord, the new Humanity. Paul is thus utilizing, but also repudiating, the current philosophic myth of the *Urmensch*. It is of the New Humanity that Christ is the head, the Church, which is in Christ, not the natural Humanity, however spiritualized, which is not in Christ. It is only in respect of this new and spiritual Humanity, his own product, that we can speak of Christ as the Head—not in respect of the old and natural Humanity. About Christ's constitutional relation to natural Humanity we can say little or nothing. It is theosophic speculation and not theological revelation. We can say nothing about him as the consummate Head of human nature. We have no information, no data. Human nature does not come out well in the Bible, and it has no promise in it. We can only speak of Christ's moral and practical relation to it as the Redeemer, and as Creator of *the new Humanity out of it*—for which we have both data and experience. The Church is never spoken of as being in Christ in such a sense as if it were a constituent factor of him, as Humanity is declared by idealism to be of God. For Paul, then, the point of comparison between the first and second Adam was that each was not so much a representative as a source—the one of perishability, the other of immortality. Yet Adam was no source of the natural life in the sense in which Christ was the source of the spiritual. Christ was a creative source, Adam only a generative. Christ was a creator, Adam but a germ. Christ created life; the only thing that Adam created was death. And that was not creation but destruction. And Christ *created* life, he did not simply restore it. Each made quite a new departure, one up and one down. Paul's idea, therefore, was not that Christ incarnated the ideal man. He would have shrunk with some horror from such a notion. It would have savored to him of self-salvation—of a historic Humanity saved by

its native ideal, and not by God—unless you gave Humanity an increate and eternal existence in God, which would then be its deification and not its redemption. For Paul it would have been blasphemy to import into Godhead, for subsequent incarnation, a created thing like Humanity. There cannot be a Humanity eternal in God, if Humanity is create.

Paul's idea, therefore, was not that Christ, by incarnating a human factor in God, showed human nature in its full spiritual perfection, and carried its individuals up with him by the spectacle or the process. We could of course read that into Paul; but then his polemic against the Philonic and Judaic first Adam becomes meaningless. And moreover we should have to lay down every objection we ever took to importing philosophemes into the reality of the gospel. For this is surely done when ideal Humanity is thrust into Godhead in order to be reissued as incarnation—if we can speak of incarnation where we should really only speak of precipitation. In Paul's Christ there took place no historic condensation of a celestial ideal, but the self-determining act of Godhead. And in God's purpose spiritual Humanity did not simply date from the historic Christ, nor did it rise to him, but it was absolutely dependent on him—as dependent on him creatively for its great destiny as on Adam destructively for its great doom. Christ was not the ideal of the race, but the action of God's will for it. He was the creative action of God's will rather than the compressed index of God's thought. Paul never used Jesus, the New Testament never does, to show the greatness of Humanity, its intrinsic heavenliness, and its soundness at the core; Christ was rather, for Paul and all the New Testament, the Messianic action of God to humiliate Humanity, to realize his saving will for a miserable and hopeless Humanity. It is not Humanity that gives Christ his dignity; it is Christ that makes Humanity really divine —really and not poetically divine; and that he did, not as its apotheosis, nor as its classic, but as its Redeemer. He is not the Head and Front of man's natural spirituality, the hero of man's native place in God, but the origin of a New Humanity, with a spirituality which was supernatural in kind because it was due not to regenerative gift and grace. And the high history of the

new race is as much his work as its decay was Adam's. He was thus not the ideal man, but the ideal Redeemer of the ideal man's collapse. And he redeemed not by what he was and infused in his constitution, or "nature," but by what he did in his work and power.

Such is the apostolic teaching as to Humanity in relation to Christ. If it does not seem simple, that only means that we have come in this region to issues which are not to be settled off-hand, nor by amateurs, but under the guidance of those to whom they mean much mental and spiritual labor in the Lord. I dwell on the point as an illustration of the way in which the teacher must be called in if we are to escape the misuse of Scripture. We must work together if any solution is to be had of those questions which are so easily stirred by a religion like Christianity that goes to the bottom of the soul. They are questions which are to be answered not easily, nor without special, and even life-long, pains, by those who serve the Church in this office, and who deserve a respect which it is neither independence nor democracy to refuse. The idea of the Christ, as Jesus used the name, is not the bloom nor the incarnation of Humanity. He was directly neither the revelation nor the perfection of Humanity. He did not arise from man to give full effect to man's resources or possibilities, but he came from God with a mission to give effect to this grace. He came with a calling and an office, with a word to speak and an act to do, such as God alone could speak. What made Jesus to be Christ was what God did in him, what he did for God, what he did to the world, and what the world did to him. He did not live to himself nor to Humanity, but to God's will and work. He came to do something from God's side, and was equipped accordingly; he did not come with a certain humane endowment which had to find a congenial outlet in action. His very person was determined from his saving work, and can only be so understood.

TAKING ONE'S SELF TOO SERIOUSLY

Among the microbes which are very dangerous, and to be guarded against with all diligence, is the taking one's self too seriously.

To be a fool may not be set down as a sin, and yet it leads to chief sins. "Thou shalt not be a fool" would be a good commandment, and one for which there is real need—and one which would be kept right busy all days of the year. Such a commandment never would have a day off, but would display, all hours of every day and every night, the placard, "This is my busy day." It may not be wicked to be a fool, but it is irreligious, inasmuch as the gospel is against waste. The gathering of the fragments of sense would prove a taxing profession, howbeit, so far as regards society, one of splendid service and extraordinary remuneration. The nonsense rotting, but the fragmentarily wise and the pretty-generally-foolish is not simply fantastical, like Launce and his fellow canine, but is wickedly ruinous. The cap and bells are worn by the king's fool, and donned as legitimately by the king and the courtiers as by the fool. King Lear's fool was so profoundly unfoolish, so widely wise, as that he breaks our hearts while he tries vainly to endow the foolish king with brains. He has a task too taxing even for his powers. The cap and bells would adorn King Lear, only he refuses to wear them. Possessing the thing, he refuses the sign of the thing. King Arthur's fool, sobbing in the darkness and the gathering rain, "I am thy fool, and I shall never make that life again," is as profound pathos as ever sobs in Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate. How could jest trip from the lips of such a fool as sobs so as to break the hearts of all of us? And yet here is the point of pith and meaning, and so easy to be missed: just because he was a wit, and has humor, could he lurch to such a sea-sorrow. The perpetually lachrymose are not the souls most laden with sorrow nor freighted most with tears. They weep so copiously as to be out of the real substance of sorrow. The spirits which smile and sing, like birds swaying

on swaying reeds in summer, are those whose wells of sorrow are at the brim. A bird could lean its yellow bill and drink their tears, so full the well is—but only God knows it. The facetious are likely to be habited in inward sorrow. The laughter of them is close kinsman of sorrow and of pain. By no mischance is such a fun-poet as Hood author of Bridge of Sighs and that eternally-young sob of ill-requited labor, The Song of the Shirt. Nor is there anything *outré* in that Jack Falstaff, that man of tireless and versatile mirth, and the Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's court should at their dying set the whole world sobbing until it was as if all their scattered laughters, which had been flung about into the sky with wild luxuriance, like a summer growth of fern and vine, by the chill of death on a sudden had been thickened into cloud, wide spread, to obscure the sky, and then the cloud had fairly drenched the world with rain. These deathbeds have all the world sobbing by them. This neighborliness of tears and laughter may well compel a steadfast look.

Laughter is redemptive, sanitary. There is an intellectual sanitization we should give heed to. To keep the personality open to the facts of things is a study which calls for teachers apt to teach.

Taking one's self too seriously precludes the getting exact images of things and conduces to getting a certain cartoon effect, whereas life is not a cartoon but a character. Things are sanely set on a sane landscape in a sane sky. Life is not lugubrious though fraught with sadness; life is not a joke though filled with jokes. Also, a clown is more likely to get at the secret of the world than the perpetually morose. "The mourner goeth about the streets," though we are not given to understand that he reports the facts of the street accurately. The body who takes himself too seriously will write no tragedy though he may supply a character in comedy.

The taker-of-himself-too-seriously has no weighty weighing apparatus with which, from time to time, to get at the avoirdupois of things. His specific gravity seems phenomenal, and totally out of all proportion to the estimate of the community. Indeed the community itself, in the eyes of the taker-of-himself-too-seriously,

is a frivolous person given over to gayety and little conceits, and is ruinously remiss in activity and progress. He severely eyes the frivolous many, being himself neither frivolous nor given to laughter, but so sternly sedate that he could edit a Book of Lamentations over the unseemly laughter of the whole world, aside from himself. He feels the weight of society upon him alone. It weighs much, and lacerates the shoulders of that servant who must wear the world's work which the many shoulders should bear and will not. He often wears glasses, the two eye-pieces being serious symbols of his serious intent. He cannot leave himself at home and go out and frisk. He never goes out and he will not frisk. He stays and tends the stuff. He is always dubious, and sees signs in the heavens and the earth, but never the signs of Spring or of promise. Late Autumn and congealing Winter are his season. I did not say "seasons." I said season. The Fall and Winter are mingled, with this deeper (that is, denser) soul. He feels he may never lie down to sleep, lest the sky should sink and the milky way should wander crazily along the heavens and go to smithereens. The heavens cannot be trusted. They must be run; and this serious brother must run them. No alternative is possible. He scrutinizes, and would control, all the world, both the doings of the cook and the doings of Providence. He sees grafters and gambling and thuggery everywhere, and if himself should not look after things they would go odds worse than they now do. He is credentialed to see what the many cannot see and to lift the cry, "The enemy is upon us." He is ubiquitous and does not sleep. "Vigilance is the price of liberty"—that is, his vigilance. He knows not such a thing as a deputy, for to deputize an officer would be to trust the deputy, and to trust the deputy would be to allow the ability of the deputy; whereas the very beams on which the floor of this seriosity is laid are that there is but one who is trustworthy, it being superfluous to name who that one is. He considers that a representative democracy is no democracy, a direct primary being the sole organon of a precise democracy, and himself must be the primary. "Trust no one save thyself" is the fundamental proposition of this astute citizen, who is the one licensed inspector of public weal and manner and pro-

cedure in general. Really, he feels he must have written the Doomsday Book, and if he were to go away for a few minutes he would chain the book. Yet the chain might have an imperfect link, so the book might be abstracted; hence he will not leave the book. As certain bank functionaries have their meals served in the cages, thus obviating the going out for dining, so this serious taker of himself has his meals served where he holds and retains the Doomsday Book. Nothing must go at loose ends, hence he will hold the ends. The wear and tear of the soul is terrific when one is so situated. The universe is rather large, and taking entire charge of it requires strict attention, vigilant nerves, and muscles of steel.

He sometimes considers that the universe should be contracted so as to give himself a little needed leisure. He feels, and says sometimes, even oft times, in a weary voice, that for one man this burden is unbearable, though he feels it must be borne for humanity's sake. One must not shrink one's responsibilities. That would be cowardice. However weighty the load the fit man *must* bear it, complainingly, of course, yet bear it complainingly. Would there were more who could! But it falls on the fit few, and though they break under the load, like an overloaded wagon, their wheels must revolve—so that, though there be little locomotion, there may be due commotion.

This serious taker of himself takes deep breaths, groans much when he has no ache and dispenses fog and climatic inclemency. When he has made inclemency he considers that, meteorologically, he is a success. His favorite wind is the East wind. Not the wind of the Israelites, for it brought quails and an epicurean dinner to those manna-satiated diners. No, his East wind is that which blows on the Maine coast and visits the marrow of the bones and gives the shivers, or it is the English East wind, which blows in Winter and fairly shivers the roots of the trees. He has a complacent theory that when the world is uncomfortable it is to be congratulated.

If you dine at a table next him, he looks at his victuals with a sad and rheumatic look as bidding them farewell. He is conspicuously absent-minded. What is good fellowship to him? Eat-

ing is putting edibles to good use when himself is being fed, for clearly no man can bear burdens systematically, as he does, unless he eats. There is no pleasure to him in eating. Far and away from that. Petrify the thought. Nay! More nays! He eats so as to bear the accumulated burdens of the world. Therefore eating is serious. It is a doleful duty. He is stocking up the commissary so that the campaign may proceed. His eyes peer like those of a hotel inspector looking for a hole in the bed sheet. The frivolous laughter and badinage of the other guests do not reach his quagmire of seriosity. He delves apart. He may get a worm and will therefore be kinsman of the early bird: there will then be two birds. That thought should cheer him but does not, for he feels that the other bird would not be much of a fowl. Though there seem to be two there is in reality but one. He is the bird. Every road leads to himself. Rome was a temporary capital for the earth: himself is the settled, deliberate, capital, and rightly, yea, and necessarily, all roads lead to him. If the wise men from the East should report at his abode he would not be surprised. It would simply be another natural event which certified that these Orientals, whose names he would not ask, *were* wise men.

This taker-of-himself-too-seriously breaks his teeth on the gravels (to speak in the dental phrase of Jeremiah when he was busy lamenting "Lamentations"). This exercise would not be a hilarity to the many, but to him is better than taking a holiday. When he hears a tooth crack or break he groans: "Some one who wears the world's interest in his every thought must break his teeth on the gravels." It never occurs to him to spit the gravels out and not chew them, and so save his teeth. To chew gum is more commendable than chewing gravels and, besides, enriches Mr. Wrigley.

This too serious taker of himself never rests, nor, be it said in strict parenthesis, will he let anybody else rest. He tires everybody. People in his house cannot retire, they must go to bed—and by stealth. In the morning he gives a melancholy wheeze to his word, "*you* rested well?" not at all as being interested in your welfare, but as at once resenting it and suggesting that for *himself* there was no rest. While *you* slept, careless of the universe, *he*

was waking, drying its axles so they would creak more. An uncreaking universe is obnoxious to him. If it creaks he feels it is going. He loves the danger signal, and puts one up on good roads as a sign that this highway is dangerously safe. A short hundred years ago a murder was committed here before there was a street, even before there was a village. Danger! He warns the children that a banana peeling is sometimes dropped on the sidewalk, therefore let them not walk on the sidewalk, but walk in the middle of the street, for in that safety and privacy nothing worse will befall them than being struck by a street car or run over by an automobile.

He frequents the almanacs and patent-medicine literature, for in their extemporized weather and chronic ailments he feels at home. The world is a hospital, anyway. The presence of the de-legged and dis-eased he considers a madrigal. With such zest as he can master he enters into the delights of all horrors of wreck, flood, and fire. These salient misdemeanors of nature are a real lotion to his spirit. What are they compared with what happens to him all the time? His spirit is in continual catastrophe, whereas these difficulties of nature are episodal.

He is troubled that at his own funeral he cannot be present to groan; but, if it will help, he may be informed that the women present at his obsequies will titter and the men will break out into a jocose guffaw. That thought will expedite his groan, so he may be "groaned" up through his funeral by what might be correctly termed a premonitory funeral groan. Could the taker-of-himself-too-seriously expedite his own demise it would give much impromptu delight to a quiet, goodly company of well-wishers to the world, and lovers of sunlight, and laughter, and a picnic in the woods.

W. A. Lingle.

BISHOP HENRY WHITE WARREN: A TRIBUTE

In a memorial service Dr. Buckley described Bishop Warren as follows: "In physical proportions he was perfect. In height he lacked but an inch of six feet. His countenance was altogether pleasing, his eyes both penetrating and benign with a complacency that yet suggested no undue self-conceit. His voice was a baritone, clear as a flute and strong as a bass drum. His gesticulation was not forced nor effeminate. The matter of his discourse was always unique. No preacher in or out of the denomination equaled it. Pathos watered the flowers of his rhetoric but never to excess. His method of argumentation was strong but not visible. The sources of his personal popularity, outside his piety, were his high estimate of his own mission, the exalted value placed on the Methodist Episcopal Church, blended with a love for all churches that wear the name of Jesus. His popularity as a speaker grew out of the use of illustrations from nature and his gift in painting its beauties, his knowledge of all sciences and his use of it, and his devotion to his library. His power for good as a preaching Bishop was inestimable. In every Annual Conference as well as in every General Conference he raised the standard of Methodism in the community."

The Bishop's pacific face was the flower of his heart. The home is the real testing place for holiness. The finest tribute to Naaman was the slave servant girl's affection. Many who shine in public strike with a forked-lightning tongue among the loved ones. It was the writer's privilege to be a guest in the Bishop's home on varied occasions, both public and intimately private. No occasion or incident broke his sunny poise. Whether discussions dealt with loyal friends or with those who had bitten his heart with snake's fang and without provocation, Bishop Warren never acted otherwise than as our Master would have done. He had no cells in which to store hate poison, venom spleen, or vitriol language. He commended where possible and otherwise passed without comment. He sympathized closely when another suffered from

unjust assaults, but though he suffered from the same rapier he added no epithet, manufactured by revenge, to the perpetrator. Those who knew him most intimately through years of close fellowship found that while, like all leaders, he did not escape some undeserved assailings and impugnings, easily traced to individuals, yet he never was heard to say an unkind or depreciatory word of another's character. His heart was so sweet that it could not send out bitter water.

Dr. Eckman, in his characterization in The Christian Advocate, said, "Bismarck said of William I that no one could think of a situation where he would not look dignified. That might well and easily be said of Bishop Warren." Bishop Moore, in the Western, said of him, "He was the poetry of motion, walking, running, or leaping." Words could not be more apt. He could "run" for a train, dash after a street car, ride an antiquated bicycle, or hurry through a leisurely-going crowd, and dignity clung to him as color to a rosy apple. It was innate and came as naturally as thought. He was as courteous to a washerwoman as to a queen, as gracious to a patched Italian as to a United States Senator. He spoke appreciation so sincerely that embarrassment forgot to arise. His royal bearing was as native as the movements of a gazelle. It never occurred to one to be frivolous in Bishop Warren's presence. That did not mean that one must be stiff-checked and somber. He could tell the richest jokes, and he did, abundantly, but they led some place and were sweet to the core. His was not a sugary goody-goodyness. He was manly to the last tissue of his body. That was why men loved to be near him. Just a few days before his departure from earth he addressed the commercial bodies of Denver. He was welcomed everywhere not merely because he was a Bishop, but chiefly because he was a man.

He never apologized. Some one has said that an apology is egotism turned wrong side out. He struck out straight. He meant business. He never wasted time. Early in June, preceding his death in July, E. M. Cranston, the well-known attorney, and son of Bishop Cranston, saw him run a block and jump on a University Park car while it was in motion. Meeting him later

Mr. Cranston commented on the risk of such an act. The reply came: "Time is too precious to stand on the corner waiting for a car when a little run will save me eight minutes."

He was robust, red-blooded, stalwart-minded, thoroughly masculine, yet people as naturally guarded their lips against tainting words in his presence as though a queen mother was there. People felt in heart after leaving this Bishop's presence as does a healthy mind on a crisp, clear morning after a restful sleep with a pleasing task ahead. Many a time when discouragements and loads were heavy on the writer he was admitted at the back door of the study. Soon laughter and optimism and rare affection drove away the "blues" as sunrise does the night, and the towering mountain of obstacles became a molehill.

How simple were his habits! A few days after the funeral the writer visited the home-beautiful at the Park. There was a great loneliness, for the father and husband had moved out, and we talked on amid tears, Mrs. Warren and the Bishop's two daughters. Some one mentioned the requests from dear friends for keepsakes. Mrs. Warren said: "You know he was so simple in his habits that he had no trinkets about him which he used. It was a constant problem to know what to buy as love tokens." He used a little stub lead pencil until it was just long enough to catch with finger ends. He had no trinkets of any sort—no desk furnishings, no neck-tie pins, no shirt studs, no jewelry. He carried travel furnishments in a very small bag. He often sent the writer notes on the back of an advertisement picked up en route. He had no time for mere frills. Everything must have a value. He conversed along human and common lines. He staggered no one with a display of learning. Students earning their way through school by working for Mrs. Warren found ease at once in his friendly conversings. He was scholarly. He made no careless statements. Specialists were met whatever path they took. He was expert in astronomy and walked with God in the heavens. He followed other scientific lines with depth and completeness. But withal he was neighborly. Lyman Abbott in his life of Beecher claims that the great preacher was not scholarly from a mere book standpoint, as he read few, but he was nevertheless learned because he

read many bound in human skin. Bishop Warren also gathered information from individuals and could take up any theme of conversation with ease and quickly soothe away an auditor's embarrassment. He was very human. Who can forget the bicycle on the back porch! He mounted it to ride for the mail with the glee of a boy going to the store for baseball or candy. He enjoyed everything. That was his rule. There was no hour or place that did not furnish an outlook, an incident or a thought suggestion of value.

He knew how to recreate. He advised and took many single holidays. How he did joy in battling the breakers at the California home near Santa Cruz! Again and again post cards would come telling of long swims. He did not play games, but he enjoyed his bicycle, long tramps, swimming, and mountain touring, as much as a college man does tennis. He played with a purpose to fit himself for better service.

He loved children. He never forgot that one lived in the home. He christened the writer's only laddie, and never a note came without some comment or love message. Here is one: "I can hear the baby coo in answer to his mother's wise attention! What a joy they are to each other and to God." Again, "Give the laddie a hug for me. I do not know any boy who has a better chance to become an excellent and honorable man." Could you see him playing horse with the grandchildren and behold them perched on his shoulders with laughter and shouts, your heart would flow out in human recognition. He was never brusque, nor had he any czarlike traits. There was no "that settles it" air. He could close up gates if familiarity threatened to take liberties, he could speak commandingly if a loquacious brother occupied valuable time, he could untangle Conference mix-ups with prompt and positive decisions, but he never ruthlessly brushed aside a person or an opinion. Even cranks, fanatics, common pests, and loaferish bemoaners always had a hearing though no feeding sympathy. He was not infallible, and leaned toward tenderness rather than severity, hence sometimes callers imposed on him, but usually some wholesome advice sent them away to ruminate. He gave long Conference periods to a crutch-needing, much talking colored pastor

who was organizing a Methodist Church in Denver. That was a sample case. It was a constant wonder how he saw so many. He had no "hours." All were open ones to needy callers. He never employed the abruptness that covers petulance.

What a sympathy capacity he had. Thirty-five thousand ministers received appointments from his hands, and though often they were disappointments no one went home frost-bitten at heart by the cold treatment of the Bishop.

In the aforementioned memorial address Dr. Buckley further said, after characterizing numerous bishops, "Others have a winning way almost irresistible; knowing parliamentary rules, not ruling with iron, but keeping it within reach. Of these were Bishops Simpson, Thomson, and Warren. Annual Conferences are always difficult. In the cabinet he was refined and accessible, and few if any of the laity or pastors found him arrogant or impatient. In his appointments his work was unusually satisfactory. Dissatisfaction usually comes to an editor's office, and comparatively little arrived here. In presiding over conventions he was unsurpassed." The cabinet of the New York Conference will remember how in 1910, when an incoming transfer worked financial hardship on a pastor, he himself put up one hundred dollars, and made the Laymen's Association, who wanted the transfer, put up three hundred dollars more, to equalize the salary of the one likely to suffer. That was not rare. He annually gave away every cent of his salary. Even though his mind was clear for a decision he yet patiently permitted a man to talk himself out. He did not need to assure folks that he was a brother though a Bishop. They knew that.

Sorrow struck the sweetest chords in his nature. When the writer's father went to live with God an immediate message came: "I hear that sorrow has come to your heart by the loss of your father. Do not put it away. Sorrow has its mission in the world or there would not be so much of it. And the highest manhood was named 'The Man of Sorrows.' God can help more than grief can harm. So we will remember you in prayer that what is impossible to men may be possible with God."

He constantly feared that the writer would overwork. Re-

turning from a round of Conferences, reaching as many as eight in eight weeks, he would telephone, "Let me rest you next Sunday by preaching for you." There were others, whom he loved, over whom he watched just as unselfishly.

He was so appreciative. That never marks a cold nature. Notes and messages of personal valuation brought an immediate joy-glow to the eye and face. He responded promptly on every occasion with words heart-resonant. Here is an answer to one congratulatory letter, "Your message comes like a Colorado morning full of light and joy to us." Answering a cheer note on starting around the world he wrote, "We greatly appreciate this expression of Christian interest in our welfare. How sweet to the soul is the communion of saints." For a Christmas token he wrote, "Thanks for Christmas remembrances. It is marvelous that one gift 2,000 years ago should be the cause of millions world-wide now. But that was an Unspeakable Gift." Once again he wrote: "Thanks, hearty thanks, for your kindly letter. My sole ambition is to serve my God well by serving his Church to the best of my powers. I am glad of this appreciation and of all like it." Every year at his birthday, January 4, a company of Denver Methodist pastors visited his home. They exhausted resources in devising tokens of esteem to present. But one year they brought him a bound volume containing greetings, in the ministers' own handwriting, from every minister in Colorado. That struck home, deep, and became his most prized possession. He had honors abroad abundant, but he would rather feel the love of the humblest man in his own vicinity than have much admiration from distant parts. He was naturally very affectionate. His office shut him much into himself; that is uniformly notable with every bishop, but he had his dear friends. He never ceased to be the "chum" of his brother, ex-President William F. Warren of Boston University, younger by two years. They began the ministry together. He treasured much the heart yoke which bound him to Dr. William V. Kelley, the Review editor. For many months they slept, ate, walked, and traveled together, and so knitted into fast friends. A few were thrilled by seeing a letter close, "Yours affectionately."

The first Mrs. Warren died in 1868. In 1879 he visited

Denver and was introduced to Mrs. Iliff, then for some time the widow of a high-type Christian business man, with two daughters and a stepson. In 1884 his episcopal residence was fixed at Denver. Shortly afterward he married Mrs. Iliff, and thus began a beautiful mating that continued for twenty-seven years. Mrs. Warren was in closest sympathy with the Bishop's work. She was a devout Methodist and brought up all her children in that Church. Her stepson, W. S. Iliff, gave the building for the School of Theology which cost near to $100,000. One daughter married a former pastor of Grace Church, Denver, while the other, Miss Louise, is still at home. Bishop Warren's chiefest joy was when he could be accompanied on long trips by the wife and daughter. The latter he loved as dearly as if his own daughter, and she was tenderly attached to him. The Bishop frankly and constantly gave his wife the credit for his good health. She watched him solicitously, sent him away to rest, studied his needs, and ministered to him as only love backed by mental and financial ability could do. He wrote home daily. And he coined the sweetest lover phrases. They were all his own and as real as the fragrance of a honey-hearted rose. His oases in the midst of long trips were made by stop-over periods, a few hours or a day, with one of his two married daughters in a Methodist parsonage, one in Iowa, the other in Illinois, Mrs. Frizzelle and Mrs. Van Pelt, or his son, a prosperous layman in Philadelphia.

He had a memory for doing the little things that put flowers along pathways. It is a postal card for your baby from some unusual place. It is a cheer note on a bit of new printing carrying a novel plan. It is a handed-on approving comment which he heard.

He was always poiseful. That came not by accident. It was erected on a good foundation. He was strong in body. He daily exercised in his room with chestweight and otherwise, as well as by out-of-door activities. He was temperate in everything and dieted and ordered his physical powers until they yielded fullest service. Henry Ward Beecher so mastered food properties that he ate the kind that gave him ingredients for brain, or nerve, or muscle strain, whatever the task ahead most needed. Bishop

Warren had, himself, gathered up these secrets. He had temper, else he would not have had power, but he was its driver and never permitted it to run away. He was never peevish or snappy. In the sequestered home circle, where sometimes another's carelessness whips up to careless retorts, he was as calm as a summer afternoon. A great general in American early history was once conducting family prayers when an often-reproved child showed the need of corporal punishment. The general administered it and, returning, picked up his Bible to proceed. His aged mother arose, walked over and gave him two sharp slaps on the face, saying, "You slap your boy and I slap mine." His eyes flashed for a moment, then he calmly went on with the prayers. He was a great general because able to do that. Bishop Warren could climb mountains, control assemblies, and wear dignity as the cheek does color because he had an absolute self-control that turned every battle into a victory. He felt storms. He was not born so strong. He was anchored by a faith that entered "within the veil." He endured "as seeing Him who is invisible." It was not easy to be retired in full strength, and when he was, as the editor of the METHODIST REVIEW described him at the close of his last General Conference, "One of the most superb figures in Methodist history, past eighty, erect, althletic, alert, in full possession of all his splendid powers, a real king of men, gracious, resonant, ready, as capable as ever, and as capable as the youngest of his episcopal colleagues." Dr. H. F. Rall, the president of Iliff, in a personal letter says: "He was never brighter, never cheerier, than in the days after his return from the General Conference. I saw him one day just after he had preached in Christ Church and he was full of the joy of the preaching, which had always been to him the joy of life, and he said to me, laughingly, 'I think I never preached better.' There never was a suggestion in his mind of criticism or of complaint as regards the action of the Church." On his return from the Minneapolis General Conference he sent out eighty letters in a campaign to secure money for a dormitory building for Iliff School of Theology.

One day, in a personal conversation, after a little meditation the Bishop said, "God has ordered every step of my way. I have

recently been reviewing my past. I cannot think of a single thing that I would have had different. Most of it has been sunshine." He had his heart tears, but few knew about them. He was not above feeling the strain of life. He declared once that "the final stanza of 'I can read my title clear' contains one of the most perfect figures of speech in any language. This is it:

> "There I shall bathe my weary soul
> In seas of heavenly rest,
> And not a wave of trouble roll
> Across my peaceful breast."

Did he not feel the need of that "rest"? That added value to the stanza.

He was not a pessimistic premillennialist. Optimism played like a fountain from a heart full of it. He believed Christ was to conquer. He caught up facts to prove it. He laid foundations with that ideal ahead.

He walked the streets everywhere until he had $250,000 in cash as endowment for Iliff School of Theology. Mrs. Warren, heartily cooperating, kept close to her desk daily, as a remarkable business woman to add to her fortune so that she could give more. Miss Iliff was no whit behind. She set up a show room of linen goods made in our Porto Rico mission and sold hundreds of dollars' worth to friends. This aided the Porto Rican mission while the ten per cent profit was used to secure beautiful pulpit furniture for the Iliff chapel.

Enthusiasm was as native to his nature as songs to birds in spring. He naturally, then, looked for new things and accepted innovations if they promised spiritual conquests. The writer began some very unusual and startling plans in cathedral-like Grace Church, Denver, to secure a Sunday night audience. The effort was newer then, and sharper criticism came, but the level-hearted Bishop smiled, and defended, and then loved the plan-propagator until nights were alight with pillars of fire. One pastor where the Bishop visited sold a new book from the pulpit and stirred the last person with spirited announcements. It brought out an Advocate article from him. He wanted efficiency. He believed there was a way to win. One of his younger colleagues

said, "He kept a fresh brain to the end. While some associate or committee would remain in the hotel Sunday evenings to rest, he, if not preaching, always went out to hear some one. And he was open for information." Once he asked the writer at a General Conference if he was to preach, and receiving the reply, "No, I am resting," said, "Ah, you ought to preach at every chance. Time is short." He was energy incarnated. The Rocky Mountain News said editorially, after his decease, that during the terrible Colorado panic in the early nineties he was the only one who went everywhere confidently predicting a victorious outcome. When Chancellor Buchtel came to Denver University the sheriff's hammer was close upon it. Without Bishop Warren's foresight in choosing Dr. Buchtel, and then his active cooperation in campaigning for funds, the university would most certainly have been sold to satisfy its mortgagees.

His religion was as real to him as the mountain-fed springs that turned the sandy deserts into richest gardens when properly channeled. At a testimony meeting at General Conference he said: "Late in October, 1848, in my room, alone in the dark, near midnight, my heart was 'strangely warmed.' It was a perfectly clear, definite experience, changing my feelings altogether from fear, anxiety, and a sense of guilt into a state of rapture. I was alone, alone with Jesus. I felt that he had washed away my sins, even mine. The week before John H. Mansfield, now a superannuate of the New England Conference, had taken me by the arm and led me over the hills commending to me the religion that my mother and father had exemplified all my life. I felt that I wanted to enter into this religion, and Christ graciously came into my heart, and there has been glory there ever since." There is no "hope so" in this. It was an "I know." He glowed with his experience as stars do with light on a moonless night.

Who can forget the Eden-garden atmosphere of the family prayer circle in his home? God did walk abroad in that cooling hour. After the evening dinner chairs were pushed back and that rare voice read appropriately from the American Revision. Then all knelt and the Bishop or sometimes a favored guest would find it easy to talk to the Father.

How modest and unselfish was this Bishop. William F. Warren, his brother, was leaving the seat of the General Conference at Cincinnati in 1880. A friend halted him on the way to the depot, saying, "You had better stay until to-morrow, for then we are going to elect your brother a Bishop." William looked up in surprise and said, "He doesn't know it. He has never said a word to me about it." How like him! The next day he was elected on the first ballot by a two-thirds vote, though only a bare majority was then necessary. It was his first appearance in a General Conference. A Denver daily stated that when the Bishop was operated on for appendicitis in Buenos Ayres he kept the fact from his wife until he recovered and met her in Paris. That was his method. He seldom related personal incidents. He was always swallowed up by his work. He carried no complaint vocabulary. He was so busy doing good that fault-finding was forgotten.

He was never aquiver with selfish sensitiveness. He had no "interests" to guard. He was a statesman, and prepared ahead to carry out accepted plans. He told the writer that wise pastors preview opposition and forestall it by preinterviews. But having used tact and wisdom he accepted the outcome as God's will and way and smiled serenely as he went to work.

The severest test was the burning of his home in 1910. Those who had seen the rare treasures gathered by matchless taste in every land, throughout a lifetime, could understand the meaning of its loss. Things were not crowded, but each was twined with a rich memory. Everything in this great collection was consumed. The news came while the General Committee of Home Missions was in session in New York. The loss made his face pale, but could not smother hopeful prediction. He said, "The best of all, Mrs. Warren wires that no one was injured and only material things are lost." He did not hasten back, but kept all his dates. When he returned home he said in a personal letter, "You cannot imagine the desolation of this house; everything ruined but Mrs. Warren's library. Mine is only smoked with what won't come off. The windows cannot be cleaned even with alcohol. But, blessed be God, we are all alive." Just before his last illness a premonition must have led him to insist on moving back to the home so pervaded

with his best memories, but repairs on the first two floors were not yet finished. The third floor was ideal for him. Here he could look out and see the earth things that he loved best.

He had been so healthy. It was the kind of health that toned up every one it touched. It demanded the out-of-doors as trout do pure water, but there must be beauty about. The home had been built on a sandy stretch of land. Trees, bushes, fruits, and verdure had been nursed from babyhood by his paternal hand. He all but loved the trees he walked among and talked to. They were now full grown and bowed their healthy heads in greetings before his upper-window room.

The mountains had always lured him. He had fearlessly tramped up and over many of the highest, and the white-topped Rockies were his love themes as none others. And what a vista he had from that upper window. Miles and miles of piled-up rocks stretched out before him. And his sight was trained to see. His mind was never curtained with "blues" or blurred by envy or his soul weighted by disappointment. He recognized no creature as an enemy. He punished no one except with love. He recognized character and ability as the King's sign-mark of usefulness. He was a twofold patriot: wherever he traveled he carried a small silken American flag and a New Testament—the symbols of two governments. He was a descendant of General Warren of Bunker Hill and his grandson is training in a military school. Every day was filled with usefulness and spent as though it would end the journey. The last holy treasure of his heart was the Iliff School for training ministers. Over this he brooded, dreamed, and then went out to realize the highest. The beautiful building housing that school was also before his eyes from that upper room.

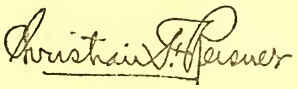
In a note Dr. H. F. Rall, who was close by when he left earth, wrote: "Near to the end he looked out the windows at the panorama of nature's glory and said

> "'The world is full of roses
> And the roses full of dew,
> And the dew is full of heavenly love
> That drips for me and you.'"

In a few moments he raised himself up and looked at the moun-

tains, and at Iliff School, and then his eyes came home to the trees, then smiling he waved his hand to all in his old, gallant, triumphant, joyous way, and said, "Good-by, mountains, school, dear ones, and all," and so fell asleep and "was not, for God took him."

Of an old-time servant of God it was written, "For David after he had served his own generation by the will of God fell asleep." If any son of man deserved that epitaph it was Henry White Warren: gentleman, scholar, brother, friend, and minister of the gospel.



RELIGION AND ÆSTHETICISM

It seems to be taken for granted, by a powerful and aggressive school of criticism, which finds perhaps more favor in our modern university seminars than any other, that strict æsthetic canons rule out what belongs to Puritanism and revealed religion. So good a critic as Professor Tinker of Yale University, in commenting upon the growing fondness for polemic literature of the great John Ruskin, concludes that he grew more Puritanic and less æsthetic as years wore on. These are his words: "There can be little doubt that (in his later utterances) Ruskin allowed his Puritan instincts to defeat his æstheticism." Now the fact is that nowhere is Ruskin more Puritan than in the pages of his early masterpiece, Modern Painters. There he always assumes as the basis of all æsthetic discussion, which must be ethical or lose its value to humanity, that "man's use and function are to be the witness of the glory of God and to advance that glory by his reasonable obedience and resultant happiness." This is Puritan teaching in its essence. The handbook of Puritans, its splendid digest of the fundamentals of our faith, is the Shorter Catechism. There the first question reads: "What is man's chief end?" And the answer is returned: "Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy him forever." Note that it is an answer to terms of æstheticism; for "glory" and "joy" are surely root terms in the vocabulary of the lover of the beautiful. Either our religion is useless verbiage, holding out a mere mirage that has no final satisfaction, but flatters and deceives, or the first step toward finding æsthetic truth in its essence is a religious step.

Rationalism, in fact, and not Puritanism, is inimical to æstheticism. "Lay by all the passionate part of love and joy," says the godly Richard Baxter, "and it will be hard to have any pleasant thoughts of heaven. . . . I am an enemy of their philosophy that vilify sense. . . . The Scripture that saith of God that he is life and light saith also that he is love, and love is complacence, and complacence is joy; and to say God is infinite,

essential love and joy is a better notion than with Cartesians and Coccceians to say that God and angels and spirits are but a thought or an idea. What is heaven to us if there be no love and joy?" Here speaks a noble Puritan.

In a series of popular studies, named The American Books, now being issued from the press of one of our leading publishing houses—Admiral Chadwick discusses "The American Navy" and Dr. Ira Remsen "The University Movement," which will indicate the quality of the writers—the topic of American Literature has been intrusted to Dr. Leon Kellner, of the University of Czernowitz, already favorably known for his learned treatise, Historical Outlines of English Syntax. He starts out in an apologetic mood, conceding "that American literature lags infinitely far behind American history" and is strangely inadequate in view of all the possibilities. In hunting for an explanation he finds that one alone

> holds good: absorption in God seems incompatible with the presentation of mankind. The God of the Puritans was in this respect, too, a jealous God who brooked no sort of creative rivalry. The inspired moments of the loftiest souls were filled with the thought of God and his designs; spiritual life was wholly dominated by solicitude regarding salvation, the hereafter, grace; how could such petty concerns as personal experiences of a lyric nature, the transports of love, find utterance? What did a lyric occurrence like the first call of the cuckoo, elsewhere so welcome, or the first sight of the snowdrop signify compared with the last Sunday's sermon and the new interpretation of the old riddle of evil in the world? And apart from the fact that everything of a personal nature must have appeared so trivial, all the sources of secular lyric poetry were offensive and impious to Puritan theology. For everything that was natural, that smacked of the creature, stood in the way of sanctification, of elevating one's soul to God.

Now this is a mere travesty of Puritanism. In the first place, Dr. Kellner describes a rational God, a God of design, such as interested Paley and eighteenth-century thinkers; utterly not the God of Richard Baxter or John Bunyan. Some one has said of Bunyan that in the great crisis of his life there were left to him just three persons and three wills: God and his will; the Devil and his will; and John Bunyan and his will. In Puritan life and thought the problem of evil is not an "old riddle" to tickle the intellect; it is the burning question in the human soul that must

be solved if a man is to be of real service to his fellows and carry out God's will. Dr. Kellner is oddly unfortunate in the examples he adduces of non-Puritan treatment of nature in the department of poetry. The cuckoo of nature in our lyric poetry was rescued from a degrading association with adultery such as no Puritan home would tolerate in the century and a half after Shakespeare, and reappears as a friend to man and nature in the lyric of the Presbyterian Seceder lad, Michael Bruce, who has translated so many of the Scotch Paraphrases found as hymns in our Church Hymnal. Edmund Burke loved its quatrains, declaring it to be the finest lyric of the century:

Hail! beauteous stranger of the grove,
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path
Or mark the rolling year?

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

So with the snowdrop and the primrose; it is to William Cowper, William Wordsworth and the Scottish nature-lovers, either Puritans or in the closest sympathy with Puritan ideals, that we owe the poetry dealing with these flowers. With Wordsworth the delight in a snowdrop reveals the "spirit of Paradise." Not only is Professor Kellner wrong in his deductions—he is hopelessly and ludicrously wrong in his data.

No one will deny that Puritanism was cold and unfriendly to many aspects and activities of life that æsthetics now claims for its own; painting, sculpture, architecture, the drama. Three

centuries ago the emphasis had to be laid upon pure and high literature and on political righteousness and incorruptibility. The cult of the Holy Scriptures—best of all literature—freedom of the press, representative government, which makes every individual citizen responsible for the conduct of the ruler; the insistence upon righteousness in the nation as well as in the individual, all these have been gifts of Puritanism. "Who shall now sneer at Puritanism," says John Greenleaf Whittier, at the close of his essay on Bunyan, "with the Defence of Unlicensed Printing before him? Who shall join with debauched lordlings and fat-witted prelates in ridicule of Anabaptist levelers and dippers after rising from the perusal of Pilgrim's Progress? 'There were giants in those days.' And foremost amidst that band of liberty-loving and God-fearing men,

> 'The slander'd Calvinists of Charles's time,
> Who fought, and won it, Freedom's holy fight,'

stands the Tinker of Elstow." The two great creative minds in literary art of the seventeenth century were those which produced Paradise Lost and the Pilgrim's Progress. And they were both Puritans.

A word about the significance of the term Puritanism. It dates from the very year of Shakespeare's birth, and was applied to the party in the national church of England which refused to recognize any doctrines or ritual that were not consonant with the teachings of the Scriptures, recognized as God's revealed will. They accepted the Institutes of John Calvin, with their strong Pauline flavor. Like Paul, this great French thinker, one of the brightest minds at the University of Paris, had passed through a complete change of heart, which was the beginning of his Christian activities. So in Calvinism there remains this initial insistence upon a mystic change of heart as furnishing the clue to all true religious life. While Calvin was a keen logician, and a constructive thinker, yet he was essentially not a mere intellectual. The great rationalist belongs to the next century, and was also a Frenchman, René Descartes. The logical outcome of Cartesianism is naturalistic monism, while Calvinism is always frankly dual-

istic, recognizing the worlds of nature and of grace. Modern æstheticism is unblushingly monistic, looking upon religious fervor, struggle, and ecstasy as forms of hypochondriasm which furnish excellent pathological studies for the laboratory. This explains such an essay as has recently appeared from the pen of a well-known neurologist, Dr. Howard D. King; Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress the work of a Hypochondriac." He insists that Bunyan's religious strivings disagreed badly with his digestion; they were symptoms of a diseased mind. Therefore he classifies him among "chronic hypochondriacs." As Paul of Tarsus for a time lost his power of vision from a similar cause Christians need not be afraid of this term as if it were libelous.

Modern æstheticism finds the origin of the æsthetic sentiments in the play impulse; alas! for poor John Bunyan who found the devil there! The æsthetic in man, by these rationalistic canons, is that part of him which is not serious, but due to a superfluity of energy which finds delight in what serves no immediate useful end. To quote from an authority on the subject, Professor Karl Groos, of the University of Basel, in his treatise, The Play of Animals: "The animal is impelled to serious work by an external want, but to play by his own superfluity of energy. . . . The doctrine of the origination of the æsthetic feelings from play impulses is the cardinal point of Schiller's theory of the beautiful as it is revealed to us in letters on æsthetic education." This explanation of the origin of our æsthetic sentiments was accepted by the English rationalist, Herbert Spencer, and is worked out at length in the last chapter of his Principles of Psychology. Dr. Groos, after a criticism of Spencer and others, closes with these findings: "Life is earnest; art is playful." Joy lies in the use of power, or in "the being able"; and there is conscious self-deception in all play and all æsthetic enjoyment. He recognizes three fundamental principles in art: Self-exhibition; Imitation; Decoration; allied respectively with the personal, the true, and the beautiful. Hence the beautiful is in essence only ornamental. How destructive such a system is of our noblest Christian terms, "grace," "glory," "joy," need not be commented upon. If Pilgrim's Progress is to be regarded as an æsthetic

triumph, as all critics agree, then there is need of a reversal of all such theory. John Bunyan was very fond of Tip-Cat and other forms of play, but gave them all up for the glory of God, and the result was one of the æsthetic masterpieces of all time. Hence æsthetics cannot be in the field of play. No wonder John Ruskin writes so fervently as he does in Modern Painters:

> Whatever enables us to fulfill the function of being a witness of the glory of God is, in the pure and first sense of the word, useful to us; pre-eminently, therefore, whatever sets the glory of God more brightly before us. But things that only help us to exist are, in a secondary way, useful; or rather if they be looked for alone they are useless and worse; for it would be better that we should not exist than that we should guiltily disappoint the purposes of existence.

Play surely comes under this second category. Puritanism may for a time have discouraged and neglected some of the legitimate æsthetic enjoyments and arts, but to the central truth of all true art, that it must be done in the spirit of service to God, it was gloriously true. Rationalism, not Puritanism, is the foe of the higher æstheticism.

The very name "Æsthetic," which has had such a vogue since the middle of last century, may be said almost to beg the question. It is in its essence rationalistic, and its genesis belongs to a period when real art was at a very low ebb indeed, and philosophy itself, for that matter, if we believe with William James that "philosophy is more a matter of passionate vision than of logic." "It is nearly a century," remarks Sir William Hamilton, in his Lectures on Metaphysics, delivered at Edinburgh some seventy years ago, "since Baumgarten first applied the term Æsthetic to the doctrine which we vaguely and periphrastically denominate the Philosophy of Taste, the Theory of the Fine Arts, the Science of the Beautiful, etc.—and this term is now in general acceptation, not only in Germany, but throughout the other countries of Europe. The term Apolaustic would have been a more appropriate designation" —that is, what has to do with enjoyment. The great Scottish metaphysician recognized in the new term something thin and tasteless. It aroused the ire of his contemporary, Joseph Gwilt, who states in his Encyclopedia of Architecture, published in 1842,

that "there has lately grown into use in the arts a silly pedantic term under the name of Æsthetics. . . . It is, however, one of the metaphysical and useless additions to nomenclature in the arts in which the German writers abound."

Now, while it may be granted that æsthetic is not a useless term by any means, yet it must be classed as a dangerous word. For this weakness Christian writers and apologists are themselves largely to blame. A generation ago one department of literature remained almost untouched by literary critics, the literary interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures. The conception of inspiration then prevalent seemed to reduce the inspired writers of old to mere marionettes in the hands of Deity. To-day it is coming to be recognized that, when the reader meets with a "Thus saith the Lord" in the Old Testament, he hears the passionate utterance of a human heart; a man of his time speaking to men of his time with the life of the Eternal quivering within him. Here if anywhere is there something to be treated from the æsthetic side, properly understood. To understand the seer's message adequately we must know all we can gather of the life of the times in which he spoke, its industries, its art, its education. From Moses to Paul there is a long list of heroic men trained in all the best culture of the age; choice instruments in the hands of God for the uplifting of their fellows and of posterity. The Scriptures have suffered in the past from a too close surveillance. In Roman Catholic times they were locked up from the laity by a jealous priesthood. In the great revolt against the exclusive dominance of the Church and mediæval ideals, which we term the Renaissance, the canons of Greek literature came to be accepted as a final gospel in art, and the antithesis set up between the sensuous and the spiritual in monastic times was continued, to the detriment both of Hellenic studies and of revealed religion. The Reformers in their turn, being leaders in a movement away from the paganism of the Renaissance, made the mistake of removing the Hebrew Scriptures from the pagan critical canons of art and literature. Not the great leaders, however, but their less large-minded successors. Says Matthew Arnold in his Preface to Literature and Dogma, one of the books which started the new and saner attitude:

Luther and Calvin recurred to the old true notion of a difference in rank and genuineness among the Bible books. For they both of them insisted on the criterion of internal evidence for Scripture: "the witness of the Spirit." How freely Luther used this criterion we may see by reading in the old editions of his Bible his prefaces, which in succeeding editions have long ceased to appear. . . . Taunted, however, by Rome with their divisions, their want of a fixed authority like the Church, Protestants were driven to make the Bible this fixed authority, and so the Bible came to be regarded as a thing all of a piece, endued with talismanic virtues. It came to be regarded as something different from anything it had originally ever been, or primitive times had ever imagined it to be.

The immediate influence of Luther's personality upon our best evangelical literature, a matter in the domain of the higher æsthetic, with its "witness of the Spirit," has not been sufficiently elucidated. In that wonderful study of a human soul groping after the hidden meaning of life, Bunyan's Grace Abounding, without which it is difficult to appreciate fully the Pilgrim's Progress, the writer tells us that at a critical time God "cast into my hand one day a book of Martin Luther; it was his Comment on the Galatians; it also was so old that it was ready to fall piece from piece if I did but turn it over. Now I was pleased much that such an old book had fallen into my hand; the which when I had but a little way perused I found my condition, in his experience, so largely and so profoundly handled, as if his book had been written out of my heart. This made me marvel; for thus thought I: *This man could not know anything of the state of Christians now, but must needs write the experience of former days.*" Thenceforward Bunyan preferred "this book of Martin Luther upon the Galatians (excepting the Holy Bible) before all the books that ever I have seen, as most fit for a wounded conscience." Through it he came to love Christ as never before; his "soul and affections cleaved unto him." Some time later, when he feared that the temptations of the world might make him disloyal to his Saviour, "in laboring to resist this wickedness, my very body," he says, "would be put into action, or motion, by way of pushing or thrusting with my hands or elbows; still answering, as fast as the destroyer said, *Sell him; I will not, I will not, I will not, I will not; no, not for thousands, thousands, thousands of worlds.*" To such ecstasies as these the world owes the exquisitely-written

Pilgrim's Progress, one of the literary æsthetic gems of the century, a storehouse of spiritual nourishment. We are here not in the domain of hypochondriasm, but of æstheticism in its most legitimate form; the old Greek "intoxication of the Muse" in terms of Christian devotion and consecration. Seventy years later, in the great city of London, another Englishman, Charles Wesley, was studying with profit Luther's Commentary on the Galatians. It made a profound impression on his mind, and led to a complete change of heart. That same month, the eventful May of 1738, his brother John was attending a meeting in Aldersgate Street, when some one read aloud the preface to Luther's Epistle to the Romans. Suddenly, as the words depicted the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, he felt his heart "strangely warmed." Having strengthened himself with prayer, he then and there described openly to all in the room the blessed change which had come over him. It was the beginning of the great Methodist revival. From that marvelous change in Charles Wesley we date his career as a Christian poet. How barren would be the eighteenth century, from the real æsthetic standpoint, without Charles Wesley's inspiring hymns. The youth nourished in households where they were sung became the cream of the following years. Perhaps my treatment of the theme of Æstheticism may have appeared to be limited too entirely to literature. But literature never stands alone, being merely one manifestation of the refined life that seeks artistic expression. In the great English art revival of sixty years ago, centering at Oxford, the names of George Frederick Watts, Edward Burne-Jones, Edward J. Poynter, and Richard Watson Dixon were conspicuous. Now Watts, who died a decade ago, prince among artists, was grandson of Dr. Adam Clarke; Burne-Jones and Poynter married daughters of a Methodist preacher named Macdonald; and Dixon was the son of Dr. James Dixon, an apostolic man, the leading figure in British Methodism of his day. His grandfather was Dr. Richard Watson, theologian and historian of Methodism. And, to illustrate how the art impulse returns from the pencil to the pen, a third daughter of this George Macdonald became the wife of J. L. Kipling, went with him to India, and gave birth there to the poet, Rudyard

Kipling, while Georgina Macdonald, wife of Burne-Jones, is his accomplished biographer.[1]

To study literature critically, with a view of formulating canons of literary art, and neglect the great literature of the Bible is like studying English literature of the seventeenth century leaving out John Bunyan and John Milton. "Modern criticism," says Professor Moulton in his recent admirable treatise, The Modern Study of Literature, "may follow Aristotle in the formulation of literary practice into literary theory; but it must begin by enlarging to the whole extent of world literature the field in which the literature is to be surveyed. If we go no further than a single enlargement, it is interesting to think how different a system of poetics we might have received if Aristotle had had before him the literature we call the Bible. The two ancestral literatures of modern culture are the supplements (complements?) the one of the other." Greek literature at its prime was intensely moral and religious, qualities which are conspicuously lacking in our modern Neo-Paganism. "The Greek," says Ruskin, "never removed his God out of nature at all; never attempted for a moment to contradict his instinctive sense that God was everywhere." Greek thought is not antagonistic to Christian thought as Professor Moulton well puts it, but complementary to it; it is too sane to be otherwise. But modern æstheticism is frankly antipathetic to Christianity. In a recent book by a Mr. J. M. Kennedy, who has given us in an English dress The Quintessence of Nietzsche, he informs us that at the time of its introduction into Europe

> Christianity was seized upon by the lower classes with delirious joy, as an excuse for rendering themselves morally independent of their rulers. The process of weakening the power of the strong by every conceivable means has proceeded steadily for 1900 years and is fast reaching its culminating point. The less-developed masses, that is to say, the lower castes of modern European countries, cannot understand or appreciate beauty, though, as Nietzsche indicated, the world can be justified as an æsthetic phenomenon. Hence, as early Christianity had fortunately borrowed many beautiful symbols from paganism (many of which can be seen in the modern Roman Catholic Church), these barbarously minded people made several attempts to deprive the religion of its beauty, since beauty can be understood and created only by the aristocratic castes which have come through a long

[1] I have discussed the subject more fully in the July number of the Methodist Review Quarterly, 1906: "Methodist Ideals and Oxford Æstheticism."

period of evolution. . . . The result was Huss, the Lollards, Luther, and the "Reformation." Happily, the aristocratic Church of England was left uninfluenced, so far as its symbols were concerned. . . . But the Lutheran Church, which, in Germany, corresponds to the Dissenters in England and Scotland, spread an appalling, thick blanket of dreariness, ignorance, and bigotry over millions of Europeans, which subsists to this day.

These conclusions, it may be objected, are those of an extremist and ought not to be regarded as typical of rationalistic thought to-day. Unfortunately this scornful anti-evangelical attitude is latent in the whole school of Herbert Spencer and up-to-date German seminar thought and permeates all their utterances. Christian apologists have too much confined themselves to a defensive war against destructive "higher criticism." Why not adopt the more telling offensive method, and show how feeble and unsatisfactory are the canons of æstheticism laid down by arrogant rationalists? They fail to explain what is vital. For with æstheticism, as with every other department of life and thought, religion remains the kingpin. Without it art becomes quickly decadent, the state an inhuman despot, man an instrument of Satan. The highest art is not the exuberant sportfulness of the superman, but a revelation of God's mind, through one of his chosen instruments.

James Main Dixon

THE JAPAN METHODIST CHURCH

On June 2, 1907, there was enacted in our College Chapel in Tokyo a scene that carried at least one who witnessed it back into the early days of Methodism. At the Christmas Conference in Baltimore in 1784 the little apostolic company of itinerants received their charter from Mr. Wesley and founded the Methodist Episcopal Church under the administration of the first Protestant Bishops in the United States. On this latter day a Bishop and Missionary Secretary each from the Methodist Church, Canada, the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, laid their hands upon the head of Yoitsu Honda, a true successor of the saintly Asbury, setting him apart to the office of Bishop of the Japan Methodist Church and starting this newest member of the great Methodist family out upon its career of ecclesiastical independence. Cranston and Leonard were our Coke and Whatcoat, and Honda the first native Bishop produced by modern Christian missions. In 1784 the new organization started with 15,000 members and 84 itinerants. That born in 1907 had 12,000 members and about a hundred preachers. Events have attested Mr. Wesley's wisdom in this as in many other things. We who are praying and working for the coming of the Kingdom of Christ in Japan trust the future will amply justify the step taken.

Why did it seem wise in the case of Japan to take such an exceptional step on the mission field?

The desire to unite three separate Methodist missions, the example of two large Christian denominations in Japan that were enjoying prosperity and autonomy, the existence of a strong nationalistic spirit throughout Japan, and a conviction that ecclesiastical independence would be more productive of self-reliance and self-support, were perhaps the weightiest arguments. The Churches desired, the Missions concurred, and the three home Boards granted union and independence. I doubt whether anyone who favored the plan then regrets it now.

What kind of a Methodist church was that established in Japan eight years ago?

In doctrine it was what we delight to denominate Methodist. In spirit it was the same. Not one thing has occurred in the church during these years that would lead us to think that the Japan Methodist Church will turn aside one inch from the doctrines and spirit of historic Methodism. Its polity, of course, does not exactly reproduce that of any one of the mother churches but is based upon them all. It operates through a series of Conferences—Church, Quarterly, District, Annual, and Quadrennial. There is one Bishop, and there may be more, whose term of service is eight years, and he is eligible for reelection. There are at present two Conferences. District Superintendents are appointed by the Bishop from a number of nominees chosen by ballot of the Conference. Usually twice as many are nominated as are to be appointed. Most of the Japanese District Superintendents are also pastors, which is the Canadian system and fits better into the financial situation. The connectional boards are organized very much along the lines of ours at home. The church is not able to support men to give their whole time as secretaries of these boards, so that, as in the case of Presiding Elders, men in the pastorate have these responsibilities added to them. The man elected by the recent General Conference to the most responsible position in the Church below that of Bishop, Secretary of the Evangelistic Board, is also serving as pastor of a Tokyo church and Presiding Elder of the largest district in the Church. There is lay representation in the Annual Conference, one delegate from each District and one from each self-supporting church. In the General Conference there is equal ministerial and lay representation.

The relation of the Japan Methodist Church to the three mother churches is a somewhat anomalous one. The infant church is ecclesiastically independent, but not financially so. While it would have seemed more consistent to remain ecclesiastically dependent until financially able to stand alone, the conviction that the granting of the first would more quickly develop the other was accepted as a stronger argument than consistency. The mother churches magnanimously granted independence while continuing

to give an annual subsidy directly to the support of the Church. The conditions upon which this sum was to be given tended immediately to encourage self-support: the money can be used for no other purpose than rents and salaries of pastors. Up to this time missionary funds had been used to pay Presiding Elders' salaries, traveling and moving expenses, and for other purposes. Now Bishop's salary and other expenses, District, Annual, and General Conference expenses, moving, circuit travel, and many incidental items, must be met by the churches. And this money cannot be saved by reducing the amount of the regular evangelistic work, for the Church is pledged not to give up any of its work. In this way the use of the Board grant is properly guarded and self-support is encouraged. This has not been an easy thing for the Japan Methodist Church to undertake. Bishop Honda used to laughingly say that the Discipline gave him the right to change the appointment of the preachers, but practically, since it was so hard to raise moving expenses, he had to leave most of the preachers where they were. Provision is made for the gradual elimination of the grant. Three years ago the total grant from the three Boards was $19,000, of which our share was a little more than half. This year it is $17,000. Next year it will be reduced another $500, and so on until it disappears. Of course this is not all we are doing for the Japan Methodist Church, as our missionary evangelistic work is usually in addition to this, but it constitutes the actual financial dependence. The fact need not be concealed that the Church is going through a very severe financial struggle, but it has put its shoulder to the wheel and the road of struggle is the way of victory. A Reference Committee, composed of three missionaries from each of the cooperating bodies, deals with all matters that have to do with the relation between this Church and the mother churches, and makes recommendations accordingly. The grant above mentioned is handled by the Evangelistic Board or Board of Missions of the Church. This Board receives all sums contributed by churches and individuals. It fixes the salaries and rents of all the preachers throughout the connection except self-supporting churches, supplying the lack in the self-support of the local churches. Each mission has represen-

tation on this Board, so that we have a direct share in fixing the salary of every pastor in the Japan Methodist Church except those of entirely self-supporting churches. Until now the treasurer of the Board has been a missionary. The Reference Committee has recommended now that, since there is to be a central treasurer of all the connectional boards of the church, he shall also be treasurer of this fund. There is no doubt that the money grant of our Board is much more carefully guarded now than it was before the independent church was established, and that there is a much more developed sense of financial responsibility. I have tried to make clear that, while our Board of Foreign Missions makes an annual money grant to an independent church, it is not taxation without representation, for the missionaries have a fair share in the disposal of every cent of the subsidy.

What is the relation of our missionaries to the Japan Methodist Church?

It is one of unreserved cordial cooperation. To a man we love our Japanese brethren and trustfully work shoulder to shoulder with them. We are actually embarrassed by the demands of our Japanese Bishop for more missionaries. At the very beginning the first General Conference of the new church, by a unanimous vote, granted full membership in its Conference to all ordained men who should be accredited missionaries of the three Boards. Our own church does not permit us to accept this privilege. It has ruled that we could not be members of both, though our Japanese brethren have been desirous that we should be. Practically we keep our Conference membership at home and at the same time hold ex-officio membership in Japan. We refrain from voting on the character of the Japanese preachers, but otherwise accept all rights and privileges that the Japanese Conference members enjoy. We are eligible to any position or office in the Church. In both East and West Conferences there are to-day six missionaries of our Board engaged in direct evangelistic work. Three of these are District Superintendents by ballot of Conference and the appointment of the Bishop. There are a number of districts, where no missionary resides, where quite certainly if there were a resident missionary he would be made the Superin-

tendent. In the recent General Conference in Tokyo five of the twenty-three ministerial delegates were missionaries. The Chairman of the Committee on Itinerancy was a missionary. There was not the slightest indication of a line drawn between missionaries and Japanese in committees or on the floor of the Conference. They were equals among equals. We receive our appointments at the hands of Bishop Harris, though they are read at the close of Conference by Bishop Hiraiwa, not as a separate group of appointments, but as regular members of Conference. Missionaries who are District Superintendents have their place in the cabinet, and in no wise differ from Japanese District Superintendents. Missionaries who are not District Superintendents, appointed to evangelistic work, are doing over again the kind of work our fathers did when they came as missionary pioneers to Japan. For the evangelistic missionary has usually only an indirect relation to the organized churches of the Conference. The Japan Methodist Church is not able, and presumably will not be able for some time, to undertake new work, at least to any great extent. Its best efforts must be bent upon strengthening the already established churches, developing in them self-support, and making them centers of religious activity. But the great rural field of Japan which has hardly been touched by the gospel, the approximately forty millions of people in Japan who have no Christian privileges whatever, the Japan Methodist Church for the present can hardly enter this field. It is the glorious opportunity of the evangelistic missionary. It is his to open new work, to nourish and develop weak work up to the point where it can take its place as a regular church. Of course he cannot establish the Methodist Episcopal Church, but it is a great privilege to be breaking up the soil and sowing the seed for the Methodism of Japan. These missionaries have some appropriation for their evangelistic work other than the lump sum given to the Japan Methodist Church. That appropriation is now woefully small, and has to be supplemented by special gifts, and it is our hope that as the second sum diminishes the first will proportionately increase. There is absolutely unlimited field for the activities of an evangelistic Methodist missionary in Japan.

Our other mission activities have not been affected by the organization of the Japan Methodist Church. We have all our woman's work, our schools, and our Publishing House exactly as they were before the independent church was formed, only happily improving year by year. The deans of the two theological schools in which the Japan Methodist ministry is being trained are missionaries.

What has the Japan Methodist Church accomplished during the eight years of its existence?

Our Japanese brethren would be the first to admit that it has not fulfilled all its hopes of growth and success. If any one of us has, surely our hopes were not high enough. If statistics are worth anything, and I am quite sure they are as dependable in Japan as elsewhere, we may thank God for healthy growth during these years. Let me briefly quote some figures that testify to this increase. The Church membership has grown 25 per cent, from 12,014 to 15,337. The rolls are kept carefully trimmed in Japan because the connectional funds are assessed according to the local church membership. Eight years ago there were 242 Sunday schools with 20,000 scholars. There are now 392 schools with 27,000 scholars. The amount raised for all purposes was under $20,000. This year it was $32,000. There were then 40 theological students, most of them special. There are now 95, a large majority of them regular. There were 16 entirely self-supporting churches. There are now 25. There has been no backward drift in any department of work. The best gains of all have been made during the last year. There is much to thank God for in a church that during the past year reports, with a membership of 14,300, a net gain of 1,048 and the baptism of 1,790 converts, and an increase of more than 14 per cent in self-support. Evangelism and the struggle for self-support are winning side by side.

To one interested in the development of a native Christian church in Japan the Third General Conference, held in our theological school in Tokyo in October, was a most encouraging and inspiring sight. Twenty-three ministers and the same number of laymen sat day after day, until midnight of the thirteenth day, considering in a spirit of loyalty to Christ and to Methodism the

things of the Kingdom. Some of the laymen are men prominent in educational and governmental circles in Japan, but their one business, from which they never swerved for a moment, was the making of Japanese Methodism a fit vessel for God's use in bringing salvation to Japan. Most of us think that the day of the foreign missionary and his opportunity in Japan have hardly more than begun. But we think a very wonderful beginning has been made in this group of consecrated ministers and laymen.

We have no purpose and no desire to suggest the abstract question of independent Methodist churches on mission fields. Our purpose is, with an independent Methodist church in Japan as a fact and under our fostering care, to testify that we find her to-day intensely loyal to the traditions and spirit of the mother church, still too weak to stand alone but gradually working out her financial independence; relying upon us for the sowing of the seed in new ground and the training of her ministry, and giving us of the Methodist Episcopal Church the joy of fellowship in service in one of the very needy corners of the whitening harvest field.

Edwin T. Iglehart.

STOKE POGIS AND THE ELEGY

The imperishable monument erected to the memory of Thomas Gray is not a marble shaft recording in chiseled characters the fame and achievements of this modest poet who has expressed as perhaps few other bards have done our own philosophic views of life and death. It is not an imposing mausoleum beneath which in costly sarcophagus he sleeps the sleep which God alone can break. It is no institution of brick and stone in which a community's unfortunates are housed and fed and their aches and pains soothed and cured. Gray's monument is the immortal "Elegy" and the quiet, peaceful churchyard slumbering as soundly and sweetly in the elm-shaded fields of Stoke Pogis as do the "rude forefathers of the hamlet" in its own sheltering embrace. It has been said—and perhaps with truth—that the man who is worthy and deserving a monument should never have one. In the case of Thomas Gray the principle is carried out to the letter. Not a word on stone or marble marks the resting place of him who in all justice may be called the Scholar Poet of England, an honor which can be challenged by but one other British bard, John Milton. If you would seek Gray's monument—and it is abundantly worth all the pains—take with you a copy of the "Elegy," go to Stoke Pogis, and look around you.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

"Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

England is a land of nooks and corners which are everywhere playing hide-and-seek with the visitor, and the constant running across these charming bits of rustic scenery, waiting to be "tagged" at every wayside bend, give an attractiveness to a landscape that might otherwise be uninteresting and monotonous. For the most part, save in Cumberland and Westmorland Counties and in a small portion of Lancashire, England failed to inherit from Mother Nature a legacy of mountain crags and wild valleys. Nevertheless she had no occasion to "break the will," for the rural robe which she did receive as her inheritance is one of wondrous charm and beauty. It is everywhere embroidered with a border of rose and holly hedges, byways and sylvan lanes o'er-shadowed with Gothic arches of oak and elm, thatched cottages in a setting of green lawns and voluptuous gardens, rich pastures, musical water-mills, lyric brooks, loitering rivers with a movement scarcely perceptible to the eye, as though loth to leave—like happy, yet tired, children—the daily-peopled meadows in which they had lingered so merrily and long, extensive parks and imposing castles, circular groups of trees which look for all the world as though they were clasping hands in a "round the green carpet" game, small stone churches mellow with the finger touch of time and with a gentle, peaceful look that comes from a consciousness of duty done, and the perennial ivy that like an emerald chain binds all these "figures" together in one harmonious whole. Amid such surroundings lies Stoke Pogis Park, keeping watch and ward over Saint Giles's Church and its far-famed churchyard.

From the village of Slough, the junction for Windsor Castle and Eton, the road to the district of the "Elegy" winds meanderingly through a richly cultivated country; on one side fields and

highly productive gardens, on the other cherry orchards, in the early spring piled high with delicately-scented blossom drifts, while in the autumn haze they are like so many crimson cloaks hung out on limbs to air. One approaches the "country churchyard" with a reverence akin to worship, a feeling that is intensified as he stands before the outer wooden gate and spells the inscription carved in Old English characters on the oaken beam above. For is it not a truth—the sentence there engraved:

"The place where thou standest is holy ground"?

Since the writing of Gray's masterpiece the churchyard has been at irregular periods enlarged, evidence of which fact can be seen in the breaks of the inclosing wall; each new section bearing traces of a later construction than that immediately adjoining, and each added section is constructed out of a different building material. The older parts of the yard—the original plot of all being that portion by which the church is surrounded—are approached by a rose-lined pathway through the latest addition, which reminds one of a miniature "new country" but lately "staked out" for settlers, in contrast with the ancient lot crowded with its narrow dwellings from which one moves not out forever, the doors having once been closed and barred. "The position of the church and churchyard, remote as it is from any village"—and this is a common occurrence in England—"is accounted for" by the present Vicar of Saint Giles "by its near neighborhood to the 'great house,' some two hundred yards away; first, no doubt, a Saxon Thane's dwelling, then the Molyns 'embattled castle' of the fourteenth century, and, lastly, the Elizabethan manor house, completed, in 1555, by the second Earl of Huntingdon. This latter building was, in its turn, to a great extent demolished about the year 1790, when the present mansion, in the Italian style, was erected in the center of the park by Mr. John Penn."

Mr. John Penn, it may be interesting to know, was a member of the family to which our own William Penn belonged, and whose body now rests not very far away, in a small graveyard at Jordans, a not unattractive rural village.

"The oldest existing portion of the church is the north wall

of the chancel, which contains a small Norman window, as well as two early English lancet windows." There is a small recess in this portion of the church, known as the "leper's window," through which those so afflicted could from without get some "spiritual consolation" on a Sabbath day. Perhaps the most noted window —or "peep hole," as it was called—for the use of such unfortunates is in the Church of Saint Mary at Warwick. "The part of the church which the visitor first sees, in the path approached, is of dull red brick covered with old stucco, whose windows are of a plain Tudor type. This is the Hastings Chapel, built in the angle of the chancel and the south aisle two hundred years later than the rest of the edifice." The "ivy-mantled tower" of the "Elegy" —which is of stone—is surmounted by a wooden spire which was added to the church in 1831.

Saint Giles contains the famous bicycle window, so "named from a figure that bestrides a contrivance resembling the ancient hobby-horse, which he pushes with one foot." However much we may boast of our present-day discoveries and twentieth century inventions, we might as well acknowledge the fact that there is nothing new under the sun; a statement a wise man made and which we may confirm!

In the first nine stanzas of the "Elegy," it may be recalled, the poet is referring to the "rude forefathers of the hamlet" who lie buried in the yard outside the church. Beginning with the tenth stanza he addresses his thoughts to the "gentry" who have had a more imposing interment within:

> "Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
> If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise
> Where through the long-dawn aisle and fretted vault
> The pealing anthem swells the note of praise."

Among the "proud" to whom reference has been thus made in the poem may be mentioned the "second founder" of the church, De Molyns; the first Earl of Huntingdon, Lord Hastings; Lady Cobham, Dr. Gregory Hascard, the Huguenot Dean of Windsor, and Edmund Hampdyn.

The two objects which drew the immediate attention of visitors to the churchyard are the famous yew tree and the grave

of the man who inscribed it in the World's Memory Book among the treasures that are immortal.

As Washington Irving is the tutelary genius of the Hudson, Goethe of Weimar, Robert Burns of Ayrshire, Tom Moore of the Shannon, so Stoke Pogis is inseparably associated with the memory of Thomas Gray. He lies buried not far from the east window, which looks out from that part of the church that is called the Hastings Chapel, and "in the same tomb upon which he has so feelingly inscribed his grief at the loss of a beloved parent." The reference is made to the following lines: "In the same pious confidence, beside her friend and sister, here sleep the remains of Dorothy Gray, widow, the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her."

"Mrs. Gray and her sister lived at West End Farm, a mile away, now enlarged and modernized into the mansion of Stoke Court. There the poet often visited them and remained for long periods, and 'Gray's Walk,' in the grounds, and the arbor where he is said to have composed the 'Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College' are still pointed out."

The yew tree in this "haunt of ancient peace" is reckoned to be not less than nine hundred years old. "That yew-tree's shade," under which Gray was accustomed to sit on an old wooden bench as he slowly evolved the lines that are now household words wherever the English language is spoken, covers, with its hoary, sheltering branches fondly held over them, like the hand of some well-loved priest in holy benediction, twenty-eight monuments that mark as many graves, to say nothing of others over which perhaps no "trophies" have been raised. The prop upholding many a low, wide-spreading limb of this ancient yew tree forcibly reminds one of the supporting crutch of some battle-scarred veteran who has survived almost even the memory of his country's wars in which he bore a distinguished and honored part. There are no elms in this sacred inclosure. The "rugged elms" referred to in the poem may perhaps be those in the meadow just beyond the ivy-covered boundary of the churchyard, so near that they almost literally shade the spot "where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap." In one straight line, side by side, may be seen eighteen

grass-grown, though unmarked, "narrow cells." Originally these graves had wooden markers, as evidence of such may still be observed. In shape they are not unlike the now long-disused village stocks, and were the "frail memorials" of which the poet makes mention.

In place of fame and elegy the "unlettered muse" has indeed supplied "many a holy text," and the same are found repeated on stone after stone above the humble graves. Among them may be noted:

"Not my will, but Thine be done."
"Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."
"In Thee, O Lord, have I put my trust."
"As for man, his days are as grass."
"In Thy presence is fullness of joy."
"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away."
"Thou shalt come to thy grave in full age,
Like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."

Other epitaphs in the churchyard are of a different character, and they appear not only spelled by the "unlettered muse" but composed—as well—by the same well-meaning individual.

"Farewell, my Husband and Children dear,
And all friends left behind.
Prepared be to follow me,
And bear me in your mind;
To part with you great sorrow was,
More joy for to ensue,
I hope to rest among the just,
And there to meet with you."

This epitaph, on a stone honored by being under the yew tree, is, as may be observed, especially elaborate. The following inscription might well be included among those to which Gray has referred as worthy and uplifting agencies "that teach the rustic moralist to die":

"Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed.
Teach me to die that so I may
Rise glorious at that awful day."

Even among such "sacred things" as epitaphs humor may not

be lacking, although in the following inscriptions it assuredly was not intentional:

"O cruel death, thou art severe,
To take away my wife so dear;
But since God has gave him leave,
I trust her soul He will receive.

"Sincerely and deeply regretted,
Jesus, my all to heaven is gone,
Her whom I fixed my hope upon.
Her tracks I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till her I view."

A copy of the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," in its author's clearly legible hand, is preserved among the papers, letters, and manuscripts in the British Museum, but the original draft, with erasures and interlinear expressions, is to be seen in the museum at Eton, together with the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College." This original manuscript copy of the "Elegy" was bequeathed by Thomas Gray to his friend and biographer, William Mason, Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge. It afterward came into the hands of Sir William Augustus Fraser, who willed it to the library of Eton College until such time as a museum should be established, to which the manuscript must then be transferred. It was further stipulated in Sir William's will that no facsimile of the "Elegy" should ever be made, and that no photograph of it should ever be taken. If this condition were violated the manuscript would then revert to the donor's heirs. The "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College" was purchased in its original form by six Eton alumni, for the sum of five hundred pounds, and presented by them to their alma mater, to be preserved with the "Elegy."

As a general elegy Thomas Gray's great masterpiece stands alone; it knows no rival, and it has no peer. Few poems in the English language are so widely known, and perhaps none has had so abiding an influence on the world's later literature as has this "golden utterance." It is not a hurriedly written production—not a poem "struck off at white heat" as were "Tam o' Shanter," "The Vision of Sir Launfal," and "Alexander's Feast"; it grew

and crystallized in the poet's mind during a brooding process extending over many years. "When the sower went forth to sow, the seed that soon sprang up, because it had no root, almost immediately withered away. It is the plant that develops under the sunshine and tempests of a season that brings forth the desired fruit." As with the "Elegy" so with tthe majority of the world's masterpieces—the writer must not only go forth to sow but there must be a long maturing time before the realization of an abundant harvest.

I have seen Stoke Pogis in mid-autumn, when the coloring of the foliage, less passionate than with us in a corresponding season, shed a golden halo over church and tomb; I have seen the farmer at curfew time plodding his way across the neighboring fields; I have seen the Genius of an English evening tuck the countryside away for a night of restful slumber; I have seen the buds of early spring-time unfold with a lyric sweetness, quiet and soothing, lest they disturb by a too violent demonstration the sleepers at their elbow: and the scene is one that lingers in the memory, not alone for the natural beauties witnessed, appealingly attractive in themselves—but doubly so by associating with them the deep and abiding philosophy of the simple-worded "Elegy" written by an unassuming, humble poet in a country churchyard.

A. F. Leachman

HOW WE LISTENED TO BROWNING'S "EASTER-DAY"

It is a homely comparison, but we listen to Robert Browning's poetry much as we watch the flight of the blackbirds in autumn. They gather in the woods by our door, chattering sociably; they flit to a grove a little farther south; then we hear them across an arm of the bay, still sociable. On they go by happy stages southward, till one day a breath of the warm Southland reaches them. Then—who knows?—with a thrill of glad expectancy, without a pause, straight as an arrow the course is pursued, and the great flock arrives. When Browning made Paracelsus say:

> "I see my way as birds their trackless way.
> I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,
> I ask not: but . . .
> . . . . . .
> I shall arrive,"

he described unconsciously the course of his own thoughts—a course that lovers of Browning delight to follow. His readers know well that the poet in his flight toward a definite end will chat in a friendly manner—almost, if not quite, chatter—even though such themes as life, death, and immortality engage his attention; that he will be attracted into various by-paths, interesting and even humorous, and it behooves the listener first of all to follow good-naturedly, not with puckered, puzzled brow; that he will lead his followers far afield at times, but in the end—perhaps at the very end—will swing back again to the course of his flight, and in triumph arrive. What a dramatist he is in his power to heighten psychological effects! All this is felt keenly as a little group of friends listen one afternoon to a reading of Browning's "Easter-Day." The fact that we have read it many times before makes it easier now to see it as a whole. Commentators have called this poem a dialogue, but as we listen it seems to us as plainly a monologue as are any of the other poems. It is the doubting believer that does all the talking, quoting exactly—in a dramatic manner, to be sure—the words of his good-natured philosophical friend. We can imagine, almost, this second person,

with a droll twinkle in his eye, sitting silent, as the disturbed, would-be believer tosses the arguments back and forth that exist really in his own mind, but which for clarity—and fitly doubtless—he foists in part on the listener. No wonder the speaker pauses once and asks, "Do you say this, or I?" And in imagination we hear the cheerful, acquiescing reply, "O, any way you like, so long as you thresh the matter over."

In the first stanza the troublesome question is stated—one that must have vexed many a soul at the period of the writing of the poem, 1850, when the religious thought of Europe was being disturbed by theological leaders. "How very hard it is to be a Christian!" is the abrupt, plain statement. It is harder to realize than any other aim in life. True, the end may be greater and the labor therefore more difficult, as the friend suggests, but then—and here comes the chief difficulty—the end is not clear.

> "We do not see it where it is,
> At the beginning of the race:
> As we proceed it shifts its place,
> And where we looked for crowns to fall
> We find the tug's to come—that's all."

A gleam of light shoots across the minds of the listeners. The poet's line of flight—have we caught it? Incompleteness—Easter-Day!

Stanzas follow and we gain a more vivid impression of why it is hard for this believer to be a Christian and why the suggestions of his friend bring no relief to the situation. It is hard to be a Christian, because—

It is hard, first, to believe. Ah! could one only believe that God's commands were God's indeed who wouldn't obey them? Who wouldn't give his body to be burned, etc., etc.?

> "How gladly!—if I make acquist,
> Through the brief minute's fierce annoy,
> Of God's eternity of joy."

It is hard to joint this flexible, finite life into the fixed and infinite. Could one do this, would he not spurn as trifling the trials of this mortal life?

Faith? Have faith? It is hard again to test God's great

purposes, as weak beings conceive of them, with faith as a touchstone. This method might answer among ourselves for testing one another—

> "But God, bethink you! I would fain
> Conceive of the Creator's reign
> As based upon exacter laws
> Than creatures build by with applause."

It is harder yet to read God's speech in nature. Go out into the world, walk up and down in it—that's an old story, and its end as old. The inquirer returns with his questions "flung back unanswered flat."

Then what is to be done? The believer's consoling friend, who takes the line of least resistance, advises him to make the best of things, to pin his faith to a few points, as he would a curtain—

> "From gap to gap
> One hangs up a huge curtain so,
> Grandly, nor seeks to have it go
> Foldless and flat along the wall.
> What care I if some interval
> Of life less plainly may depend
> On God? I'd hang there to the end;
> And thus I should not find it hard
> To be a Christian, and debarred
> From trailing on the earth till furled
> Away by death. Renounce the world!"

O, yes, the complacent adviser makes things easy now. It isn't hard, even to renounce the world. People give up its so-called pleasures for the sake of collecting beetles, rare snuff-boxes, and other objects that to the speaker are trifles. How easy, then, for him to do the same and gain a palm-branch and a throne! The believer falls in with the argument far enough to admit that, following this course, a person would meet with no difficulty in historical evidence—in Moses or Jonah—or in finding a creed suited to his heart's need. And as for renouncing the world—the believer quotes his friend's easy views. We who are listening to the poem might wonder at this point what flaw could be found in that beautiful interpretation of renunciation—not to spurn a single gift or forego one real gain; to taste all with gravity and

temperance; to discern in every gift, love; to discern in the light of love that sorrows are very near to joy. There is a flaw, however, and in the light of what follows further on we know that right here is one of the gaps between the soul and the peace it is seeking. One of the great truths the soul had to learn is indicated at this point, but it took the vision of the Judgment-Day to make him see it.

With a few strokes the believer makes it doubly hard again. He can't feel that he is to enjoy the things of this earth when he has been told so plainly to renounce them, that earth's gain is loss. Then—that Birth, that Life, that Death, eighteen centuries ago—it is hard to believe that it took place simply to give his joys a zest and prove his sorrows for the best. Such love is beyond his conception. Thus we behold another chasm between the soul and God.

Hereupon the adviser comes back to his old attitude of comfort. He bids the believer follow the example of the martyrs, deny his body, give it up to be tortured and burned, if necessary. At this, the believer swings back to the point at which he started. The end is not clear. What if it be death and nothing else? The collectors of beetles and snuff-boxes may fare better than he. However, he has chosen the better part. His faith may be shaken, but not overturned, and he ends the argument by having proved how hard it is to be a Christian.

What has been gained by the foregoing? A person listening to the poem for the first time might agree with the conclusion of the friend, who has been undisturbed formerly by doubts:

> "Proved or not,
> Howe'er you wis, small thanks, I wot,
> You get of mine for taking pains
> To make it hard to me. Who gains
> By that, I wonder? Here I live
> In trusting ease; and here you drive
> At causing me to lose what most
> Yourself would mourn for had you lost!"

It is now the believer's turn to turn comforter. He assures his friend that he hasn't lost much, that his faith is that of Æschylus, a blind hope with which to spice the meal of life, not

that of Saint Paul, a substance "to take at need the victuals' place." Suppose he should find after having dined that the meal didn't end all—suppose, turning to his rest, he should find—what? Interest is rising.

The speaker has spoken lightly at times, but there is no need of his saying at this point:

> "Now you shall see
> And judge if a mere foppery
> Pricks on my speaking!"

Something is coming that will make all the preceding worth while. How the interest is further heightened by two or three skillful remarks! Something is to be told—"as solemn, strange, and dread a thing as in the range of facts—or fancies . . . e'er happened." Will anybody listen? If he does, he will say it is false, or at best, judging from the ordinary run of mortals, nobody will be frayed by his warnings or converted. Could anything more potent have been said to make a listener sit up and pay closer attention now than ever before?

The wonderful tale begins and we get the setting: Easter night, three years ago, as the speaker is crossing the common where the chapel stands made famous in "Christmas-Eve." The man is arguing with himself much as he has argued just now with his friend.

> "One thing
> Remained, however—one that tasked
> My soul to answer; and I asked,
> Fairly and frankly, what might be
> That History, that Faith, to me
> —Me there—not me in some domain
> Built up and peopled by my brain,
> Weighing its merits as one weighs
> Mere theories for blame or praise,
> . . . . . .
> But my faith there, or none at all.
> 'How were my cause, now, did I fall
> Dead here this minute—should I lie
> Faithful or faithless?'"

We are following with the deepest interest, when suddenly the speaker runs off on a bit of personal reminiscence. How could he do it? we think. Only for an instant, however, the impatience is

felt, for in the homely reference to his childish traits and the old nurse the believer has only paved the way for another step in the climb to the point of highest interest. What a thrill we feel, in that talk with Common Sense, as the soul, tossed with doubts, like the ship, waterlogged, masts by the board, bulwarks gone, bears bravely on. The man utters his great cry and it becomes ours:

> "Would the ship reach home!
> I wish indeed 'God's kingdom come'—
> The day when I shall see appear
> His bidding as my duty, clear
> From doubt!"

He is sure that time will come—the Judgment—Easter Day may bring it. That would be so fitting—the springtime, when everything is ready to pursue its tasks as it was wont to do. Even the skylark would feel the surprise, as we ourselves.

> "I fancy why the trumpet blows;
> Plainly, to wake one. From repose
> We shall start up, at last awake
> From life, that insane dream we take
> For waking now, because it seems."

He runs on a little further in his soliloquy on the common, and thinks how we shall laugh at our fears as we do now after our dreams are over. We just missed the prize often in our dreams, we were frightened with evil shapes, but in the dream of life—talk not of fears and loss—why don't we do as his old nurse bade him, "Pinch your own arm, boy, and you'll wake!"

A light remark? Possibly, but a great truth is in it. After it came his waking time. He relates—the dome of heaven was lighted; the clouds became ripples of fire; the earth was lit as if a dragon's nostril split and all his ire o'erflowed. Intervals of darkness followed—

> "A dearth
> Of fire i' the violet intervals,
> Leaving exposed the utmost walls
> Of time, about to tumble in
> And end the world."

The Judgment-Day had come, and the intuition of it burned all darkness from his soul. There he stood, found and fixed, and

knew he was choosing the world. He formulated a plea, an apology, an excuse for his choice. There was a final belch of fire like blood; the fire was sky and the sky fire, then ashes, and a Voice spoke:

> "'Life is done,
> Time ends, Eternity's begun,
> And thou art judged for evermore.'"

The fire vanished and earth seemed as before. Just as things became normal and he felt like himself he heard again the Voice. What a striking comparison is made before we are allowed to see the form that spoke:

> "Motionless, thus, He spoke to me,
> Who fell before His feet, a mass,
> No man now."

Wise words were uttered. The man has had opportunity for finding and tasting not only the earthly, but, flitting over the earthly, the heavenly as well. He chose earth, however, and earth it shall be.

> "'Thou art shut
> Out of the heaven of spirit; glut
> Thy sense upon the world: 'tis thine
> Forever—take it!'"

The man's soul broke out in a transport. "How? Is mine the world?" he cried. The Voice continued:

> "'Expend
> Eternity upon its shows
> Flung thee as freely as one rose,
> Out of a summer's opulence,
> Over the Eden-barrier whence
> Thou art excluded. Knock in vain!'"

Not yet did he realize any limitation.

> "I sat up. All was still again.
> I breathed free: to my heart back fled
> The warmth. 'But, all the world!' I said.
> I stooped and picked a leaf of fern,
> And recollected I might learn
> From books how many myriad sorts
> Of fern exist, to trust reports,
> Each as distinct and beautiful
> As this, the very first I cull.

Think, from the first leaf to the last!
Conceive, then, earth's resources! Vast
Exhaustless beauty, endless change
Of wonder! And this foot shall range
Alps, Andes—and this eye devour
The bee-bird and the aloe-flower!"

Then the Voice again—and the man who made his own sentence realized that all the beauty in nature that he had chosen was only a pledge of beauty in a fuller plenitude; that the wise who waited in God's antechamber, earth, knew by its riches what royalties lay in store one step past the entrance door. We who are listening to the poem bear witness now—the soul is preparing for its "leap to God." Renounce the world and its beauty? No, not as a foretaste. Yes, as an ultimate end.

Swiftly the story of the vision is told. Though sharp despair shot through the soul of the believer at what he has discovered he turned hopefully to another field of study. Art was something finer than nature. In art, in the statuary of the Greeks, in Italy's paintings, he would seek the impress of man on the earth. Again the Voice and again incompleteness was announced. The perfection in the souls of artists—the perfect form, the perfect face—he would find only hinted at in their works. Have not the great artists cried out against being judged by their works? The Voice reminded:

"'Think now
What pomp in Buonarroti's brow,
With its new palace-brain, where dwells
Superb the soul unvexed by cells
That crumbled with the transient clay!
What visions will his right hand's sway
Still turn to forms, as still they burst
Upon him!'"

The Voice went on relentlessly:

"'Does it confound thee—this first page
Emblazoning man's heritage?—
Can this alone absorb thy sight,
As pages were not infinite—
Like the omnipotence which tasks
Itself to furnish all that asks
The soul it means to satiate?'"

A second time he realized his loss in earth's gain. What would he turn to next? He cried in anguish, "Mind, the mind! . . . Mind is best—I will seize mind, forego the rest!" He would spin dervishlike through science, philosophy, history, and verse, until he half broke the chain that bound him to earth. There was no need to tell him now that again he would find he had chosen the less for the greater, the part for the whole, the limited for the illimitable. He knew this goal was a ruin like the rest, and the bliss of the race was not worth the running. He had been blind. Work as hard as the craftsman might on the wind-lyre, it was the South that produced the music, and work as hard as he might on his poetry, the poet knew God's part in it. There were gleams of heaven in his verse, but only gleams,

> "'Now the whole sun's his [the poet's] heritage!'"

and the man was doomed again to take up his world.

What a concession is made in the following lines:

> "Behold my spirit bleeds,
> Catches no more at broken reeds;
> But lilies flower those reeds above:
> I let the world go, and take love!"

He craved the love of human beings. That had repaired all ill, cured wrong, soothed grief. He would find some semblance of a woman with eyes to help him forget what he had lost. At this choice the figure rose in wrath and towered above him, and the Voice smote on his ears:

> "'Is this thy final choice?
> Love is the best? 'Tis somewhat late!'"

Love had been manifested in everything he had chosen—within, without, curled round about everything, ready to clasp him. He was blind to that great reality—now he would choose its semblance. That wonderful story of God's love he had questioned—there was too much love in it for him to admit its truth. How could God love so? Why, everything was built on love. Love was, is, the basis of the whole plan. God's perfect love was no invention of man.

As these thoughts burned into his soul, the believer turned to his last resort:

> "Thou Love of God! Or let me die,
> Or grant what shall seem heaven almost:
> Let me not know that all is lost
> Though lost it be, leave me not tied
> To this despair, this corpse-like bride!
> Let the old life seem mine—no more—
> With limitation as before,
> With darkness, hunger, toil, distress;
> Be all the earth a wilderness!
> Only let me go on, go on,
> Still hoping ever and anon
> To reach one eve the Better Land!"

The towering figure expanded, expanded, and the man felt the whole God within his eyes embrace him. When he came to himself day was breaking, the gray plain was as before.

The doubting believer has told his story. He thinks it may have been all a dream, but, anyway, things have changed. He goes through the world now testing, proving, rejecting, preferring, struggling, but he does it all differently from before. He is glad that he can struggle and strive; that he is not left dead at heart in a ghastly smooth life, tame in earth's paddock as a final prize. He thanks God that he can still escape earth's efforts to capture him and hold him fast a prisoner; that no future paradise stands barred to his entry, and—he still finds it hard to be a Christian.

Then comes the glad, triumphant outburst in the three closing lines. The soul and the poet have arrived; the way is opened; the riddle is solved; life is infinite, endless—

> "But Easter Day breaks! But
> Christ rises! Mercy every way
> Is infinite—and who can say?"

The storm-tossed soul is in smooth waters. He will go on, go on, and "reach one eve the Better Land!"

Ellen B. Hallock

THE ADVERTISING MAN TALKS

He was the only other occupant of the Pullman and the conversation, starting from, "What's your line?" that universal point of departure, had taken its rambling and leisurely way till it had reached the Elysian fields of real intimacy. To my reply that I was a preacher he had told me that that was his business too, and we shook hands again.

"What denomination?" I had asked.

"Advertising," he replied, without a smile.

From that moment I knew he had something to say and I kept diligently angling for it. But we had covered quite a wide circle of territory, the ethics of advertising and much more, before a chance remark of mine, to the effect that I thought that the preachers had learned much from modern advertising, unexpectedly proved to be the "Open Sesame" to his heart.

"Yes, you have," he readily agreed. "I've been a churchgoer all my life, and it feels mighty good when I get into a town on Saturday and pick up the papers and find that the church has really got a place in the sun. I have seen some very good 'adhesive' sermons on church bulletin boards, too, the kind that stick to a man, and yet I've often wondered whether a good many preachers have really learned the biggest thing that modern advertising has got for them. For the most important point of contact between the advertising man and the preacher is not in ingenious devices for drawing an audience, it has to do with the sermon itself. I don't mean that the advertiser has a brand new lesson for the preacher. He hasn't. Good preachers for centuries have been working on principles that are just being put into shape by the science of advertising, if you will allow such a high-sounding phrase in connection with what has been a very uncertain business. It is simply that both of us are working on different aspects of the same fundamental art—creating a demand and use for a particular thing. You are pushing religion and I am pushing soap, among other things, but that does not alter the fact that the rules of the

game are the same. And for that matter," he added with a twinkle, "religion and soap are not such distant relatives, either.

"Advertising has just put some things about the art of producing states of mind in a way that helps us both, but I wonder if some preachers are not liable to copy the superficial and minor lessons of advertising, its loud insistence, its clever phrasing and ingenious devices, and miss the far bigger thing, which has nothing to do with bulletin boards and moving pictures and jubilee singers, but which has a whole lot to do with preaching. You see, I am one of those hopeless old fogies who believe that preaching is the preacher's chief job. Do you remember that old poem of Emerson's where the Days hold out to a man a lot of gifts—kingdoms and all sorts of things—and he takes only a couple of apples and something else to eat and lets them go by? I am not a literary shark, but I use Emerson in my business. He would have made a great ad writer—short crisp sentences with a bite in them. Well, I am afraid there are some preachers, with the best intentions in the world, who are taking from advertising only a few little things for immediate use, like the man in the poem, and letting what you might really call a whole kingdom of influence slip by without paying much attention to it.

"No doubt you would be surprised to have me tell you that I have learned from a preacher some of the best things I know about advertising. And don't go forming in your mind a picture of an ecclesiastical 'hustler,' either, because he isn't. Not a bit of it. Many folks would call him an 'old fogy.' I have never found that the man we call a 'hustler'—the 'whoop-it-up' sort of chap—gets very far down to bed rock in any business. He is an overpraised institution. This man preaches in a little town in Vermont where I grew up and where I spend my summers. The summer people up there actually smile at him. They call him 'quaint,' 'delightfully old-fashioned,' and all that sort of thing, but I've watched him, and I've watched that little town for twenty years, and for the real business that he is at, creating a steady and growing demand and use for the thing he is projecting—the Christian religion—any advertising expert in the country can take his hat off to him. For the thing was actually used in that town.

For persuading people about religion until they come to the 'buying point' a good many 'up-to-date' advertisers in city pulpits are mere tyros, sir, mere tyros, compared to him. I have studied that man and the way he worked and I have learned from him a good deal about creating a demand for all kinds of things, from Portland cement to talcum powder.

"George Batten says that the purpose of an advertisement is to get itself believed, remembered, and acted upon. I don't know that you could get a better statement of what you are aiming at in the pulpit every Sunday; could you?' I have spent a good many years writing advertisements six days a week and listening to sermons on Sunday and all the time I have grown in the belief that the points of a good advertisement and of a good sermon are just about the same. The experiences that have taught me the little I know have been costly and humiliating; humiliating, because the things so obvious and elementary that they were right in front of my eyes have been the very things that I have taken a long time to see. But I guess the blunder is not so uncommon after all.

"Take the most elementary thing of all, for instance the fact that to secure effective publicity for anything you have actually got to study the article. Why, that's an axiom! Everyone knows it in an unthinking sort of way, but there are many advertising experts who do not believe it any more than I did when I began. I began to write advertisements with a knack for phrases, a 'nose for the unusual,' and more or less superficial cleverness that really got quite surprising results for such meager capital, but fortunately I fell into many a ditch quite early from the simple fact that, while talking quite interestingly in print, I did not really know all the ins and outs of the thing I was talking about. Irvin Cobb says it is one of the 'mysteries' of the writing business that to make the deepest impression on your reader you must know what you are writing about. Some clever and superficial work may pass the test, but sooner or later the man who knows little about paints or painting, but who tries to write ads that aim to influence people to buy certain paints and do certain kinds of painting, will betray himself. Be sure your sins of omission will find you out.

I remember one particularly fine series of advertisements I did for an agricultural implement firm. They were really bright. The only trouble with them, as my client very gently pointed out to me, was that they showed such little acquaintance with farm labor that any farmer would laugh at them. It seemed too bad to discard such clever writing for so prosaic a reason as that! Last year, when our firm took a contract to advertise Portland cement, I spent a whole month learning how it was made and digging up some points why *that* cement was the best to buy. I believe I could have made the stuff myself when I sat down to write the ads. It paid, too.

"I have heard too much strong preaching for me to criticize preaching in general. More than that, I think that Christianity has received and is receiving the most effective publicity that has ever been given to anything under the sun. Yet I hear a lot of preaching in the course of a year's travel that makes me think that some of the men who do it are in the same position that I was: they do not thoroughly know their article. Since the war began I have heard at least fifty sermons on war and peace and you would be surprised to know what a confused blur those fifty sermons make on my mind. A few stand out clear as a sunbeam, but put them all together and you have something about as clearly defined as a composite photograph of the presidents of the United States. It looks decidedly as though a good many men had never really dug out what Jesus actually taught about war and peace, or what the Christian message really is in confused days like these. Flaming eloquence is a poor substitute for clear knowledge of fundamental Christian teaching set forth so directly that a wayfaring man, like myself, though a fool, again like myself, need not err therein. A prominent preacher in New York declared last fall that the war was the greatest blessing since the Reformation. We can all be thankful that there are bright spots to every cloud, but a man who talks that way might very well take a few hours out of even his busiest day to sit down and read the New Testament for a while. Then some men seem to only know in spots the thing they are set to project. When they have preached on the texts, 'Servants, obey your masters,' and, 'The powers that

be are ordained of God,' they have swung their whole circle. They are missing a whole lot of what we advertising men call 'good talking points' on the social side of Christianity—points that have a strong appeal and drawing power in that they make Christianity appear as a real part of what men want. I have listened to other sermons when for the life of me I could hardly tell whether the preacher was recommending 'righteousness, joy, and peace in the Holy Ghost' or some particular brand of literary criticism to be applied to the fourth chapter of the book of Daniel. Of course, the effective study of an article goes farther than the thing itself. It includes the materials of which it is made, the history and development of the business, and, above all, the services it can perform. 'What can it do better than anything else in the world?' is a fair question that both of us have to be able to answer on the spot, and answer convincingly.

"Right along the same line—there is a vast amount of money wasted in advertising that is too vague and general to produce results. If a man is advertising Carter's ink it does not help his client much to leave a general impression of ink in the public mind. He does not say merely, 'Use ink,' but 'Carter's ink is everlastingly black.' It is almost impossible to do successful advertising for a business or product that has no distinctive features that can be stressed in a way to make it preferred to all others, and I am sure you will agree with me that there are many sermons preached every week, interesting enough and, what is more, true enough, but wasted because vague. The appeal is not tied up closely enough to a particular thing—the definite acceptance of Christianity. A man might listen to a great many sermons and get the idea that the Christian message was simply—'Be good.' Gerald Stanley Lee calls it 'teasing men to be good.' If you have no more definite message than that you might as well save the money your space costs. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved' is a message which covers all that is implied in the vague and general 'Be good,' but it brings a thousand fold more in inquiries and results.

"There is the other big side to this, of course, and that is knowing the man we are talking to. My problem is always 'How

will this strike Mr. Prospective Customer?' and not, 'How does it strike me, the advertising manager, or Mr. Jones, the president of the company?' just as yours is, 'How will this strike Brown the grocer, and little Sallie Green!' and not, 'How will it strike the professor of systematic theology at the seminary?' Yet a great many advertisements throw money to the winds because written for the president and a good many sermons are written for ministers. It is not too much to say that the best national advertising is the work of the 'outside writer,' the man with the distinct point of view of the possible customer. A few years ago an American house advertised in Chile using a picture of Santa Claus going down an ice-encrusted chimney. The weather in Chile at Christmas corresponds to summer in the United States and—worse still—the Chileans do not recognize Santa Claus. That was 'inside work' with a vengeance! And yet it was no worse than a church service, which Lyman Abbott says he once attended, where the minister was preaching to an audience of aged people and little children on how to choose a wife. The mission of both advertising and preaching is to develop states of mind, and the bull's eye we are both aiming at is to develop that state of mind which will almost involuntarily respond 'That's right!' to what we have to say. The only sure way of hitting it is to know the kinks in the other man's mind by living with him. A successful department store man makes it a rule to spend some hours on the street in front of the windows of his store watching the crowds, to see what they find in the windows that is of interest to them. He wanders around the sales counters listening to the remarks of the customers about the goods. Then he goes back to work prepared to avoid the pitfalls of the personal point of view.

"I know another man who was advertising a washing machine and was unable to procure any response. One day he tried to put himself in the place of the typical buyer. As soon as he did this he concluded he would have to try a washing machine before he would buy. So came into being the well-known '30 days' free trial' appeal, which proved a big success. I have to do a great deal of that kind of 'pastoral work' if I am going to get results. Whenever I find that my inquiries are few, or that the cost of each

inquiry is going up, it usually means that I have slowed up in my outside work and so am losing touch with the man I want to reach. I imagine it is much the same with you. The preacher who never rings door bells during the week rarely ever rings the bell when he shoots in the pulpit on Sunday. That is why I rate that country preacher up in Vermont as a past master. He not only knows everyone, but he knows among just what mental neighbors in men's minds every sentence he says will have to lodge and what obstacles it will have to pass to get in at all. So he always talked to us as one who had a feeling for our infirmities, mental as well as other kinds.

"The biggest thing, though, that advertising has to say to-day is that 'sensational' advertising is, with very few exceptions, poor business. That is something which has cost us millions of dollars to learn, but we have learned it. Most preachers have always known it, but some are still laboring under the delusion that attention is a thing to be valued in itself. Attention, in itself, is worth just about nothing at all. It must be favorable attention. It is comparatively easy to attract attention, if one is satisfied with any sort of attention, but it accomplishes nothing if the advertiser is regarded with derision or suspicion, as he will be when he adopts freakish or sensational schemes. Deceptive headlines, tricks of all sorts, have no persuasive value when once the reader becomes aware of the deception. If you will read the back pages of your magazine carefully you will notice that 'smart' writing in the advertising business is waning, and for a very solid reason: It doesn't pay. What you as a preacher must achieve, as well as I, is not to have a man say 'What a clever piece of work!' but to have him feel, 'That is something I want.' Much advertising has been too 'cute' and clever to succeed. It may be of use temporarily for a cheap article, but even there it arouses suspicion. A few years ago a firm with a three-thousand-dollar automobile to sell adopted a catchy and breezy style of advertising with great financial loss. It might have been useful in connection with a five-cent cake of soap, but a man with three thousand dollars to put into an automobile is not going to be led to invest by sensational headlines. I have often thought of that in church when

listening to some self-styled up-to-date preacher 'smartly' discussing some sensational topic. A man who really takes Christianity is getting an expensive thing. Its initial cost is great and its upkeep calls for a large outlay in work and sacrifice and money. It takes more than bizarre headlines and spectacular performances to hold him. He has to be won and held by what we call 'reason why' copy—straightforward and sincere. Probably the most spectacular advertising campaign ever waged in this country was that of a breakfast food a few years ago, its cost running into millions. It was striking in the extreme—humorous and grotesque. Its phrases were on the lips of everyone. But it was a financial failure. It got attention, but attention without results is a poor prize. I know several ministers who think that by sensationalism they are keeping abreast of the times in the business world when, as a matter of fact, they are away behind the times. The trained advertiser, while always reaching out for a fresh and strong point of contact, has put mere sensation aside as a childish and expensive toy.

"My profession has another worth-while thing to say to anyone, and that is the cost and worth of a word. Every week men write advertisements for the back cover of magazines where it costs sometimes a hundred dollars for every word. That puts a man on his mettle to drive home his point in a way proportionate to its cost. Yet a man doing such a piece of writing is not a whit more responsible than the preacher every Sunday. When you think of the cost of the plant and its maintenance, and that you only get about an hour a week at the most to give your message, every word is in its cost literally a golden word and ought to be equally golden in its significance. It is a far more serious thing to trifle with the half-hour sermon period without going after real business than it would be to pay five thousand dollars for the back page of The Saturday Evening Post and fill it up with airy nothings. A high-salaried man with one of the big agencies says that when he writes about an article he says to himself, 'Suppose that a man who is not interested has been in this room and is now on the point of leaving. He has opened the door and is about to step out. What can I say that will stop him and impress the

features of this article strongly on his mind?' Now, I do not mean that every sermon should be a staccato affair, full of exclamation points, but I think that man's supposition is a pretty good point of view. I have a nephew who has just gone into the ministry and I made an agreement with him to telegraph me every Saturday night his sermon for Sunday in a fifty-word night letter, collect. I told him that if he couldn't put his point into fifty words it wasn't sharp enough to stick any one with. He says that it has done him lots of good, and I know that the telegrams have increased in clearness and force.

"An introduction is, as a rule, about as expensive and dangerous a luxury for a sermon as for an advertisement. Get your point of contact, of course, but don't loiter around doing any sight-seeing. When I come to New York every day I come to do business. I don't want to get into a big red sight-seeing car and view Grant's Tomb and the Palisades before going to the office. When I go to church I go for a purpose just as definite. I do not want to be taken on a sight-seeing tour of Palestine, as I frequently am by a long introduction which includes views of Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim with a side light on the Moabites. It is all interesting enough, just as a tour of New York is a treat in itself, but it is just as far from the purpose. A keener sense of the value of a word will also cut down the number of 'display points,' to use a technical phrase, throughout the whole sermon and the use of 'stock illustrations.' Much advertising loses force from having too many points. Sometimes the result is a kind of 'buzzing, blooming blur' that Professor James talks about. Cutting down the number of different points in a sermon is like making a good marriage, it 'halves the troubles and doubles the joys.' The beginner in my line is strongly tempted to make use of a good many stock illustrations—cuts—which can be secured from the electrotyper and which will fit in 'most anywhere—but just because they do fit 'most anywhere and are second-hand they are usually waste space. Not any more, though, than the stock illustrations in the pulpit. I could tell you off hand fifty illustrations which I have been hearing for years from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and which I will hear for the rest of my life, I suppose. These stock

illustrations ought to be given an old age pension and retired with all the honors of war. They have 'wrought righteousness, waxed mighty in war, and put to flight armies of aliens' and ought to be allowed to spend their last days in peace without being rudely disturbed every Sunday. It is much the same with words. The curse of most advertising and some preaching is stereotyped, dry expression; saying things in the same words, or about the same words, that thousands have used and which only embalm the remains of what was once a live fresh idea. A good part of the trouble is that many men who are physically active are mentally lazy. Both advertising and preaching are full of this general monotonous language that is just words, words, words; no interesting facts, no fresh, life-like descriptions.

"Perhaps one of the biggest leaks in modern business happens when the prospective customer is not given a ready and easy opportunity to buy, and it happens oftener than you would imagine. A firm may advertise a good product in a strong convincing way, but it is wasted if the man reached does not have an opportunity to take the goods while he is interested. A large concern, selling by mail an article priced at fifty dollars, inserted pages of advertising that cost from five hundred to two thousand dollars each when no facilities had been provided by which the customer could purchase. I have seen the same thing in church scores of times and it is just as poor business there as anywhere. I have listened to many a genuinely moving appeal to people to become followers of Christ, sermons that had a real grip to them, but absolutely no opportunity was given to do the thing the preacher asked them to do—register a decision. When a man listens to a number of appeals like that, without a chance to act in definite way, they will lose their power with him after a while, and I believe that is what has happened in many cases. When you ask men to accept Christianity give them a chance to do it. I shall never forget going to church with a shoe salesman years ago in Cincinnati. As we were coming out of the church he said to me, 'It was a lucky thing the preacher didn't call for a show down this morning. I would have gone up sure.' He called it 'lucky,' but I knew in his heart he was sorry.

"There are a couple of other things we have learned at a big price. Most preachers have always known them, but I wish every one did. One is that the affirmative form of appeal is by far the biggest winner. There are effective ads which say 'Don't do this,' and 'Don't do that,' but as a rule it is the positive affirmative ad that convinces, just as the positive sermon does. And the strongest appeal is the one that in some way or other reaches the emotions. The most effective advertisement ever used in America was the 'Smiling Joe' advertisement of the Sea Side Hospital at Coney Island. It built a quarter-million-dollar hospital. It grasped the heartstrings of thousands with an irresistible pull because it analyzed 100 per cent sheer 'human interest.' Whenever you can touch the emotions in a strong and legitimate way, you reach—"

"Chicago," called the porter.

Halford E. Luccock

THE MINISTER'S STUDY OF LITERATURE

The church justly demands that the minister of the gospel devote himself wholly to the work of his ministry. With this any other interest that may be urged must harmonize. If the study of literature has any claim upon the minister it must be found in the power of such study to enrich him in his work as a minister. The following discussion is an attempt to establish the claim from this point of view.

1. The value is not primarily in the artistic or decorative. The happy quotation or the apt literary illustration often makes valuable artistic contribution to a sermon; but the study of literature with this as the dominant motive cannot commend itself to the sincere mind. If this is made the dominant motive the result will probably be unfortunate. The preacher will be in great danger of developing the habit of constructing ornament, of using a quotation of questionable or doubtful value because of its artistic merit; because it is beautiful. The weakness is emphasized by the fact that such use defeats its aim. Not being vitally useful it thereby ceases to be truly beautiful. Properly to ornament construction is a merit, to construct ornament is weakness. The sound and effective use of quotation is illustrated in the practice of Saint Paul and of Jesus. In his sermon on Mars Hill Paul skillfully and forcefully, yet naturally and beautifully, commends his message to his Athenian audience by reinforcing his statement with a quotation from one of their poets, "For we are also his offspring." Again, in Romans 3. 9-18, after charging that both Jews and Greeks are alike under sin, in order to win more ready and powerful acceptance of his appeal he spontaneously breaks out in strong and appropriate quotation from Psalms, Proverbs, Isaiah, and Jeremiah:

> "There is none righteous, no, not one;
> There is none that understandeth,
> There is none that seeketh after God;
> They have all turned aside, they are together become unprofitable."

The use of quotation by Jesus is even more suggestive. He came triumphant from that great struggle known as the temptation in the wilderness. His victory consisted in the adoption of a working policy containing three great comprehensive principles. Each of these he expressed in quotation. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" (Deut. 8. 3). With this he is represented as expressing his determination to exhibit his sonship, and thereby securely plant the Kingdom of God, by subordinating material to spiritual values. In "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God" (Deut. 6. 16), he is represented as expressing his determination to exhibit his sonship, and thereby securely plant the Kingdom of God, by accepting God's provision of conditions for getting results instead of weakly demanding some substitute. In "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve" (Deut. 6. 13), he is represented as expressing his determination to exhibit his sonship, and thereby securely plant the Kingdom of God, by the refusal to purchase temporary victory at the price of alliance with evil. In the synagogue at Nazareth he proclaimed his mature consciousness of his divine commission and his conception of the purpose and nature of his ministry in a quotation from Isaiah:

> "The spirit of the Lord is upon me,
> Because he anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor."

In the last great experience of his struggle to reveal God for man's salvation, as he hung upon the cross, he expressed his sense of aloneness in a quotation from the twenty-second Psalm:

> "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

It is clear that both Saint Paul and Jesus first of all had experience, views, convictions of their own, and when they found these in the choice language of the religious utterances of their own people they spontaneously expressed themselves in that language. We never feel that they quote for the sake of ornament. Appreciation of the choice language may have been present, it probably was; but it is not used primarily for decoration, rather for its power to express thought and conviction. It is to be noted,

too, that both Paul and Jesus quote from Hebrew writers, but when Paul has a Greek audience he quotes from a Greek poet. This is wise and forceful, for the reason that the experience and thought of a people are organized about its great literary forms. For the same reason the preacher should seek to be at home with the great literature of his people. Any use of quotation primarily for ornament not only must fail to be powerful use, it is in great danger of gradually and subtly robbing the minister of that fine quality of genuineness essential to the most effective service both as preacher and pastor. It is in danger of developing the habit of subordinating substance to form, enthusiasm for humanity to enthusiasm for art.

2. The study of literature is not urged upon the minister as a substitute for the study of the Bible, rather as an aid to it. The minister, in a very important sense, must be a man of one book. All other books are to be subordinate. The purpose of the Bible, the moral and religious purpose, should dominate in all his study. The man of one book, in the narrow sense of the only book, will hardly be a strong man of that book. If he is strong, the fact that he limits himself to the one book will not account for his strength. In itself it is a condition of weakness. If he escapes it will be because he is a student of life. Ministers now generally recognize that the Bible is a message from life. Grasp of life enabled its authors to get the message; grasp of life enables the minister to understand the message. Versed in life they discovered; versed in life the minister may rediscover. Anything that helps to define and enrich the minister's grasp of life is by so much an advantage in aiding him to become a master of this great book of life. We think of true literature as primarily a criticism of life and the masterful expression of humanity's discovery of nature's demand for life. The greatness of its criticism is fundamental in determining its greatness as literature. To this the artistic element is subordinate. Its value lies in its power to express this criticism so as to win the approval of the understanding, arouse the emotions, and command the will. The study of literature, therefore, not only harmonizes with the minister's being a man of one book, but it is very valuable in its power to make

him truly a man of one Book. Sympathetic and extensive familiarity with such masters as Shakespeare and Browning cannot fail to enrich the minister for the study and interpretation of the Bible.

3. The study of literature is an invaluable aid to self-development. As we study the preparation of Paul and of Jesus for their ministry we are increasingly impressed with the fact that each matured his thought in association with the masters of the literature of his people. So true is this that each thinks in terms of that literature. True, each transcends its limits both in thought and form; yet each makes the great permanent human element an important part of himself.

How much did it mean to Jesus when he first read or heard:

> "The spirit of the Lord is upon me,
> Because he hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor"?

Certainly not what it meant later. At first it must have been a great indefinite feeling. As he favorably and increasingly responded to the challenge he himself developed until the voice of the prophet became the call of his Father. Is it not clear that he grew into his larger conceptions and convictions through association with the thought and ideals of his people as expressed through their masters? "Ye have heard that it was said to them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment: but I say unto you, that everyone who is angry with his brother shall be in danger of the judgment," etc. He retained the old but extended it. He grew up to the full measure of the old, then transcended it; made explicit all that was implicit. "Think not that I came to destroy the law or the prophets: I came not to destroy, but to fulfill."

The highest New Testament standard of experience and life, as stated by Jesus, is significantly related to the literature of his people: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." So also the Golden Rule: "All things therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do unto

you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets." Do not the facts warrant a like conclusion concerning the experience of Saint Paul? By aid of the literature of his people he reached that height in his moral and spiritual development which enabled him to say, "I am not ashamed of the gospel: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek. For therein is revealed a righteousness of God by faith unto faith: as it is written, but the righteous shall live by faith." He was also a student of Greek literature. There can be no doubt that this assisted his development to the point of bursting the bonds of the Hebrew national idea. But his thought was ever dominantly Hebrew. The Greek assisted him in making the larger interpretation of the Hebrew. He matured his conception of the thought of God for the Gentile through assimilation of the thought of God for his own people as expressed in Hebrew literature. In Acts 13. 44-47, he defended his turning to the Gentiles with a quotation from Isaiah:

"I have set thee for a light of the Gentiles,
That thou shouldest be for salvation unto the uttermost part of the earth."

We have noted that he expressed his conception of universal sin and need in terms of the masters: "There is none righteous, no, not one," etc. (Rom. 3. 9-18). He also commends to his people his great message of salvation by faith in terms of the case of Abraham: "For if Abraham was justified by works, he hath whereof to glory; but not toward God. For what saith the Scripture? And Abraham believed God, and it was reckoned unto him for righteousness." Is it too much to infer that he matured his thought in association with the literature from which he quotes? Does not Paul himself testify to this? "I am a Jew, born in Tarsus of Cilicia, but brought up in this city, at the feet of Gamaliel, instructed according to the strict manner of the law of our fathers."

This is but claiming that Jesus and Paul developed in accord with the divine plan as clearly revealed in history. Every man is what he is by virtue of participation in and assimilation of the culture or spiritual life of his own people and of all humanity.

The ability to participate is culture. Active participation is the means of culture. It is universally recognized that in such masters as Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides among the Greeks; Spenser, Milton, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning among the English; David, Solomon, Isaiah, Amos, and Hosea among the Hebrews, the culture of their respective periods and peoples is reflected. The minister, by virtue of being a man, will in the very process of living participate in and assimilate much of the culture of his people; but it is worth while to give himself the larger opportunity—to avail himself of the masterful grasp, the precise definition, the discriminating selection, and the clear, forceful, beautiful expression of the great masters. The minister who does this will increasingly come from his study a new man. He will become clearer in his understanding of the truth of God for man as revealed in the life and struggle of man, and consequently more effective in his ministry to his people.

4. The value of a great literary artist is largely in his power clearly to interpret the meaning of life and bring it effectively within our angle of vision. The centuries, and even the milleniums, count the steps of God on the highways of human history. We all tend to have, and most of us unaided actually do have, our vision limited to little more than a generation. We need the assistance of those gifted minds that can see and interpret the whole as a great unitary movement. One of the great messages of history, one of the great truths revealed by God to man through human life, is this: Man, guilty of wrong, cannot free himself without righting himself. Comparatively few have vision to see this on the grand scale of historic life. When Shakespeare, by his masterful art, dramatizes it in the struggle of the King in Hamlet, he brings it within the angle of vision of the less gifted, and greatly assists even the more gifted to see it as the teaching of history. In his own struggle the king makes the discovery and expresses it thus:

> "O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
> O limed soul, that struggling to be free
> Art more engaged!"

From beginning to end of the drama every move of the king is

a struggle to free himself without righting himself. With each effort he becomes the "more engaged." When he attempts to trap Hamlet through Guildenstern and Rosencrantz Hamlet traps him; his effort to get information through Polonius results in strengthening Hamlet's suspicion of his guilt; when he tries to catch Hamlet with the players Hamlet catches him; his effort to escape by sending Hamlet to England aids Hamlet in executing vengeance; his attempt to free himself by taking Laertes partially into his confidence makes it possible for Laertes to confirm his guilt with, "the king's to blame"; the poisoned sword prepared for Hamlet is by Hamlet thrust into the king's own heart, with, "Then, venom, to thy work!" With the aid of this dramatization any student must be the better able to interpret history and life.

What is true of Shakespeare is equally and proportionately true of other masters in literature. Having followed these masters in their interpretation, we may gain two great results: a certain fruit of humanity's discovery for life becomes our permanent possession, and we acquire power to discover for ourselves in life, history, and other literature. From the masters themselves we must learn how, fruitfully, to approach the masters. Moreover, to become the genuine companion of one master is to become enriched for companionship with all masters.

5. Constant study of great literature is invaluable as an aid to clear and masterful possession of the truth. Every real student knows that there is a nice relation between the choice expression of an idea and the masterful possession of it. We study history, science, and life. Many of their great messages struggle for recognition and definition, yet continue to lie just beyond our grasp. One valuable service of the master literary artist is to assist us in coming to recognition and in making the definition. In this the function of literature is one with that of the teacher. The teacher should follow the growing thought of the student, and, just at the point where it is mature without realization and definition, give it clear and definite expression. Then the student feels that the teacher has got hold of his ideas. Great literature renders a similar service to the student. He finds in it his own ideas as they have matured in his experience.

Herein is the final and practical test of the touch of the master in a literary selection. It should speak a larger and richer message to the growing mind of the student. To the young and immature, Julius Cæsar, Macbeth, King Lear, Othello, and Hamlet are at best interesting stories, with possibly dim and confused suggestions of something more. As the student grows in power to perceive and appreciate, each successive return to the master is rewarded with the larger and richer message. The change is in the student. The glory of a Hamlet is in its power to meet and minister to the ever-changing student. This is equally true of the masterpieces of the Bible, Isaiah, the Psalms, Job, the Gospels, the Epistles, and Revelation. They are big with meaning for the big in spiritual culture. They continue to speak the larger message to the growing student. The highest economy is here found. Great literature is at once the indispensable means in the development of the power to perceive and appreciate and the constantly growing source of supply.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

The importance of the life and work of Rabindranath Tagore, known among his fellow countrymen as Rabi Babu, has not been fully appreciated by the people of the Western world. One of the reasons for this is, doubtless, that thoughtful people have grown suspicious of anything that comes from India, since so many faddists have found there a fertile field from which to acquire novel and astonishing theories about philosophy and religion. Some people have thought that the enthusiasm over Mr. Tagore is another one of these vagaries, and are wondering if he is not going to turn out to be a swami, theosophist, or some kind of quixotic enthusiast. Be assured that Tagore is no freak, and if those who are to-day feverishly excited over him are under the spell of a new fashion, it is, at least, a good one.

For some time Tagore has been regarded by many as the greatest literary genius of Hindustan, but since being awarded the Nobel Prize he has acquired an international reputation as a poet. He has a point of vantage which enables him to view some questions of international import from a broad perspective and which gives him a unique position in the world of modern literature: he is a native of Bengal, that province of the Indian Empire so fertile in men of intellectual strength and genius, and he is thus the inheritor of all the best traditions and culture of that entire peninsula, and he is a citizen of the world, having acquired the liberal education in the arts, sciences, literature, and religion which western nations have planted on the Gangetic plains. For over one hundred years these branches of learning have grown with almost the same luxuriance and productivity that is characteristic of the flora and fauna in tropical and semi-tropical climates. Here western culture has impregnated Oriental mysticism with intellectual and moral vigor and the child of these cultured influences has been growing, gradually forming a composite character which is neither Oriental, in the ordinary acceptation of that word, nor Occidental, but a new creature. Mr. Tagore is the representative poet and prophet of this new life. In the first place, as a native

of India, he is absolutely loyal to those characteristic qualities of the Hindu cast of mind which have given the people of that land their charm and the country itself a glamour of romance. I refer to their mild and gentle manners, their religious sincerity, their love of the beautiful and sublime, and their spiritual passion. These dispositions of the Hindu soul are the ones which Tagore is struggling to heighten and universalize by making them the permanent possessions of the race. There are, of course, many degradations into which the Hindu temperament has led the people of India, such as the caste system, idol worship, and countless forms of superstition, but these are extraneous to the real nature of the Hindu and, we sincerely hope, no necessary part of his otherwise fascinating qualities. Tagore himself belongs to a small sect of men who go by the name of the Brahmo Samaj. They belong to no caste, do not worship idols, and are Unitarian in their belief, so far as their ideas can be classified under any of the rough, practical, not to say crude, categories of thought which we have learned to love so well in the West. In the second place, Tagore has realized that if India is to be regenerated she must accept of help from outside nations, and in searching for the real source of power in western lands has found their strength to lie in evolution and social service, undoubtedly the most refined characteristics of our western forms of life. These two influences will be felt to pervade Tagore's entire life and work. The importance of Mr. Tagore's position, therefore, is in this fact: that in him, more than in any other of the men who since the days of Clive and Hastings have been working at the regeneration of Hindustan, we find the life of both hemispheres beginning to take shape. At least, even if we are not completely satisfied with the result, a new star has swung within the range of our vision and it fills our hearts with joy. Mr. Tagore is like a man who has seen, through a translucent medium, the light of a new day and is cautiously and courageously working toward the realization of its full splendor.

On the seashore of endless worlds children meet. The infinite sky is motionless overhead and the restless water is boisterous. On the seashore of endless worlds the children meet with shouts and dances.

The sea surges up with laughter and pale gleams the smile of the sea beach. Death-dealing waves sing meaningless ballads to the children, even like a mother while rocking her baby's cradle. The sea plays with children, and pale gleams the smile of the sea beach.

On the seashore of endless worlds children meet. Tempest roams in the pathless sky, ships get wrecked in the trackless water, death is abroad, and children play. On the seashore of endless worlds is the great meeting of children.

The most important message of Tagore to our generation is artistic and spiritual in its qualities and in its intent. His spiritual message is embodied in his religious faith, the core of his life. The supreme problem of his country, he believes, is not political, nor social, nor educational, nor economic, but religious. Tagore is really a great religious genius, and through the medium of his religious consciousness he views all the great issues which face his country. In the growth of his spiritual life he seems to have reached the point where he has accepted about everything that is Christian, but has been suspicious of the forms the Christian life has developed in the West. Too many of these forms, as expressed in the doctrines, disciplines, and ordinances of our churches, would do harm to the religious life of India, just as they have done permanent injury to the Christian life of Europe and America. Even the kind of Christian life that the missionaries are planting in India must impress him as exotic in form, since he has not openly avowed his faith in Christianity. The more progressive missionaries would doubtless agree with him that the formal aspect of the Christian faith will have to be greatly modified to meet the requirements of a country like India. Tagore could have paid no profounder compliment to the work of missions than in his appropriation of the doctrine of social service, which is the broadest, sanest, and most hopeful side of the Christian life of our age. The life of the missionary has made a stronger appeal to the heart and mind of India than the doctrinal systems he has tried to transplant from the West. That men and women should be willing to leave their home land and live on alien shores, without hope of material gain and for the good of others, is the mysterious power which, whether they know it or not, has cast a spell over the Orient. It is the strongest and most compelling message

of the church. So truly has Tagore expressed, in his poetry, the spirit of Christ, that one missionary, I am told, has given up his formal work in the church and gone into Mr. Tagore's school as a teacher that he may win his friend to an open avowal of faith in Christ. The venture is a daring one, but I suspect will not accomplish its end. The day will arrive when men like Tagore will accept Christianity, but it has not come yet. Many adjustments will have to be made, for the points of difference between the East and the West are still very strongly marked and there is no place at which the feelings, among educated men, are stronger than in the differences between the pantheistic temper of mind, on the one hand, and the spirit of personalism on the other. Tagore, because of his antecedents, is naturally strongly imbued with the pantheism of the East and will not admit that Christ is any more than one of the many emanations from the Deity, even if he may be the greatest. The strong personalistic note in the philosophy of the West leads us to that form of doctrine which exalts Christ as King of kings and Lord of lords. In this vital principle Christianity has had its power in the past. The philosophy of the Orient will have to be personalized before the people will possess the antecedent qualities of mind which can adequately accept the Christian faith in its strongest expression. The problem is more serious than we may think at first. It reaches the domain of that part of our nature which determines our lives more than any other, namely, our deeply rooted preferences for the one or the other doctrine. Argument will not solve the mystery. Time alone will tell which side will win in this as in all issues where tradition, history, and prejudice play so large a part. In the meantime we can serve humanity best by remaining loyal to our own deepest convictions while we cultivate the spirit of charity toward others, learning the meaning of those words of the great dramatist: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." The greatest problems of India will not be solved by the practical doctrinaire.

So much for all that. Let us now turn our eyes toward the future. Tagore is the prophet of the new era in Hindustan. He has caught the spirit of the age and is endeavoring to rid his own

country of its old decrepit forms, its debasing and degrading institutions, by giving it the new wine of fresh, invigorating principles. India is renewing its youth. We know what the effect of a new life was in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The influence of the Italian Renaissance was late in reaching England, but when it did arrive what an era it produced. In that age of ages in English literary history the earth and the heavens sang and the heart and mind answered; all things were possible, and no dream too wonderful to become an established fact, and the spirit of man shook off the dust of doubt and mistrust and mounted to the skies. I believe that to-day India is on the verge of some such period. If the Italian Renaissance was the awakening of intellectual and artistic life the Indian Renaissance will be the awakening of the spiritual vision; a vision more comprehensive and glorious than the world has yet seen; more far-reaching in its effects; permeating, as it will, first the civilizations of China and Japan, for India has always furnished them with spiritual principles, and thence spreading its light east and west, stirring humanity's lingering hope and enkindling ardent desires to find duties and responsibilities which are commensurate with the largest and most exalted aspirations of man. Tagore is today the literary center of the Indian Renaissance. He has caught the spirit of the vision splendid and is heroically making his way, with undaunted hope, through many apparently hopeless situations. It was years ago that the vision first came to him. It arose from the depths of his own nature, as truly great visions always must, and became the absorbing passion of his life. There were no outlines clearly marked, but his soul was stirred by certain premonitions, certain suggestions from the external world and, above all, from that divine gift of prophecy which sets aside the sayings of the genius from the commonplace platitudes of the political time-server, the religious doctrinaire, or the literary fine artist. Tagore himself tells us the how, when, where of the vision:

> It was morning, I was watching the sunrise in Free School Street. A veil was suddenly drawn and everything I saw became luminous. The whole scene was one perfect music, one marvelous rhythm. The house in the street, the children playing, all seemed part of one luminous whole, inexpressibly glorious. The vision went on for seven or eight days. Every-

one, even those who loved me, seemed to lose their outer barrier of personality, and I was full of gladness, full of love for every person and every tiniest thing. That morning in the Free School Street was one of the first things that gave me the wider vision, and I have tried to explain it in my poems. I have felt ever since that this is my goal in life, to explain the fullness of life in its beauty as perfection.

Nothing has swerved Tagore from his fidelity to this vision in Free School Street. It was love which gripped his affections and permeated his life. His symposium, which you may read in his collection of essays called Saddhana, will stand side by side with Plato's or Dante's. There, in clear limpid lines, he protests against the crude attitude of the materialized men of the world toward their brothers and shows how the greatest ideals can only be realized in love. It is the one passion which can open the heart to the beauties and harmonies of the world. It will give wings to the intellect and it gives permanence and depth to our aspirations. This emotion is what controls Tagore's whole philosophy of life and illuminates his mind to the problem of evil. I remember a day in the spring of the year 1913. There were some problems in the parish that seemed to me hopelessly muddled and I had decided that the perversities of human nature were beyond reclamation. Such dispositions of mind are likely to leave a stain behind, and when brooded over have made men pessimists, will account for many premature resignations, and certainly will embitter the springs of life. By chance I picked up the Hibbert Journal and saw there an article on the Problem of Evil, by Rabindranath Tagore. My mental state was prime for just such a discussion. But what was my surprise when I noticed that as I read I began to hear the birds singing in the trees outside my study window. They were sparrows, but they sounded like nightingales. I had discovered that everything is not going to turn into dust and ashes, that sins and complications are not the permanent facts or conditions of life. Their very nature is such that, if you give them room, they will destroy themselves or eat themselves up, as the monster in the old legend is said to have eaten her children as fast as they were born. The permanent part of man is his infinite hope. Says Tagore:

When we select for observation a limited area of our activities our

individual failures and miseries loom large in our minds; but our hope leads us instinctively to take a wider view. It gives us an ideal of perfection which even carries us beyond our present limitations. Within us we have a hope which always walks in front of our present narrow experience; it is the undying faith in the infinite in us; it will never accept any of our disabilities as a permanent fact; it sets no limit to its own scope; it dares to assert that man has oneness with God, and its wild dreams become true every day.

There seem to be no discouragements that this supreme optimist of our generation will let stand in his presence. His mind and heart are like the sun when it dissolves clouds and mists and, absorbing the particles of pernicious germs from the oceans of human experience, will purify the waters and send them back in April showers to moisten the earth and fructify the herbs, plants, and trees. We are always in need of such men, men who can stand serene amid the fermentations of life, and who are so sure of themselves that they impart an added dignity to the human personality.

We have referred to the new life in India. The permanent significance of it is in its power to awaken a strong sense of the infinite. Whenever social groups, such as nations, social classes, institutions, or old established customs and manners, are undergoing a change, or some great upheaval takes place which promises suddenly to abolish old hated forms and initiate new and inspiring ones, men feel the sense of the infinite stirring within them. The spirit of man sinks under the pressure of tyrannical habits and ancient lifeless laws and customs which close the doors of opportunity and grind men smooth, into set forms. It is with great rejoicing, therefore, that we see the morning star of a new day. It was so in the days of the Renaissance, it was so in the days of the French Revolution, it is so to-day among some people with reference to the modern maelstrom sweeping over Europe. Keats expressed the spirit of the Renaissance:

> "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
> When a new planet swims into his ken;
> Or like stout Cortes when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
> Gazed at each other with a wild surmise
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

Wordsworth expressed this new hope at the time of the French Revolution:

> "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very heaven."

Tagore feels the same spirit and expresses it thus:

> Nature shut her hand and laughingly asked every day: "What have I got inside?" and nothing seemed impossible.

Such experiences constitute the really great moments in our lives as they do in a nation's. At these times our destiny is determined, when we are keyed up to do our best work and when men will recklessly fling away their lives in the championship of a great cause. To get near Tagore is to feel the power of a strong personality, to touch the hem of his garment is to feel the growing force and momentum of an empire swinging into the horizon of world affairs and casting its magic spell over a world awaiting some sign of the ever-abiding presence of the spirit of God.

George Avery Neeld

GEORGE BORROW: A LITERARY ESAU

This article is written for people who perhaps have not read Dr. Knapp's Life of Borrow, much less any of the books written by Borrow. But if you belong to this large group you are in an enviable state—because a great pleasure is still in store for you.

It is a small wonder that so few know anything worth while about him. When he died, in 1881, he was practically a forgotten man. His last work of importance, Wild Wales, had been published nineteen years before and the clamor which Lavengro and the Romany Rye had roused had long since died away. A third of a century has passed since his death and Borrow still fills an obscure corner of a certain well-known history of literature from which he may some day come forth into the light. Fifty years have passed since his best books were written, and a half century is time sufficient for a reputation to be made; yes, time for a reputation to be made and lost again. The critics have not yet done full justice to Borrow. The Dictionary of National Biography is so inaccurate in its statements concerning his life and works that it records his death as taking place in August, 1881, when in reality he died July 26. Dr. Knapp's is the first authentic life, but he writes as an advocate and not as a judge. True, there is something romantic in Dr. Knapp's almost life-long devotion, but even his indefatigable and pious labors are not final. He is too prosaic. At many points he is too reticent. We still wait for some one to give us a biography with our questions answered. We want to know who Isopel Berners was? Did Borrow ever meet her again? Was Borrow mad? What about that "veiled period" in his life? Did he take sincere interest in the work of the Bible Society or was he a hypocrite? These and a score of other questions are yet being asked by students of this unique literary character. George Borrow and His Circle, by Clement King Shorter, recently published, gives us many hitherto unpublished letters, but in the mass of manuscripts, the amount of unused note-book materials, and the letters written by or to Borrow, true

Borrovians are eagerly anticipating a correct and adequate life study of our "cherished and most respectful Borrow."

Ask the layman of literature what he knows about Borrow and he probably has a clouded thought of him as a writer about gypsies. Then he holds a sort of vague impression that he was a sort of colporteur also, a kind of peripatetic lay evangelist who scattered Bibles among the gypsies.

His ancestry, as he says himself, was Cornish and French, and on his mother's side he was descended from a Huguenot family. With many other Borrovians I too have been on pilgrimage to Norfolk, his native country, for he was born at East Dereham in 1803. Borrow designates his country as the one in which the people eat the best dumplings in the world and speak the purest English. The house in which he later lived is still standing in Norwich, and lovers of Borrow will be glad to learn that a movement is under way for doing justice to his memory in his home city. In July, 1913, the Lord Mayor presented to that ancient and beautiful city the deed of conveyance of the little house in which Borrow lived, and here admiring friends are transforming the house of his childhood home into a Borrow Museum. Norwich, by the way, is one of the most interesting cities in Europe.

Borrow's father was a fine old soldier and saw service through the eventful years of Trafalgar, the Peninsular War, and Waterloo. Hence the youth's life was spent in barracks, as with his father he traveled from place to place. Well aware of his son's youthful idiosynerasies, the father writes:

> The boy had the impertinence to say the classics were much overvalued, and among other things that some horrid fellow or other, some Welshman, I think (thank God it was not an Irishman), was a better poet than Ovid. That a boy of his age should entertain an opinion of his own, I mean one which militates against all established authority, is astonishing. As well might a raw recruit pretend to offer an unfavorable opinion on the manual and platoon exercise. The idea is preposterous; the lad is too independent by half.

Borrow's account of his father's death is a highly affecting piece of English. Ironical humor blends with pathos in his picture of his father—an ill-rewarded old disciplinarian who combined a

tenderness of heart with a fondness for military life. Writing of his Sabbaths Borrow gives an illuminating glimpse into his home:

> I thought of the early Sabbaths of my life, and the manner in which I was wont to pass them. How carefully I said my prayers when I got up on the Sabbath morning, and how carefully I combed my hair and brushed my clothes, in order that I might do credit to the Sabbath day. I thought of the old church at pretty D———, the dignified rector, and yet more dignified clerk. I thought of England's grand liturgy, I thought of the Holy Book, portions of which I was in the habit of reading between services. . . . How glad I was when I got over the Sabbath day without having done anything to profane it. And how solidly I slept on the Sabbath night, after the toil of being good throughout the day. And when I had mused on these times a long while, I sighed, and said to myself, I am much altered since then; am I altered for the better?

We must come to think of Borrow as being naturally taciturn in early life. He was of a somber disposition. He was highly introspective. He could never laugh, but was a prey to melancholy. One spring day in 1825 he passed the night in the open air in a Shropshire dell and enters upon a new life, the vagrant life. From that night his passion for the wind on the heath never died. He was evermore a veritable Esau, and when he becomes a man of literature fresh air will resistlessly sweep through every page. Of Borrow's family life we have excellent and cheering accounts. When he first met his wife, in 1832, he was twenty-nine years of age and she a widow of thirty-six. Some three years after they were married and Borrow went to live with her at Oulton, where she owned a small estate. Mrs. Borrow had four hundred and fifty pounds a year, and she was clever, affectionate, and sympathetic. She was the strong pillar that held up the household and when she died Borrow was brokenhearted. Things never were quite so well after her departure.

This man, with a passion for the earth, was a student in many strange schools and had numerous and as strange teachers. The gossoon Murtagh taught him Irish in return for a pack of cards, at a time, too, when Irish was despised by all educated persons. Ambrose Petulengro, a gypsy, taught him the Romany or gypsy language. From a refugee priest, D'Eterville, of Caen, he learned French and Italian. He was apprenticed to law but came far

from mastering Blackstone. Welsh, which he studied while he should have been applying himself to law, he mastered with greater ease and more pleasure than law. His legal career was consigned to an early grave by his greater interest in languages. Taylor of Norwich was his teacher of German. An old Danish book, which was a present to him, aroused his interest in the literature of the Scandinavian north. At eighteen he knew twelve languages and by mid-manhood he had a sort of acquaintance with about twenty different tongues.

In 1824 he began a period of hard work as an author in London. Some two years after, reduced to desperate straits after a quarrel with his publisher, he wrote the History of Joseph Sell in a week, or less, and sold it, when his last penny was gone, for twenty pounds. Then Borrow left London. He traveled through England, as related in Lavengro. It is not possible to disengage truth from fiction in it, but the incidents are in the main true. Then came a period of seven years, from 1826 to 1833, which are known as the "veiled period" of his life. He lived chiefly in London or in Norwich, but how, we shall perhaps never know. He speaks of himself at that period as "digging holes in the sand and filling them up again." In 1833 John died, his only brother, and George went to Russia as an agent for the Bible Society. After two years in Russia he was transferred to Spain, still on the Society's business. Returning to England in 1840, the remaining years of his life were spent in his native country with an occasional visit to Wales and Ireland. His first and least finished work, The Gypsies of Spain, was published in 1841. It was far from a great book, yet it brought Borrow's name before the public and had value, for it included some personal experiences which Borrow always told well. One year later The Bible in Spain (the most ill-advised title that a well-written book ever labored under) was published and Borrow was immediately famous.

Concerning Borrow's meeting with "glorious John Murray," who published this work, he wrote:

> I have often heard of one Glorious John, who lived in the western end of the town; on consulting Taggart, he told me that possibly Glorious John would publish my ballads and Ab Gwilym [a Welsh poet translated by

Borrow]. "This is," said he, taking a pinch of snuff, "provided you can see him." So I went to the house where Glorious John resided, and a glorious house it was, but I could not see Glorious John. I called a dozen times but I never could see Glorious John. Twenty years after, by the greatest chance in the world, I saw Glorious John, and sure enough Glorious John published my books, but they were different books from the first; I never offered my ballads or Ab Gwilym to Glorious John. Glorious John was no snuff taker. He asked me to dinner and treated me with superb Rhenish wine. Glorious John is now gone to his rest, but I—what was I going to say?—the world will never forget Glorious John.

Lavengro was published in 1851. This book, which in the manuscript is one with Romany Rye, was meant as an autobiography. Lavengro having ended abruptly Borrow took up the tale where he had left it off, and though he kept his admirers on the tenterhooks for six years, did at last, in 1857, give the world Romany Rye, the second of the powerful and original autobiographical volumes. Lavengro received hardly any praise. Criticism must have been at a low ebb in England and sweet reasonableness at a discount. The reviewers asked for facts and denounced Borrow's fiction. But in spite of the "foaming vipers," as Borrow styles his critics, Lavengro's roots struck deep into the solid of English literature. Half a century after its publication Dr. Jessopp wrote:

> The personages in this inimitable book are not merely snap-shots, they are living pictures; and, more than that, the people are moving about mid fluttering leaves and flickering sunlight and waves of shadow and rippling brooks. One never misses the color of the landscape or the sound of the voices. Moreover the characters, though we feel that they have never come within the range of our experience, yet did actually live and move and talk as they are represented; but we know, too, that such characters have passed away from our earth—improved off the face of it—and we regret in spite of ourselves that these gypsies are gone. The rogues will never come back! A feeling of disappointment is apt to come over us as we read, and we are ready to stop and ask angrily, "Why can't we drop in among the tents and see a Ursula or a Pakomovna, and have our fortunes told as of yore? And we know that it cannot be, and that the Romany Rye is a being who lived and moved in a different age from ours, as different as the age of Hector and Achilles, when warriors fought in their chariots round the walls of Troy. We go on to confess to ourselves that we must be content with hearing about all the strange experience of the Romany Rye at second-hand, and since it must be so we shall do well to surrender ourselves to such a magician as this and make the best of it. . . .

When Lavengro was ready for publication Borrow wrote to Murray that the book was a "kind of biography in the Robinson Crusoe style." In fact all Borrow's books are more or less autobiographical. There are those which truly give a life size representation of himself as he was, and those which take the form and tone of romance and only give glimpses of Borrow, but his various books reveal a Rembrandtian effort to portray the author in a hundred different ways. While he places his own experiences at the center of his writings he has other vast storehouses from which he draws materials. He was always at his ease with laborers, tramps, peddlers, or gypsies. From them he was sure to receive respect and liking, and his genial vanity was always pleased to be admired. His gift of winning the hearts of unfashionable people was unrivaled, and with them his tact was never at fault. No one knew better than he what was at the bottom of common men's hearts. Then no one else was so gentle. Whether he met with a Greek, Jew, Irishman, Frenchman, Gypsy, Arab, or Italian, he could discourse with all in their own tongue, draw them out on their favorite subjects and humor their foibles. The gypsies furnished Borrow a seemingly inexhaustible storehouse of materials. He wrote of their language, of their habits of life and thought. In fact, until Borrow wrote the gypsy was comparatively unknown. His language was supposed to be thieves' slang, and Bamfylde Moore Carew, the vagabond who dubbed himself "king of the gypsies," was regarded as a gypsy hero. It was Borrow who first taught the public that gypsies were a national community with a real language, and not a merely motley horde of vagabonds speaking the jargon of the prisons and the low haunts of town. Borrow draws generously from gypsy life. Isopel Berners is a character well worth studying. Professor Saintsbury speaks of "the miraculous episode of Isopel Berners." Jasper Petulengro is a unique character. His shrewdness, humor, satire, and roguery could be matched only by Shakespeare or Molière.

Borrow's indifference to the literature of his own time might be termed brutal. His intellectual self-sufficiency was worthy of a Macaulay. He pronounced Scott's Woodstock "trashy," and generally disliked Scott, perhaps for his easy tolerance of Papists.

He had the utmost suspicion of literary models and refused to worship the regnant literary idols. He was as proud of his prejudices and peculiarities as he was of his gifts. With such a disposition it was perfectly natural that the critical billows should break over him. He openly asserted his superiority to literary models, yet it is evident that from the storehouse of other men's work he drew much that aided him. Profoundest of all, perhaps, is the influence of Defoe, of whose power of intense realization, exhibited in the best parts of Robinson Crusoe, we get a fine counterpart amid the outcasts in Mumper's Lane. Fielding Borrow admired, but more, as it would seem, as the author of Amelia than of Tom Jones. Smollett was superficially nearer to him, but there is a refinement in Borrow which is absent in the eighteenth century novelist. Here and there then throughout his works we find unmistakable streaks of Defoe, Dickens, and Sterne. On other pages we find these all fused into one man. He drew from other than English storehouses. Le Sage immediately comes to our remembrance. There is also the influence of Cervantes and his successors in the picaresque school.

In our title we call Borrow "a literary Esau." Such he was in his personal habits and disposition; a nomad, a true adventurer. He loved to picture gypsies because they represented the chief features of his own character: its independence of ordinary forms of thought and its love of unchartered freedom. He takes pleasure in assuring us that he always humbugs. Of course, in his dislike of what he supposed to be humbug he rushed into controversy with his critics and even quarreled with his friends. He was a good hater. His antipathies seemed to be stronger than his sympathies. He knew nothing of the beauty and duty of forgiveness. Thus he became intolerant toward all Scotchmen, all Spaniards, all Roman Catholics, all Germans, and even German literature. His humor, his melancholy, his energy, were strongly defined. Often he was "as melancholy as a gibcat." He had to the full the reserved, fierce, and haughty temperament that is characteristic of genius. He loved the society of those who were not in all ways respectable, but from end to end of his adventurous days, often spent in dire poverty, his honor was never stained. It

is a great thing to say that in all his writings there is not a thought, a fancy, or an allusion which might not fall like sunlight on the innocent eyes of a child. He constantly traveled by the edge of the precipice, but with swift, sure, and elastic step.

He is rapidly being considered one of the most original and precious of all English writers. He is the head and chief of the picaresque school. It might not be too bold to say that he is the one true poet of them all. As Henley remarks, with admirable insight and perfect truth: "Circumstantial as Defoe, rich in combinations as Le Sage, and with such an instinct of the picturesque, both personal and local, as none of them possessed, this strange, wild man holds on his strange, wild way and leads you captive to the end." No critic would call his narrative powers into question. There are hardly any women in his works, there is little of tracing the growth of ideas in any mind but his own, but action, not thought, attracts him, and the creation of Isopel Berners argues against his inability to depict womanhood. Anyway, an author is judged not by what he fails to see but by what he does see. It is perhaps as a stylist that Borrow will finally be judged. He shall forever stand in a small and select company of masters of English prose. His style is more than a model of pure English, more than attractive and original. It is inimitable.

But Borrow's material is also meritorious. When the chaff of his life work is blown to the winds no small quantity of grain will remain on the threshing floor.

Grant Ogman Beck.

A MIRACLE IN LITERATURE

In addition to the great wealth of testimony as to the internal and historical credibility of the four Gospels, which the patient investigations of years have placed in possession of the universal church, the passionless style of the writers forms a theme rich in its suggestiveness as corroborative evidence of truthfulness of the marvelous story which it is the prime purpose of those documents to set before us. In this fourfold delineation of the Lord's life and ministry on earth, we have hung before us the picture of the most sovereign personality that time has ever seen, or that the great procession of all coming years will ever reveal.

It is felt and acknowledged by many in quarters not in anywise evangelical, that all the possibilities of the dawning future will never equal the character of that being whose colossal form crossed the world's horizon nearly nineteen hundred years ago. The convictions, the faith, the hopes, and the Christian character, conduct, and activities of untold millions have been created and sustained by those New Testament books, and all true conceptions of the Redeemer and his work owe their existence principally to the divine portrait as it shines out on the immortal canvas of the gospel story. These documents in a very important sense have made Christendom a great historical actuality, and in some respects a standing and astounding miracle. Without such records it is difficult, if not impossible, to discover how the mission of Christ could have been effectually perpetuated through the succeeding centuries, or how the work of redemption in all its beneficent relations and designs could have become a realized fact and force in human history and life. It is readily admitted that for a comparatively brief period a church might exist and could exist without authoritative documents, but with the passing of a couple of generations the need, the absolute need for authoritative records was anticipated and provided for, hence the fourfold wondrous story and the other documents which constitute the New Testament collection. The outstanding and overshadowing fact is that

so truly and objectively did the four men perform the task of drawing the picture of Jesus, as he lived and taught during those three potential years, that all subsequent generations have gazed upon that picture, hanging as it does in the very center of the world, with unmeasured admiration, deepening wonder, and imperishable devotion. It may truly be affirmed, with an ever-increasing emphasis, that Christianity is transmitted to us by this infinitely precious collection of sacred writings and that the greatest gift of the apostolic church to Christianity of all time is the literature constituting the four Gospels.

One feature to which special attention is now directed is the *manner* in which the evangelists set down the various items which make up the records as we find them to-day. While the four gospel documents bear within themselves an account of the appearance on earth of the most wonderful personality that has ever come within the limits of this world's history, and a record of the most transcendent scenes that men have ever witnessed, the perfect composure of the penmen and the almost statuesque calmness of the several writers is a feature that demands more attention than it has hitherto received. Whatever of emotion, of wonder, of agitation, of admiration, or of indignation, as the case may be, filled their hearts—and we know the four authors could not but share in all these experiences—they kept themselves under marvelous control when they came to put down in writing that story which has so moved and revolutionized the world. The Saviour's advent, his peerless character, his deeds of unexampled mercy and power, his matchless teachings, his sufferings, death, resurrection, and ascension are all recorded, but no word of comment comes from the men who wrote the record. Narratives are these which tell of the crisis of ages, the supreme tragedy of history, in the sacrifice of Jesus, and yet we find those narratives, so far as the writers are concerned, entirely free from exclamations or outbursts of feeling of any kind. No rapture of expression of victory or defeat, no rage, or heat, or tears, no astonishment or wailing do those gospel penmen ever once manifest. The whole recital is amazingly unemotional, and the record, without one sob, or angry word, or ringing cheer, or hysterical expression, is left to produce

its own effect. In view of nearly twice ten hundred years of historical testimony and achievement, who dares to say that the outcome of this fourfold gospel story has not gone far beyond the original writers' fondest imagination or most brilliant or ambitious dreams? For this almost scientific placidity in its gospel penmen, under such exciting circumstances, we cannot be too grateful, because in it we find the complete and unanswerable argument against any who should say that those narratives were written by excited men, with heated imaginations, carried away by their feelings; the clearness of their intellectual conceptions having been dimmed by emotional mists, groundless fancies, and unsubstantial and delusive dreams. The visionary explanation of the Christian scheme has been laid in its grave, having utterly broken down beneath the force and strain of increasing investigation and indisputable fact.

How comes it that these lowly men of Palestine, these few Oriental souls, knowing little of the extent of the world or the political power of the Cæsars, and little or nothing of the most elementary philosophy or of the laws of the universe, and with the slightest training in the realm of literature, should in such a wonderful manner have succeeded in enshrining in the written page the memorials which have mastered and in many ways overturned and regenerated the world? When we remember that it is through the recorded recollections in the Gospels that Jesus has been revealed to men, and the perpetuation of his life and mission upon this earth has been made possible and secure, we are forced to the conclusion that in the portrayal or reproduction of this sinless, sovereign character these humble, unpretentious penmen were directed, illumined, inspired by a power not their own. How is it that men unknown to fame in their own day, absolutely ignored by every circle of human distinction, and with no purpose or ambition of their own to fill any great place in any illustrious arena or temple of the world, should by their work in the gospel records have placed on the world's broad table its most precious and most enduring literature; a literature which was to stir the human mind as no other ever has, and with an authority all its own to guide and fashion the faith, hopes, and conduct of hu-

manity until time should be no more! It is an arousing and amazing fact, and one calculated to stir the dullest mind, that when nearly twenty centuries of change have done their work these records are still challenging the attention of the world, and in some five hundred languages and dialects are reciting the wondrous story which those obscure penmen of Palestine committed to writing. Men outside the Christian church have not hesitated to bear testimony to the unique character of the great picture drawn by the gospel writers, and to the historical reality of that supreme Personality thus painted by those untrained hands. John Stuart Mill, whose testimony on such matters carries the greatest weight, says: "Who among the disciples of Jesus or among their proselytes was capable of inventing these sayings ascribed to Jesus, or of imagining the life and character revealed in the Gospels? Certainly not the fishermen of Galilee." Rousseau says: "The gospel has marks of truth so great, so striking, so perfectly inimitable, that the inventor of it would be more astonishing than the hero." Again he remarks: "It would be more incredible for a number of men to fabricate such a book than that it should contain the account of a real life. No Jewish writers assumed the tone, none expressed the morality of the gospel." Rev. Henry van Dyke, in his address on "Christianity and Current Literature" at the Pan-Presbyterian Council in London in 1904, said: "And most of all the central figure, the Christ himself, long expected, suddenly revealed, seen but for a moment, imperishably remembered, trusted and adored, stands out forever in the simple words of a few brief chapters, the clearest, most enduring, most potent personality in the world's history." Not long since Professor G. Frederick Wright said: "The picture of Jesus Christ, which still rivets the gaze of suffering humanity, was painted by the fishermen of Galilee upon the canvas of the universe nineteen hundred years ago. No man has touched that picture but to mar it. It is its own best evidence. There is nothing in the picture that may not be true. There is everything in it to prove it true. It is too beautiful not to be true. It is far more credible that such a life as that of Jesus was actually lived on earth than that such a story was produced by the combined imagination of a dozen men. The production of such an impres-

sion as has been made upon the world by the literature of the New Testament is one of the greatest miracles in history."

In conclusion, it may be affirmed, with all the force and emphasis of an ever-deepening certainty, that the supernatural element in the personality of Christ and the supernatural element in the presentation of that personality through the gospel records are facts which refuse to be laid aside in this discussion by any critical or indifferent hands. Dr. Robertson Nicoll in a recent editorial in the British Weekly put the matter most conclusively as follows: "In handling the gospel history there is one outstanding fact which must be more frankly faced by critics, believing and unbelieving. The life of Christ in this world was a miracle, but the *record* is a miracle also. The *story* of a perfect life is as much a miracle in literature as the perfect life itself is a miracle in humanity."

William Harrison.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

SHALL WE LEAVE WESLEY FOR RITSCHL?[1]

PLACING the names of Wesley and Ritschl in juxtaposition might be unjust to both—not only as to the time in which they lived (Ritschl was born thirty-one years after Wesley died), but their whole equipment, motive, and mission were different. While Wesley was an educated man, and an accomplished linguist, he was not a scientifically trained theologian, nor did he profess to be. He was a practical reformer, an evangelist, a religious leader, and he became a theologian (so far as he was one) as a secondary result of his mission, not at all as the inner impulse of his being. Ritschl was a theologian and theological teacher pure and simple; nothing more, nothing less. As such he received the usual education of a German expert in the theological departments of different German universities (Bonn and Halle) and immediately became a theological professor (Bonn, 1846-64, Göttingen, 1864-89), and so continued to the end of his life, in 1889. It is acknowledged on all hands that he was one of the ablest and acutest theologians in the history of the world. While his chair was systematic theology, like all Germans in this department he was thoroughly at home in historical and exegetical theology. When he prepared his great book on Reconciliation and Justification he devoted one volume to the history of the doctrines, another to the exegesis of the biblical basis, and only the third volume to the exposition of the doctrine itself and of related doctrines. His first three books were in historical theology and the last of these three, Die Enstehung der altakatholischen Kirche, 1850, 2nd ed., much revised and enlarged, 1857, and though it is out of print and expensive (as I found when I bought it) it remains one of the greatest books in Christian history of the nineteenth century. It is nothing against Wesley that he had little of this masterly equipment. First, he was born in a church which has never been famous for its theologians. The men

[1] By Professor John Alfred Faulkner, D.D., Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, New Jersey.

of this type in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in England were Puritans, and they were cast out by an intolerant Anglicanism. Besides, the Church of England was such a theologically inchoate, Janus-faced, comprehensive affair, and so nearly allied to the state and controlled by it, that there were few stimulants to the growth of theologians. Then, there was no one man at the birth of the Church who, like Luther, worked as a driving impulse to the study of theology. Luther was not himself a scientific theologian, but his theological influence was most impelling. In fact I am inclined to believe that between the death of Saint John and the birth of Wesley there is no man whose influence theologically has been so fructifying. He had, too, by his side a man whose mental training and scientific apparatus for systematic theology were unsurpassed, and who, therefore, supplemented Luther in this field. No such men appeared at the beginning of the English reformation. I dare say one single university in a little German out-of-the-way town produced more theologians in a hundred years than all the schools in England in three hundred. Second, Wesley's interest in theology was practical, not scientific. His genius was missionary and reforming, not intellectual. One can't be both a theological professor and an itinerant evangelist. Third, he did not have a theological education. I think all the theological professorships in Oxford post-dated Wesley.

But I do not mean by all this that Wesley had no interest in theological truth, did not seek for it, or did not attain it. Just the contrary. Probably there was no man in his day who was more keenly alive to religious truth than was Wesley, or more insistent in pursuing and publishing it. His well-known utterances about the catholic terms of admittance into his societies—absence of almost all theological tests—have led some to think that he was indifferent to theological correctness. One does not need to read his Journals or other writings long to be disabused of that impression. His first Conferences were taken up with theological discussions. His sermons were largely theological, and many of them he published immediately, either separately or together, as he later made them tests of the soundness of his preachers. He read diligently theological books, and wrote books himself to refute theological errors. And those who remember the words of the Lord about hiding these things from the wise and prudent and revealing them unto babes need not be reminded of the fact that it is quite possible for an earnest seeker for the truth like Wesley to find it, when learned theologians like Melanchthon and Ritschl miss

it. Besides, Christ said, "He that willeth to do the will shall know of the teaching," and certainly no one strove to do that will more strenuously and longer than Wesley. We need not assume therefore that the poorly equipped (scientifically) Wesley failed in his grasp of Christianity, and has to be corrected in essentials by the richly equipped Ritschl.

But why do you bring Wesley and Ritschl together? For the best of reasons. The latter is threatening to drive the former out of business. That is, since about 1880-1890 the ideas of Ritschl have been slowly penetrating English-speaking lands and modifying former beliefs. His books and those of his disciples have been translated, earnest propagandists have defended his views in pamphlet, article, and book, others have taken them up and reshaped them, so that there can be no doubt that one cause for the tremendous liberalizing influence which in the last twenty-five years has wrought a sea-change in the beliefs of evangelical ministers has been the trend which has gone forth from the potent name of Ritschl. Not only so, but theological seminaries in America are filled with professors who have either sat in the Ritschlian lecture rooms in Berlin, Marburg, Göttingen, etc., and have come back devotees of the faith, or have imbibed at Ritschlian springs nearer home. Now as, in my humble judgment, a thorough carrying out of Ritschl's principles would emasculate evangelical Christianity, especially the Methodist branch of it, it is not without reason that I have asked the question, Shall we leave Wesley for Ritschl?

What, then, did Ritschl teach? And here I have to say that, although I have read hundreds of pages in Ritschl's own writings and in those of both his German and English expositors, I find it difficult to understand him. Nor am I alone in this. His own style is not at all clear; neither his sentences nor his ideas are lucid. His expositors are at sea. You read Professor Swing, and Ritschl is evangelically sound, thoroughly Christian; apparently the first truly Christian theologian that God ever made.[1] You read the late Professor Orr, and in all his main teachings he is one of the most subtly dangerous teachers of modern times.[2] You read Hermann, and you find him a great and noble Christian teacher,[3] Dieckhoff, and it runs, "The break of the theology of Ritschl with the faith of the Church is a

[1] The Theology of Albrecht Ritschl, New York and London, 1901.
[2] The Ritschlian Theology and the Evangelical Faith, London, 1899; Ritschlianism Expository and Critical Essays, London, 1903.
[3] *Der Evangelische Glaube in die Theologie Albrecht Ritschl*, Marburg, 1890, 31 pages; The Communion of the Christian with God, Edinburgh.

radical one."[1] You read Garvie's able book,[2] you are left swinging in the air—Ritschl is largely right and largely wrong. Between Ritschl's own obscurity and long-drawn-out definings and the opposing interpretations of commentators and opinions of counsel you are at a loss to know whether he is a new god in Olympus or an adversary who has come among the sons of Elohim to accuse the theologians. One says that Ritschl believes in the incarnation and the divinity of Christ, another that he does not. One affirms that his theory of value judgments is one of the happiest discoveries in theology, another that it undermines the faith. Some claim that his throwing out what he calls metaphysics from theology is the best advance since Luther, whom he follows in this, and others rejoin that he throws out a true metaphysics and keeps a false one, while Kähler takes a middle ground: "It is all right that Ritschl threw out metaphysics if he had not also thrown out with it so much of truth." That is, he cast out the child with the bath. Most of those who do not follow Ritschl have welcomed his emphasis on the Kingdom of God, but Lemme in his able pamphlet says that his idea of the Kingdom is not that of the Gospel, but of Kant.[3] Amid these contrary voices let us try to get hold of Ritschl's teachings, especially on those cardinal doctrines which were the heart of Wesley and the driving forces of his movement. That movement was soteriological, not in the first place theological in the strict sense. It came round to God and Christ and Spirit by way of salvation. Speaking historically, Wesley and his coworkers first saw the lost state of England; sin everywhere, even in the Church, and especially among depraved peoples. And it was damnable, here and hereafter. Who can save? Christ only. Who is Christ? The eternal Son of God. Why can he save? Because, being thus essentially divine, he came among men to save, and did save them all, in possibility, by laying down his life for them, and thus paying a ransom for them to the everlasting holiness which they had outraged. How can he save? By their faith in him as Saviour. How far can he save? To the uttermost as to the worst sinners and to the uttermost as to the completeness of the salvation. How do the saved show themselves as saved? By a holy life—of devotion and love to Christ and service to men—of self-denial, evangelistic zeal in saving others—Christian work and social enthusiasms. How do they know themselves saved? Be-

[1] *Die Menschwerdung des Sohnes Gottes: ein Votum über die Theologie Ritschls*, Leipzig, 1882, pp. 15, 16.
[2] The Ritschlian Theology Critical and Constructive, Edinburgh, 1900, 2d rev. and enl. ed., 1901.
[3] Lemme, *Die Prinzipien der Ritschlschen Theologie und ihr Werth*, Bonn, 1891, pp. 44-15, 49.

cause the Holy Spirit witnesses to their spirits that they are the children of God. Let this suffice. These were the characteristic, the central, things of Methodism.

Now let us see how Ritschl takes these things.

Ritschl does not proceed from sin, but from weakness or dependence. The great thing to save a man from is not sin, but limitation. Man needs to be elevated over the world as a part of a divine Kingdom. "The idea of God, and the world-view conformable to it," he says, "has everywhere this significance: to help man over the contrast between his natural position and his spiritual self-feeling and to secure him an elevation or freedom over the world and the usual intercourse with it." When man feels his dependence upon God he gets his free self-determination in detachment from the world. To do this he must have faith; but this faith is not trust in Christ for salvation, but is impulse, or power, will, and then representation or imagination. There is no such thing as a fundamental racial weakness or sin. Of course there are individual sins, and if a man holds out finally, in deliberate preference to sin rather than God, he will be blotted out, but there is no wrath of God against sin. In the Methodist sense there is no such thing as salvation in Ritschl; the word or the thing hardly occurs in his writings. Forgiveness occurs, and it means so bringing home to a man the fact that God loves him that, unburdened of any feeling of guilt, he may mount up to an independent position in the Kingdom of God. Justification occurs, but it means the same as forgiveness, namely, a creative act of God's will, a synthetic judgment that God, in his love for man and for the final object of his Kingdom, in which he wants man's cooperation, steps in to forgive man as a pure act of will, and for the exercise of that act there is nothing either in sin, in God's nature, or in man's feeling of guilt that interposes any obstacle.[1] It is not necessary to say that, with this doctrine of sin and salvation, not only would Methodism never have been heard of, but Christianity likewise. You cannot conceive of an evangel without a vital message as to sin and salvation, and if you could such an evangel would be worthless—worthless because it does not fit the facts of life. There is sin as guilt and as damnable, and there is salvation as a cleansing tide which, by faith in Christ alone, on the background of Calvary, brings the sinner into communion with God.

[1] See Mielke, *Das System Albrecht Ritschl's dargestellt, nicht Kritisirt*, Bonn, 1894, p. 33. See *Unterricht*, §35, *Recht.* und V. iii, §16.

Christ alone. Ritschl had a high opinion of Christ. He repeatedly refers to him as divine, and speaks of his divinity. In this sense he undoubtedly worked as a conservative force in Germany. Christ mediates—and he alone—God to us. He is the perfect and final revelation of God. If even another should come as great as he he would not be as great, because he would be after Christ in time and thus, in a sense, dependent on him. God has given him rulership over the world, and he reigns in glory now. For all believers he has the value of God, and though he is not God, nor the eternal Son of God, he may be worshiped. As to his preexistence we know nothing at all. All we know is his temporal existence, and it is beyond our province to say anything about his relation to the being of God. We don't know anything about God's nature except that he is grace and love and lord, and as we see these in Christ we may know him as God, and especially as he has been called by God as the final end of his Kingdom, and as he carried out that calling with perfect self-devotion and mastery of the world. He overcame everything and turned everything as a means to his glory. And thus he works to-day upon the Christian society, and for that society exercises a world lordship. We therefore can predicate divinity (*Gottheit*) of him. In doing this the two significances of Christ, as the perfect revealer of God and the revealed original pattern of spiritual world-rule, are brought together. That is all we can say of Christ. When we declare that there is in God a Trinity, that Christ is essentially one with the Father, that he existed with him in eternity, we go beyond our knowledge. His preexistence is simply ideal in the mind of God, and thus eternally existing for God but not really existing in the being of God. He is, of course, the founder and lord of the Christian society. He alone—that is, the revealed love of God in him—gives to every member of the society the impulse to love which enables him to act consistently with the final end of the Kingdom of God. Ritschl did not affirm or deny the miraculous birth.

Now in a country where rationalistic principles are constantly minimizing the supernatural elements of Christianity this view is heartily to be welcomed. It saves a divine Christ for many. But for those who know the Christ of the Gospels, of the apostolic Church, and of Christian experience, it comes short. It is a cold and calculating limitation on the boundless passion which the first Christians threw into their predicates of their Lord. He was not simply the lord of the Kingdom, who realized the object of the Kingdom and inspired

them to realize it too, he was just their Lord and their God. You can always distinguish a Ritschlian from an early Christian; the former never uses the word God of Christ, it is taboo, like meat on Friday to a Roman Catholic, while the ancient Christian called Christ God as a matter of course. But what I insist on here is that the Ritschlian Christ was not only not the Christ of Wesley, but that, if he had been, you and I would not be here to-day. Wesley called dying men to believe on the ever-living Christ who, through the Spirit, was at their side begging for admission into their hearts to save and rule and dwell in them as God. Only thus could the movement start, only thus could it go on conquering and to conquer, and only thus did it start and go on. So with every other evangelistic agency. You cannot save lost men with a Unitarian God. Men already nursed by Christian civilization may want no other, but the sinner cries out for a God with the touch of a man. He cannot believe in the God of the Northern Lights, but only in him who said, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven." If to-morrow you blot out the absolute divinity of Jesus the next day you would have to close every Salvation Army hall in Christendom, every mission in home and foreign lands, and every church where the demons of greed and lust and hate are being cast out.

To this general view corresponds the Ritschlian doctrine of the work of Christ. The words redemption (*Erlösung*) and atonement or reconciliation (*Versöhnung*) are used, but it is characteristic of Ritschl and his school to use historic Christian words without their historic content. Now there can be no objection to that if this content is false and his new meaning is true. Otherwise there is serious objection. In this case I regret that I cannot go with Ritschl. I admit there have been mechanical and overwrought and unworthy theories brought in to explain the reconciliation wrought by Christ. Just as likely as not I could not swallow Wesley's view without some grains of salt. But, for all that, atonement is atonement. It has a Godward aspect. It is not only the reaching down of God to save, it is the self-propitiation of a righteous God so that he can save and—if I might so say—maintain his self-respect. Now, consciously or unconsciously, the sinner feels the necessity of this. At the background of his faith there is always a cross lifted up. But even more the saint feels the necessity of it. It is not poetry, it is the deepest expression of his heart of hearts:

> Nothing in my hands I bring,
> Simply to thy cross I cling.

Now Ritschl has eviscerated from the Christian religion an objective atonement and so his minimizing doctrine here meets his minimizing Christology. There is no sin that needs atonement, for sin is only mistake, and so far as it is anything else it calls not for atonement, but only for judgment; there is no righteousness in God that needs atonement, for God in all his manward relations is only love. The atonement is simply God's declaration through the life and teachings of Christ that he loves men and thus calls them to embrace their highest good; that he forgives them, that they have no guilt that he (God) needs to reckon with, but that they can immediately become members of his Kingdom. Forgiveness of sins is connected with the calling of Christ as declarative of God's love, but it is not connected with the work of Christ as the expression of God's nature any farther. The calling of Christ is to teach men that they should have the same relation to God that he has. This lack in Ritschl is fundamental. It is another Christianity than that taught even in Mark's Gospel, and it is another world than that in which moved Paul and the early Christians. And if Methodism had been Ritschlian in this regard it would have been a pale and sickly growth, helpless before the seething mass of the world's corruption.

What is faith with Ritschl? Here I quote Mielke, who has given a reliable statement of his views, and who, as a Ritschlian himself, has not given them any unfavorable turn. Says Mielke:

> The form in which sinners appropriate justification is faith. To understand this rightly it is necessary to keep in mind that religious apprehension (*Erkennen*), or faith, moves in direct value judgments. This truth, first discovered by Luther, was not acknowledged by the Catholic Church, which explained faith as a holding for true the articles of faith, whether as understanding the articles (*fides explicita*) or holding them as true without understanding them (*fides implicita*), by which faith is lowered to a degenerate kind of knowledge. Luther so far broke with this false idea of faith as to make faith chiefly trust in the grace of God. But as a farther achievement of faith he also considered a consent to the articles of faith. This double form of faith, which later found its expression in the words of Johann Gerhard, "Faith is not only knowledge (*notitia*) and assent, but also trust (*fiducia*)," has been held up to this day by orthodox Lutheran theologians—yet so that the more valuable part of faith, as trust, has been derived from faith as assent to the Holy Scripture, or to the articles of faith, by which the lower part is shoved in the foreground and in all public controversy is alone emphasized. Over against this confusion it is now with all emphasis pointed out (by Ritschl) that Christian faith consists simply in trusting upon God's grace. Faith in Christ is this: that one appropriates in trust the worth of the love of

God revealed in Christ's work for our reconciliation, a trust toward him which subordinates itself to God as his and our Father, wherein one is certain of eternal life and blessedness. Faith is thus a function of the will, a new direction of the will to God, which is called out by the reconciliation. As effective from the worth of the merciful will of God—to induce sinners to convinced trust for their own blessedness, a trust which masters all motives of life and subordinates itself (to God)—it steps in the place of the mistrust bound up hitherto with the feeling of guilt. It is included in this faith, which restores communion of man with God, that the believer directs his will constantly upon the final end (*Endzweck*) of God and Christ. Therefore faith falls within the circumference of love.[1]

On Ritschl's doctrine of faith I would say: (1) It is most praiseworthy to throw overboard once and for all the Catholic idea of faith as belief in the doctrines of the Church; an idea which did cling more or less to orthodox Lutheranism. (2) It is praiseworthy to bring back Luther's idea of faith as trust in the grace and love of God in Christ. So far Ritschl's faith is gospel truth. (3) But it lacks the religious motive and destination of Luther, Paul, and Wesley. With these faith was trust in Christ for salvation from sin, from the law as condemning, from death and hell. When that is accomplished the sinner takes his place as a matter of course in the Kingdom of God, and realizes for himself and others the objects of that Kingdom. With Ritschl faith is a new direction of the will toward God, called out by the work of Christ, by which we subordinate ourselves as Christ did to God and become convinced of our blessedness. Here again, where you have the moral man penetrated more or less by the Christian atmosphere he breathes, Ritschl's faith may lift him a little higher, but for sinners on the way to Damascus, ah! that is another problem. A flower or a beautiful twig is all right in its place, but for a man falling over a precipice it is poor support. The faith that saved the world, the faith that made the Reformation and Methodism, was quite another thing. Ritschl's faith is the airy bridge you cast over the gulf for the feet of children and the lightly stepping dude. New Testament faith and Wesley's is the mighty structure, firmly grounded on the Rock of Ages, which the true engineer builds for the tramping millions of sin-scarred men and women.

Speaking of the New Testament brings up Ritschl's doctrine of Scripture. He had no doctrine of Scripture. He held firmly to the view that the New Testament as a whole was a genuine product of apostolic times, and gives a true account of the history and beliefs of

[1] Mielke, *Lib. cit.*, pp. 38, 39 (see his references).

those times. That was all that he wanted. Compared with later literature the New Testament is the source of our knowledge of Christian revelation, not because it is inspired, but because it is early. So much we must be thankful for. If the chief object of the Bible is to testify of Christ, as Luther rightly held, then the main interest is secured even if the Bible is no more than an authentic account. But I must feel that Ritschl lost much both out of his theology and his life by closing his eyes to the deeper view of Scripture. The New Testament is, as a matter of fact, much more than merely a reliable record. It teems with the life of God. Its inspiration, its spiritual power and illumination, its doctrinal clearness, satisfactoriness, depth, its religious beauty and reasonableness, its ethical purity, consistency and appeal—all these not only set it apart as unique among sacred books but prove it the vehicle of the Spirit in mighty fashion. Because he could not see this there is a profound lack on the scriptural side in Ritschl's theology. Even so appreciative an expounder as Garvie has to often call attention to this. In my judgment it is a fatal lack. If you are going to have a theology which will be not only true but living, not only living but powerful, you must have one whose roots are watered by the word of God which liveth and abideth. For that reason I think that Wesley still makes an appeal, in spite of later lights.[1]

This brings us to the Christian life. One of the outstanding merits of Wesley was to bring back the apostolic enthusiasm for Christian life and experience. The supremacy of the life hid with Christ in God, the life that we now live by faith in Christ, who yet lives in us, the light that never was on sea or land which irradiates the soul and fills it full of glory and of God, the peace that passeth understanding, the cleansing tides of Christ's love which purify the inner fountains—all these were experienced and were witnessed by the early Methodists and gave them that swing of conquest which made them irresistible. But this did not end in experience, it was also transformed into social ministries of all kinds which brought about a new England and a new America. Only, the social reforms were the result of the inner life. Now, what was the attitude of Ritschl to the experimental side of Christianity? Reserved, critical, cold. Take first, How do we know we are Christians?

[1] Ritschl's view of Scripture is gone into at length, with large quotations from him, in Clarvallensis (a pseudonym for whom?), *Die Theologie Ritschls und die Christliche Wahrheit*, Gütersloh, 1891.

Wesley restored Paul's doctrine of the witness of the Spirit, a direct testimony of the Spirit of God to the spirit of man. Ritschl was chary about there being any Holy Spirit in the Christian sense. He defined the Spirit as (1) The knowledge which God has of himself. (2) An attribute of the Christian society, and in this way: on account of the revelation of God which Christ has made the members of the society have the same knowledge of God and his counsel toward men which corresponds with God's own knowledge. (3) The Spirit is the same as the motive or life of Christians directed to the Kingdom of God. Nor is that life changed or moved by what we call the Spirit, or by any specific power of God, but people are changed from sin to penitence, humility, and activity for the Kingdom simply by the confidence which they have in God as Father, and this confidence they get from the historical record of Jesus (see Garvie, pp. 338-9 and references). Nothing shows the profound distrust Ritschl had for Christian experience more than this volatilizing of the Holy Spirit until he evaporates into a mode of knowledge, into categories of the community. Frank is perfectly right in calling attention to the violence with which Ritschl rids himself of the testimony of Scripture when the latter treats of the Spirit.[1] I do not care how we explain the Holy Spirit in the life of God, but unless we hold with tenacious grip that there is a Spirit who takes the things of Christ and declares them unto us, a Spirit who convicts the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, who makes the love of the Father and the presence of Christ a wellspring of joy as well as the dynamic of a conquering life—unless we preserve those fundamental realities in the doctrine of the Spirit we wreck Christianity as an expansive religion.

How can we be sure of our Christian standing? In this way, says Ritschl: By justification there comes a change in the relations of the Christian. He trusts in God's all-sided care, is penetrated with the feeling of independence from the world, of spiritual world-rule. In this activity of his faith, which proclaims itself in patience in suffering and includes a power to which all powers of the world are subordinate, the believer becomes certain of the salvation guaranteed by Christ.[2] Well, that is good, so far. If any man trusts in God, feels independent of the world and over it, is patient in distress, that man is to be congratulated. But I do not hear the Christian note. That

[1] F. H. R. Frank's *Zur Theol. A. Ritschl's*, third enlarged edition; Erlangen. Leipzig, 1891 (1st edition 1888), p. 111 (see also pp. 111–115).
[2] Mielke, 43, 44, *Recht. und V.* iii. 167.

certainty of salvation fits Plato and, especially, Emerson almost as well as Wesley. Here Ritschl as usual is too minimizing, too reserved and critical, too much afraid of his sources.

Ritschl is always shy of the direct gripping in of God in the souls of men. He acknowledges that Christ is now exalted, but he will not say that he exercises any activity through the Spirit on this little globe. All the way that Christ can make himself felt now is by men reading about the historical revelation. Of course we thank God for that revelation. It is of priceless value. But it is of the essence of Christianity that God has first-hand dealings with souls, that he speaks not alone in the records but in the quiet chambers of the conscience, that he comes into the life—transforming it, communing with it, guiding it. That some men mistake his voice for the noise of the machinery of their own intellect does not invalidate the Voice, the Presence, the Glory—"the solemn awe that does not move, and all the silent heaven of love." Ritschl had perfect distrust for all manifestations of piety in the higher realms of religious experience. He disliked Pietism, which saved the German Church from its spiritual torpor. Meetings like our class meetings, prayer meetings, love feasts, he abhorred. He did not believe in prayer in the sense of asking for blessings, but in the sense of a discipline in humility and patience, though he did not absolutely exclude prayer for spiritual blessings. His definition of Christian perfection was not that of Wesley—a relative perfection of love to God and man, accompanied by as perfect as possible a cleansing of the soul from sin. His definition was that we as Christians know the world as a whole which is ruled by one object or end; that we distinguish our own personal worth from this world-whole, and place ourselves over it, and therefore we have the task to become a whole each in his own way. The spiritual life is a whole, is ready always in freedom directed to the final end of the good, to put a limit to the impulses which strive against this final end. That overcoming of the disturbances in our religious moral development is Christian perfection, which is consistent with actual moral imperfection. See Mielke, 50, 51, and the references. One cannot but feel that in the whole Ritschlian conception of Christian life and faith there is a fine and noble moralism, but only a moralism; a better Stoicism; a moralism touched with Christian feeling and illuminated by Christian ideals. But Christianity is a religion first and last, and its religion is Christ first and last. It brings in moralism by the way, and it inevitably brings it in, and actually secures it more certainly

than systems ostensibly devoted to it. But it goes by the way of Christ, his life, his cross, his resurrection, and his gift of the Spirit. Its very simplicity is its perfection, and at that simplicity Ritschl stumbled. For that reason I still prefer Wesley.

In closing my discussion of this great theologian and scholar I have not had time to say that there was gold and silver as well as hay and stubble in what he offered. Every theologian makes his contribution to the advancing knowledge of God and his truth. It is treason in us to live inert and content in the cradle of our fathers, but it is worse treason to forsake what they held of truth, by which truth they turned the world upside down. Their truth must be in us a living spring of activity, inquiry, search, testing, appropriation. I do not hold it against Ritschl at all that he limited the range of metaphysics in theology, though I think he limited it too much and used it himself sometimes wrongly. I do not hold it against him that he threw overboard the old creeds, and went back to the Gospels, though I am sorry that he did not find the whole Christ in the Gospels, and what he did find was sometimes not there. Garvie is perfectly right when he says that the men who made the ancient creeds reached the only conclusions possible for them, conclusions that were true for them and for their time, and therefore providential and historically justifiable. But those creeds served their day. They bind us only as to the truth they enshrine. I should not hold it against him that he denounced unhealthy Pietism if he had not swept in precious manifestations of the Christian life. His highest achievement was his recovery for theology of the idea of the Kingdom of God and making that central. His general influence against the high and dry and intolerant and know-it-all Lutheran orthodoxy was beneficial. No theologian of the nineteenth century perhaps has had more influence. His followers are in all lands. Some of them, like Hermann, and especially Kaftan and Loofs, have reacted toward more Christian views, many others have left their master far in the distance in their movement to the left. The sons of Luther, and especially the sons of Melanchthon and Calvin, can learn from Ritschl. The sons of Wesley can also thank God for him, and take whatever stimulus he offers toward the larger light. But they have much less occasion. And if, in those central verities of our Christian religion which Wesley again made regnant among men, we forsake him for Ritschl, it will, indeed, be the great surrender, sad and causeless, and so far a betrayal of the faith once delivered to the saints.

THE ARENA

THE THEOLOGY OF JESUS

In Professor Kuhns's excellent article on "The Opportunity of the Church To-day" (Methodist Review, November, 1915) is a short paragraph whose key-sentence seems to me to need modification: "Christ himself had no theology or creed; he simply lived his life from day to day, spending part of his time in communion with his Father . . . and then going about among men doing good." This statement, not qualified by anything that follows, is calculated to convey a radically wrong impression to those who may take it at its face value. Professor Kuhns probably has his own definition of "theology" and "creed," but it surely is wide of the mark to convey the impression that Jesus was never dogmatic in his teachings about the great things of God.

Jesus called himself "Son of God" and "Son of man." He constantly taught his followers his peculiar and unsharable relationship with the Father; and before his enemies, though he sometimes ignored mere banter and irreverent questions, he answered every challenge to his divine nature and prerogatives, and so they all understood him. He never denied himself. He was dogmatic in this, and insistent that he must be received in this capacity or not at all. "I and the Father are one." "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." "I am in the Father and the Father in me." "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." It was never intended that any other person should use such language, and his friends and foes so understood him. This is theology and creed—the divine and unsharable Sonship of Christ, which is and always has been the crux of Christianity, and which the foes of evangelicalism have always made their chief battle ground.

Jesus dogmatically taught forgiveness of sin, atonement only by his vicarious suffering. "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man ye have no life in you." "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground it abideth alone. . . . And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me. This he said signifying by what death he should die." "I lay down my life for the sheep." "Yea, and the bread which I will give is my flesh . . . for the life of the world." The question, "What think ye of the Christ?" was then and always has been the touchstone of Christianity as distinct from Judaism. "The Son of man has power on earth to forgive sins." "The Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath." "Whosoever believeth in him shall have eternal life." Surely this is theology. That Jesus says nothing of the virgin birth does not weaken his oft-repeated instructions as to his incomparable and unsharable relations with the Father; and this relationship, with what it implies, he made the basis of his unquestionable authority to command and his right to be obeyed. This was also the source of his authority to issue gracious invitation, and to give "great and exceeding precious promises." His doctrines of repentance and justification are as plain as the same doctrines taught by the apostle Paul; likewise of resurrection and future life.

Christ, then, taught a well-defined, albeit not a systematized, theology of the three persons of the Trinity and their mutual relations; of sin, atonement, regeneration, justification, judgment, immortality; and though we had none of the apostolic writings these great doctrines are stated—stated as doctrines—with such clearness and emphasis by Jesus as to make a sufficient basis for the more systematized creedal form later given by the Church.

The "truth as it is in Jesus" is not merely the truth and beauty of kindliness, which among us will, upon occasion, evaporate into sentimentalism, but "through this man is preached forgiveness of sins." Jesus was not simply a devout philanthropist, but "he was made sin on our behalf that we might be made the righteousness of God in him"; and he "was made unto us wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption." And the apostles never taught these things more plainly than did Jesus. We shall not attain to "the very heart of religion, the communion of the soul with God," by obscuring, shading or slighting these great dogmas. Jesus taught these great fundamental statements of the divine plan of salvation.

It is agreed that the modern emphasis upon conduct, upon realizing the ethical and social teachings of Jesus, is highly hopeful and encouraging; but the "Christ of history," from whose person and nature all the distinctively and peculiarly divine, with its prerogatives, has been extracted, who is not in any unique sense "the effulgence of his glory and the very image of his substance," who did not in any Pauline sense "empty himself," or humble himself from "equality with God," who is less than "the Word become flesh," the Christ who has lost his "inconceivable metaphysical characteristics," will also in due time lose his peculiar appeal to the hearts of men, his power to satisfy, and his undivided leadership; and we shall be left orphans and hungry. EDWARD JAMES.

Nanking, China.

"WHY PUT PROHIBITION INTO THE CONSTITUTION"?

1. BECAUSE the liquor traffic is vast enough as a public evil to justify this extreme measure.

2. Because this evil is State-wide and active everywhere; and the remedy must be as extensive as the wrong.

3. Because nothing short of a constitutional amendment breaking up the trade can eliminate the liquor traffic from politics.

4. Because this alone goes to the source of the trouble and strikes down the manufacture as well as the sale.

5. Because of the utter inadequacy of local option as we now have it; too local for a national wrong and too optional for a moral question.

6. Because fictitious lines, whether of precinct, township, county, ward, or city, so limit prohibition as to deprive it of a fair chance to do its work.

7. Because this is the only method society ever uses in dealing with

kindred vices. What have we done with the gambling hell, the lottery, and the brothel but *prohibit* them?

8. Because nothing short of a constitutional amendment is permanent enough to give prohibition a fair trial. What the people thus adopt will stay till they see fit to change it.

9. Because the efforts of good men should be concentrated on law enforcement and wise selection of rulers, and not divided by efforts to prevent legislative repeals, amendments, judicial interpretations, or executive vetoes.

10. Because the State is the unit of sovereignty in the American system of government. The evil of rum rule is not local and the blessings that have attended the local prohibitions should now be extended to all the States.

11. Because the liquor power is a disturber of the public peace. It threatens public safety, it induces private vice, it fosters crime and political corruption; and every community in the State needs and will equally profit by its banishment.

12. Because in dealing with recognized crimes and great public evils prohibition is the fundamental principle of government, and hence should be imbedded in the Constitution; and must not be left to mere statutory enactment. What is wrong in one part of the State cannot be right in another.

13. Because our present local option laws are aimed at the saloon and the blind pig; but the center of the evil and the instigator of lawlessness is not the bootlegger or even the saloon keeper, but the organized brewers, distillers, wholesalers who control the manufacture and distribution, and browbeat government; and permanent cure must get rid of the source of the curse.

14. Because the cities are a part of the State. The farmer is taxed to support the criminal and delinquent classes; the sons and daughters of the townspeople and country men must come to the cities to study and to settle; and it is a matter of vital concern to every family in the State what moral conditions shall prevail in our State capital, our metropolis, our college towns, and other cities.

15. Because constitutional amendments prohibiting the traffic can alone prevent the liquor dealers using the referendum to put their own vicious legislation under the name of Home Rule, which everywhere is Rum Rule, into the constitution of all the States, thus excluding the people of the towns and country from any say as to the character of the cities and incorporate towns while taxing them for the results of the cities' vices, and voting open vice in the pure country places through the city slum vote.

16. Because national prohibition can come only through the multiplying of dry States. We have fifteen such now, having won five out of seven that voted in 1914; and every progressive State should feel the moral responsibility of being a leader in this greatest moral and economic reform of the century and not a "hold-back." They should push on the collar and not pull in the breeches. States, like individuals, have their

epochal status fixed by their relation to the dominant reform of their generation.

17. Because under the American scheme of government no State can exercise complete and controlling influence over the liquor traffic. The State controls State license and little else. The Federal government controls Federal license, interstate commerce, navigable waters, and mails which carry advertisements, treaties, imports and exports, the territory of Federal revenue officers, all territory belonging to the general government, even within the bounds of the State itself. The liquor problem, therefore, is a Federal question, because the Federal government alone can exercise a direct and conclusive control of the traffic; and therefore national prohibition by Federal amendment to the Constitution is the ultimate solution of the liquor problem.

Topeka, Kan. CLARENCE TRUE WILSON.

ERRORS OF THE COPYIST

As an illustration of error in copying, as distinguished a man as the late Canon F. W. Farrar furnishes us an example in his life of Christ, Chapter 61, in a footnote where he quotes from Browning's "A Death in the Desert,"

> Is not His love at issue still with sin,
> Closed with, and cast, and conquered, crucified,
> Visibly when a wrong is done on earth?

In no edition of this poem of Browning's I have ever seen is the middle line found at all. Browning's lines are,

> Is not His love at issue still with sin,
> Visibly when a wrong is done on earth?

If Farrar had any authority for inserting the middle line other than his own self-constituted authority I should like to know of it. It is not at all unlikely that this distinguished writer and minister inserted the line from some other source, and did it unconsciously. Such mistakes are not infrequent in literature. And while his line is good, neither adds to nor obscures Browning's meaning, yet it is not Browning's, but is Farrar's! S. R. RENO.

Argenta, Ill.

THE MAKING OF PLOWSHARES

"THEY shall beat their swords into plowshares." (Isa. 2. 4.)

The birds have their notes of alarm and warning as well as their songs of peace. So have the prophets. These words are not set to martial music. They make up a glad song of peace. And the new day of which the prophet has sung is now dawning. Darkness does not gather about

us as it did about this man of vision. We stand at the break of day. The world is becoming peaceful. The warlike mood is giving way to nobler dispositions. The foreshadowings of the prophet are fast taking form in real life. The bow of promise set against the sky twenty-five centuries ago is about to find expression in the world's program. The world is a big town. The interests of the town can be preserved only by mutual respect for the rights of all. Disputes ought to be settled not by fellow citizens in one part of the town rushing madly at their neighbors in another part. All citizens ought to resort to the courts for the settlement of controversies. Justice ought to be meted out by high-minded arbiters and a neighborly spirit prevail. The inhabitants of the Borough of Manhattan do not arm themselves against those of the Borough of Brooklyn. They do not regard them as foes, but as friends, as neighbors. They are united by great lanes of travel, by trade relations, and by good feeling. Why cannot our big cosmopolitan world-town conduct its affairs in the same way? Why cannot armories be turned into police stations? Why cannot the tools used in strife be made into useful tools for times of peace? Why not make plowshares out of swords in our big world-town? We have begun to do this. It can be done upon a large scale when the rule of right prevails in our big town. There can be no permanent peace until there is justice. In another vision the prophet saw the land full of idols and full of chariots. Idols and chariots go hand in hand. An administration of righteousness brings in the reign of peace. There is much of the spirit of John's new city in our big world-town. Righteousness has wide significance in our day. Policies are being reformed in business and in civil life to harmonize with high ideals. The commandments have new meaning for us. "Thou shalt not kill" and "Thou shalt not steal" have social as well as individual significance. The spirit of brotherliness and good will is marked. These are the lines upon which John's city is built. Upon the ruins of the old civilization of injustice and hatred there is arising the new civilization of righteousness and peace. And no part of our big world-town is doing so much to bring about the new order as our own American borough. Some years ago Secretary Hay said that the American foreign policy had but two principles, the "Golden Rule" and the "open door." The disinterested part which we took in the settlement of the affairs of China and of Cuba is a concrete illustration of the "Golden Rule" diplomacy, and we have before us to-day another example. Our bluejackets and marines and our army are at Vera Cruz. We are there not to make war, but to open a way for permanent peace. The poor and ignorant of Mexico have been trodden down by the iron heel of injustice. The leaven of democracy is at work in this ravaged borough. Our boys are there to aid in the establishment of justice, and a score of them have laid down their lives at the sacred call of duty.

What the prophet saw in vision we begin to see illustrated in real life. In upper New York bay, silently lifting her torch, stands the Goddess of Liberty, the symbol of our institutions and our life. Through the harbor gateway enter the nations of the earth. They are saying, "Let us

go up to the mountain of Jehovah . . . and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths." Within sight of the statue and the ocean gate there formed a few days ago an impressive procession, one of the most significant in history. The nation's chief was there with sad heart and countenance reflecting a nation's grief. Marines and bluejackets were there. In this procession, drawn upon gun-caissons, were seventeen flag-draped coffins recently brought from Vera Cruz. A million people watched the moving column as it marched up the streets of lower Manhattan and across the bridge to the Navy Yard. It was a national representation of our policy to serve mankind at the cost of sacrifice. We are not making war in Mexico. We are helping to quell a neighborhood riot and open up the highway of peace. We are using our battleships and our guns as tools in a ministry of good will. We are making plowshares out of swords.

W. E. Ridgeway.

Lee, Mass.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

MISPLACED EMPHASIS

In a world so complicated as ours, and in the midst of movements which are astonishing the nations, it is exceedingly difficult to get the proper perspective. The point of view, and the relation of the facts or accounts to the other parts of the grand whole which is being considered, must be correct and adequate, or safe conclusions cannot be reached. The difficulty in securing such perspective is apparent in the discussions which are taking place concerning the responsible party in the great war which is now desolating Europe.

The champions of each side of this great conflict and of each country have put forth their arguments with great elaborateness of detail, and each one seems to have proved to his own satisfaction that *his* country is in the right, and the other absolutely wrong. It may turn out when the final appeal is made to the judgment of civilization, when the awful war is concluded, that all were wrong.

The writer does not believe that war is ever right. He does not believe that the killing of men by an action of a government, or by decisions of several governments, to go to war is right. He believes that a nation has no more right to murder its own citizens or those of other nations, than has an individual the right to commit murder. National action cannot transform butchery into heroism. Europe is deluged with the blood of people who had nothing to do with making the war, and who have no interest in it, who are fighting at the bidding of governments and not of their own volition.

The point, however, for which we are raising this question is this: In justifying each nation its literary representative in the discussions that have been going on has appealed to the press to show what has been done

by its government in science, in literature, in art, and the inference is that, because it has done so much in this direction, it is therefore entitled to be considered as in the right in this war. No such inference can at all follow. Science and literature and art, grand as they are, and the scientific men who represent all these great elements of culture and learning, are not the *whole* people, nor do they indeed fully represent the people. They ought to show what each one has done for the rights of man, what each one is doing for the benefit of humanity, what they have done to bind up the wounds of the broken-hearted people, and to save the great masses of the population, who have had no opportunity for culture or training from the evils to which they are subjected.

We think, therefore, that the emphasis in the decision of the right and wrong in the war rests not on what the nations have achieved in literature or in science or art, but what they have achieved in making men and women purer and nobler; what they have done and are doing for the betterment of society; what they propose as the outcome of this war to do for men, and not what they will do merely for intellectual and material progress.

It has been said that this war is a commercial war; a war of rivalries and jealousies between nations for the acquisition of territory, and for the opening of fields of industrial enterprise. But how can war produce that? The vast armaments that are being hurled against each other are costing the nations thousands of millions of dollars, and every soldier that is killed, or wounded, or hurt, causes in a measure a tax on the government which sends him out, and when the war shall close it will be found that the nations are burdened with a taxation which is intolerable, and which will go on for successive generations; the pension list will be enormous; the loss of property and the loss of life will have entailed expenses, as well as sorrows, which will last for generations to come.

We believe that no nation has a right to proclaim war, and that war is at variance with every principle of humanity, and with every principle of the Gospel of Christ. What we are pleading for is that in discussing this war of the nations, it should be discussed not from the standpoint of their literature, science, or art, but from their consideration for the upbuilding of the whole people. The emphasis of the subject should be its people, and not its favored classes; whether they be literary, commercial, or hereditary.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE MODERN JEWS AND PALESTINE

PALESTINE from the Exodus to our own day, notwithstanding all efforts at their expulsion, and oppression, has never been without some Jews. From the destruction of Jerusalem under Titus to the beginning of the

nineteenth century their number had been very small. Though scattered all over creation, despised and persecuted everywhere, the Jews never ceased to love the Holy Land, but continued to believe that it was the "home of eternal verities and that its very air made men good and wise." They never gave up the hope of returning, though stringent laws were made by different rulers to keep them out of the land of their fathers.

From a very interesting and lengthy paper by Henrietta Szold, a talented Jewess of New York city, in the American Jewish Year Book for 1915-1916—to which we are indebted for many of the *data* in this article—we learn that no systematic effort was made to colonize Palestine before the beginning of the second half of the nineteenth century.

When Spain and Russia made it all but unbearable for the Jews to live with any degree of comfort and self-respect in those countries, philanthropic Jews of other lands came to the rescue of their less fortunate brethren in Russia and elsewhere. It was then that Ludwig August Frankl, the poet, stirred up his coreligionists to concerted action in behalf of the persecuted Jews, and many were sent to Palestine—poor in everything, except large families. It was Frankl that induced Elise von Herz-Laemel, of Vienna, to establish a school for the poor Jewish children in Jerusalem. More Jews went to the Holy City and other schools were founded. Thus Jerusalem became a magnet for poor Jews of many lands. Too many came. An effort was, therefore, made as early as 1876 to induce many Jews of the capital city to move to the country districts, to engage in agriculture and horticulture. Many went, but the project proved a dismal failure, because very few had any taste or previous training for such work. A change took place in 1881-1882, when a large number of refugees from Russia landed in Palestine, who, fortunately, had practical knowledge of farming. The majority of these settled at Rishon-le-Zion, on the coast, a little north of Jaffa, and later also at Petah Tikwah, a few miles to the south. These two settlements proved a great success, and attracted many Jews from other places, especially from Roumania, which in the early eighties established colonies in Samaria and Galilee. Encouraged by the prosperity of these new colonies, philanthropic Jews all over Europe organized societies to promote emigration to the Holy Land. In 1890 these organizations were merged into one society, and legitimized by the Russian government under the name, The Committee for the Promotion of Agriculture and Handicrafts among the Jews of Syria and Palestine.

A Congress of Jews, gathered from all lands, met in 1897 at Basle, Switzerland, and organized what is known as the Zionist Movement. The object of this Congress has been stated thus: Zionism aims at establishing for the Jewish people a publicly and legally assured home in Palestine. For the attainment of this purpose the Congress considers the following means serviceable: (1) The promotion of the settlement of Jewish agriculturists, artisans, and tradesmen in Palestine. (2) The federation into local or general groups, according to the laws of the various countries. (3) The strengthening of the Jewish feeling and consciousness. (4) Preparatory steps for the attainment of those governmental grants which are necessary to the achievement of the Zionists' purpose.

Notwithstanding the great enthusiasm at this Congress and the immense sums of money subscribed to further its plans, there arose, too, insuperable obstacles. Complete harmony among so many delegates, from so many lands, with different opinions on details, was hardly to be expected. The very first question was, how to obtain sufficient land in Palestine, and on what conditions. Dr. Herzl, the leading spirit, went to Constantinople, where he was graciously received by the Sultan, who promised great things. It was, however, found that his Majesty was not willing to grant the Jews a charter in the Holy Land, unless they, in return, promised to help him settle the vexed Armenian question, then at an acute stage, "on lines he had laid down." The wily Turk knew full well that the Jews had abundance of money, and fancied that they might not sympathize very much with the persecuted Christians of Armenia. In this he was badly mistaken, for the Jews had themselves suffered too much to become a party to such an infamous scheme. Then there were divisions among the Jews themselves. The more orthodox wanted a home in Palestine alone, nowhere else. They wanted a Jewish state in the country where David and his descendants had their thrones; while the more liberal Jews, caring not so much for the exact locality, and believing that God could be worshiped acceptably anywhere, were willing to set up an independent government wherever their persecuted brethren might enjoy religious and political freedom. Though the British government made flattering offers to grant the Jews very large tracts of lands either in the Sinaitic Peninsula or in Central Africa, neither concession was accepted.

The task of the Zionists is not an easy one, for the Jews who are to form the new state must come from many countries, with varied forms of governments, and speaking different languages, and having nothing in common but their ancient religion; and, even in this, as among Christians, there are ultra orthodox and extreme liberalists. This conglomeration must come from Russia, Hungary, the Balkans, Morocco, and other places in Africa, from Arabia, Mesopotamia, Persia, to say nothing of Italy, Spain, France, Germany, England, and even the United States. "Corresponding with this assortment of nationalities is the variety of languages spoken. One hears Arabic, Armenian, Turkish, French, German, Greek, Russian, Italian, and English." Even those who may be said to speak Hebrew employ three different dialects: Hebrew, Yiddish, and Ladino, or Spagniol. The Yiddish is a mixture of Hebrew and German, the Ladino or Spagniol is Hebrew mixed with Spanish.

To reduce this mixture of tongues into unity and harmony is a far more difficult task than is presented to the United States with its huge melting pot. If done at all, the Jewish children in the Jewish schools of Palestine must learn to read and speak Hebrew.

The growth of the Jewish population in Palestine has been very steady. It is said that there were only 3,000 Jews in Palestine in 1800. They had increased to 10,000 in 1840, and to 43,000 in 1860, to 60,000 in 1900, and to 100,000 in 1914. In the last thirty years the general population of Palestine increased forty per cent, while in the same period the Jewish increase was 280 per cent. Perhaps the most discouraging thing about this

Jewish population is, that of this 100,000 only 15,000 live in the rural districts. Can this tide be turned landward?

Many attempts have been made to attract the Jews to agricultural pursuits and country life, but up to 1882 the efforts of Moses Montefiore and others met with no great success. There were many difficulties in the way. The bulk of these emigrants were from cities, ignorant of farming, gardening, and cattle-raising. Besides they were poor, had no money to buy land, or even implements for its cultivation. To remedy this Baron Edward de Rothschild came forward, purchased large tracts of land, and furnished implements for farm work; nay, more, he hired experienced farmers and orchardists to advise and instruct the colonists from Russia and elsewhere. Thus it was that two colonies, Ekron in Judea and Metulla in Galilee, were founded. Besides aiding his own colonies the baron gave liberally to other settlements in various portions of Palestine. Nor was he alone in this, for benevolent Jews in many countries contributed lavishly, and yet in spite of the vast sums thus spent in aiding the poor colonists, their sufferings and privations were very great. Some writer compared their lot to "a knife without a blade that has no handle."

At the time the great war broke out there were forty-two colonies in Palestine—twenty in Judea, seven in Samaria, sixteen in Galilee, and three east of the Jordan; of these three two are close to the Sea of Galilee and one not far from the northern end of the Dead Sea. The Galilean colonies are, for the greater part, quite near the western shore of the lake, though two are on Lake Merom, and one about twenty miles further north. The seven Samaritan settlements are very close to the Mediterranean. The greater number of those in Judea stretch along the Jaffa-Jerusalem railroad, closer to Jaffa than to Jerusalem. There are two just outside the Holy City, and one 'way down south, about fifteen miles directly east of Gaza.

As stated above the privations of the earlier settlers were very great. They were robbed by the Arabs and the roving Bedouin. Then sickness, especially malarial diseases, played havoc in some colonies, as at Hederah, on the coast, midway between Haifa and Jaffa, with its marshy, swampy land. Hederah was later, through the efforts of Baron de Rothschild, made quite sanitary. He had half a million eucalyptus trees planted in these malarial dunes, and thus succeeded in drying the swamps and banishing malaria. Add to these physical discomforts, the ignorance of the colonists in agriculture and their lack of adaptability. It has been aptly said, that it is no easy thing to make an Asiatic out of a European, or a farmer out of a city trader. Another thing that weighed heavily upon these colonists was the ever present greed of the Turkish official.

Experience, however, is a good teacher. These colonists have been learning how to take advantage of the soil, by cultivating the article best adapted to it. Thus some grain farms have been changed into orchards and vice versa. Some colonies produce fruits, vegetables, and grains in paying quantities. They also make cattle and poultry raising profitable.

Pebah Tikwah, a little north of Jaffa, with a population of 2,670, is the largest and most prosperous of all the colonies. It was started by

Jews from Jerusalem in 1878, on a tract of 692 acres, which later grew into 2,466. The first settlers failed disastrously, so did a second colony. In 1887 Rothschild came to their aid. He bought half of the land from the colonists and 4,000 acres from others. He sent twenty new families to instill new life and ideas into the discouraged people. His efforts were crowned with success, for in 1912 Petah Tikwah had 1,198 acres in oranges, 1,202 in almonds, 250 in grape-vines, 122 in olives, and 23 in other fruits. No fewer than 123,156 boxes of oranges were gathered in 1911, and were shipped to various countries. The other fruit orchards were proportionately successful. The business of the colony is on a solid basis. It has its importing company, bank, building and loan association, a co-operative society, with a membership of practically all the colonists, as well as other branches of business usually found in a community of the same size.

The various Jewish colonization societies have large tracts of land, amounting in all to nearly 200 square miles. These are owned and controlled by Jews of various countries, and consequently administered differently. Though enormous sums of money have been given by benevolent societies to assist poor Jews in the Holy Land, great efforts have been made to make the colonists independent and self-supporting. Money is loaned on very low rate of interest, so as to encourage the poor to lease or buy land, build houses, plant orchards, buy farm implements, etc. Many small cottages have been built in the colonies for families, and large barracks with many rooms have been erected for the accommodation of single men. With these small cottages are connected small patches of ground for gardening purposes. Everything is made for the encouragement of the colonists.

Many of the Jewish emigrants to Palestine are taking kindly to the crafts and trades. From a report of the French consul in Jerusalem for 1907-1908 we learn that there were in that city alone 6,000 Jewish workmen: joiners, masons, painters, cobblers, tailors, turners, bookbinders, printers, millers, weavers, goldsmiths, watch makers, saddlers, wagon-builders, mattress makers, carvers, paper hangers, coppersmiths, etc. To encourage work of this kind a trade school was opened in Jerusalem as early as 1882. Then there are what are called Bezalel schools, where the most delicate work in brass, silver, gold and ivory is done, and where instruction is also given in needlework, embroidery, and lace making. The Jews from Yemen in Arabia, of whom there are about 2,000, possess superior skill in the industries.

Notwithstanding the different view points of the colonists and the variety of languages spoken by them, the educational system is fairly well established. The ultra orthodox emphasize, almost to the exclusion of all else, religious teaching. It is, therefore, not strange that the study of the Talmud is well to the fore. There are no fewer than nine Talmud schools in Jerusalem alone, with more than 150 teachers and about 4,000 pupils. Great stress is also placed upon the study of Hebrew in all the schools. "The ancient holy language" is the only medium of instruction in many of them.

As early as 1856 the Laemel school protested against too narrow an education. Ten years later, the Blumenthal school at Jerusalem introduced, along with a thorough Hebrew religious training, secular studies, and made the study of one or more modern languages compulsory, notwithstanding great opposition from the Ashkenazim (Russian and Polish Jews). In 1909, the Frankfort movement made a further advance, by establishing schools for both boys and girls, graded upon up-to-date pedagogic methods, and having in view the special needs of Jewish young people in Palestine. Then again, the Hilfsverein (German) exerts great influence upon educational affairs in the Holy Land. It has courses for kindergarten teachers, a seminary for rabbis, a normal school for primary and secondary teachers, as well as courses in agriculture, forestry, and business. Special mention should be made of the Herzl gymnasium at Jaffa, modeled after the German gymnasia. Its graduates are admitted without examination to all European universities and technical schools.

More or less attention is given to technical studies in many of these schools. Unfortunately, owing to misunderstanding, the School of Technology founded at Haifa by a Russian Jew, suspended work before it had fairly commenced. The founder gave $100,000 as a nest egg, Jacob Schiff of New York gave a like amount, and many others made liberal subscriptions. Here too the chief stumblingblock was the question of language. There were some who insisted upon making Hebrew the language of the class and lecture room, in spite of the fact that this venerable old tongue does not lend itself easily to scientific nomenclature. No doubt an institution so auspiciously started and so necessary will come to some agreement in the near future, so that young Jews desiring technical training may get it in Palestine.

The language question will also be settled one of these days. While all Jews may speak one modern language, the Hebrew child must also learn Hebrew. In order to satisfy Hebrew parents from various lands some compromise must be made. The simplest solution will be to begin the instruction with Hebrew even in the kindergarten and primary schools, so that all the children, no matter from what land their parents may have come, may have equal chance in the secondary schools. This will also help to simplify the instruction and unify the people with their many languages.

The school implies a publishing house, books, newspapers, and libraries. Every colony has its school and an embryonic library. Jerusalem has a library of 35,000 volumes—half of them in Hebrew. It is the aim of those in control to have every book published by a Jew deposited in this central library. Jaffa has a library with 6,000 volumes. Jerusalem, Safed, Hebron, and Tiberias have besides very select and valuable Hebrew collections. Reading rooms and clubs for social gatherings, after the Young Men's Christian Association pattern, where papers and magazines may be read and games played, have been started in many places. Jerusalem has no fewer than thirteen Jewish printing presses, which turn out much literature. Of Hebrew publications there are two dailies, one weekly, one semi-monthly, one monthly for children, one bi-monthly for

teachers, one quarterly for agriculture, and one annual. Besides, two other newspapers are published, one in Yiddish and the other in Ladino or Spagniol.

We have no space to more than mention the various kinds of charitable institutions, such as hospitals, dispensaries, orphanages, and old people's homes.

What has been said above applies, of course, to the colonists before the great war broke out. It is needless to say that conditions have changed much since the summer of 1914. No doubt Palestine, in common with many other portions of the Sultan's territory, has suffered grievously. From information from a very reliable source, received up to the middle of last December, we learn that military demands have fallen heavily upon the Jewish colonists. Many of the younger men were either forced into the army or compelled to work for the government. Practically all their live stock was requisitioned and much of their goods were confiscated. Shipping being cut off, communication with Europe became impossible, and, consequently, there was no market for the oranges, almonds, and other products gathered by the colonists. The prices of grains, foods, and fuel soared sky-high. There are many idle hands, and no fewer than 45,000 Jews absolutely dependent upon the relief funds for their one meal a day. And yet, notwithstanding all this, the Jews, inured to suffering, are behaving manfully. It is said that the colonists are sticking heroically to their tasks and are constantly adjusting themselves to meet the new conditions and hardships.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

THE WAR AND PERSONAL RELIGION

In every earthly condition the one supreme question is the question of faith. In times of peace and worldly prosperity we must yet fight the good fight of faith, we must take heed to ourselves lest our hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and so we be unprepared against the day of calamity. When men idolize human progress or culture and look for the time when civilization shall have solved all the problems of mankind, are not men tempted to forget the living God? Not all optimism is rooted in God. The optimism of the worshipers of culture is a confidence in man rather than God. Such optimism is destined from time to time to be rudely shattered. A certain scholar has shown that the earthquake at Lisbon in 1755 suddenly shattered the shallow, theoretical optimism of the Illumination, which held this to be "the best possible world." If in that age such an event as the earthquake at Lisbon could produce such an effect, what must not the present war have done to humble the worshipers at the shrine of culture?

For some who linked the thought of God's government with the realization of Utopian fancies, the war has meant the giving up of their

"faith." God has utterly disappointed them. But obviously it was not the faith in the living God that they lost. They only suffered the shattering of a fond fancy which they had loosely associated with the thought of God.

Such, however, is not the experience of most men in this or in any great crisis. For most men a world crisis does not mean the obscuring of God. Out of the depths men cry out to God. The mighty wind, the earthquake, and the fire somehow declare the nearness of God, and to those whose inner ear is opened there comes the still small voice of God.

That the hearts of millions have turned to God is unquestionable. How could it be otherwise? Where there was a little faith multitudes have experienced a mighty reviving. In many cases where there was none the mighty Word has found entrance into distressed souls. While some have viewed the whole catastrophe with the assurance of false prophets and have regarded God as the champion of this nation and the destroyer of that, multitudes are learning to humble themselves before him who says: "I will be exalted in the earth."

The first great manifestation of the power of religion in the nations as the war broke out was a tremendous turning of the people to the churches and to prayer. We have impressive descriptions of this movement from England, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, and even Russia and Italy. In France such men as Paul Sabatier, in Germany such as Deissmann, have eloquently set forth the religious awakening occasioned by the war. In Germany not only were the churches crowded, but many voluntary meetings for prayer were established. And those who attended such prayer meetings testify to the impressive preponderance of self-humiliation and heart-searching over the presumptuous appeal to God as an ally. It is significant, also, that in Germany the war put an end—at least for the present—to the secession movement from the church.

But there is now abundant evidence that many observers, especially in Germany and France, were too optimistic in their first impressions of the war as the occasion of a spiritual renewal of the peoples. If the war was a challenge to faith, it was also a loosing of the powers of evil. Believers in God and in his righteous law have found great need to battle against rampant and destructive vices. The balance of truth in the whole matter is clearly set forth by a German clergyman in a little pamphlet bearing the suggestive title: Der Krieg kein Heilsautomat (The War no Salvation Automaton). At the best the war is a tremendous occasion for faith and for the working of the truth of God.

At the same time one has no right to discredit the wonderful body of testimony to a profound religious awakening, especially among soldiers and officers at the front in the various armies. One might easily fill these pages with impressive extracts from letters written at the front to parents and pastors testifying to the comfort and the power of the new faith.

For all these countries, however, the great question is, How shall the revival of interest in religion be conserved after the war? So far as German Christianity is concerned, the hope for the future seems to us to be largely conditioned upon two things: first, that the organized church

shall be set free from the trammels of state domination; secondly, that the clergy shall find a way to win back the great masses now estranged under the influence of social democracy.

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

A SHORT time before the outbreak of the war Professor Karl Dunkmann, of Greifswald, published a striking and significant little book entitled: "Idealismus oder Christentum? Die Entscheidungsfrage der Gegenwart" (Idealism or Christianity? The Decisive Question of the Present—Deichert). It is a startling challenge. When the war is concluded we may expect the issue here raised to receive ampler consideration. Dunkmann (who, by the way, has become one of the most fertile and suggestive theological writers of the day) is not disposed for one moment to call in question the divine ideality of Christianity itself. Idealism is for Dunkmann something other than ideality. It is the espousal of an ideal as produced by the reflection or æsthetic instinct or will of man. Materialism is a comparatively weak opponent of Christianity among really serious men. But idealism, just because it despises materialism and also generally claims to satisfy the religious instinct, is the really formidable foe of the religion of a positive revelation. After an introduction upon the scope of his task Dunkmann gives us a chapter on "The Nature of Materialism." This is followed by a division on "The Essence of Idealism" in four chapters: 1. "The Idealism of the Reason from Aristotle to Hegel"; 2. "The Idealism of the Feeling, from Plotinus to Emerson"; 3. "The Idealism of the Will, from Kant to Nietzsche"; 4. "The Universal Idealism, J. G. Fichte and R. Eucken." Then comes the second main division on "The Essence of Christianity" in four chapters: 1. "The Nature of Religion and Idealism"; 2. "God-consciousness and the Faith of Revelation"; 3. "The Essence of Christianity"; 4. "Was Jesus an Idealist?" The concluding chapter is entitled: "Anti-Aristotle and Anti-Kant." The luminously suggestive table of contents gives a fair idea of the interest and force of the book.

Another booklet published shortly before the war and in like manner temporarily smothered is one by Girgensohn in Dorpat (Russia), entitled: "Der Schriftbeweis einst und jetzt" (Scripture Proof in the Past and in the Present—Deichert). Girgensohn is an independent thinker and attractive writer, theologically a progressive conservative. Incidentally it may be remarked that at last reports—more than a year after the outbreak of the war—his whereabouts were still quite unknown to his German friends, who feared for his safety. There is exceptional value in his discussion of the Bible question in its most recent phases. Girgensohn's standpoint closely approximates that of Kähler, who, however, never was his personal teacher. His discussion goes less into the concrete details than that of Weber (noticed in these pages in January, 1915), but these two deserve to be ranked as the best discussions of the theme since

Kähler's collection of essays "Zur Bibelfrage"; and both are essentially attempts to develop the principles enunciated by that master.

It is gratifying that one of Kähler's pupils, Zänker, Director of the Predigerseminar in Soest, has given us a study of the theology of Kähler in outline: "Die Grundlinien der Theologie Martin Kähler's" (in Beiträge zur Förderung Christlicher Theologie, 1914). Looking for more penetrating critiques of specific points in Kähler's theology to follow in later years, Zänker wisely gives this luminous résumé of the main points in the work of that great thinker and great Christian.

Brief mention may also be made of the thorough revision of Cremer's Biblico-theological Lexicon—the eleventh edition—by Julius Kögel, with some assistance by Schlatter. The new book is very considerably enlarged and in several respects modernized. Kögel has taken advantage of the linguistic researches of Deissmann and others of the same school, though the general standpoint of Cremer has been maintained.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Light Within. A Study of the Holy Spirit. By Charles Lewis Slattery, D.D., Rector of Grace Church in New York. 8vo, pp. vii+325. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, cloth, $2, net.

This is one of the few books dealing with the work of the Holy Spirit which take serious note of the contributions of psychology and philosophy. Seven chapters are devoted to an exposition of the teaching of the Bible and the remaining four chapters, which take up two thirds of the book, consist of a comprehensive and critical study of the divers manifestations of the Holy Spirit both within and outside the Church. It is very refreshing to note how Dr. Slattery repeatedly insists on the spiritual significance of life and on the authoritativeness of a present Christian experience for an adequate understanding of the truth. This is all the more suggestive because many of his arguments and illustrations are drawn from fields of thought which are not generally garnered for this purpose. The note of optimism was inevitable in view of the positive conclusions reached. The modern signs of the times are anything but depressing. One who looks beneath the surface can see that man everywhere is athirst for the living God. The tendencies to spiritualize matter, to humanize life, and to seize the unused possibilities of prayer, the efforts to attain human unity and to make more of the Church idea are indications that the Divine Spirit is busy producing rich human experiences. "The Holy Spirit in the Old Testament is first the life-giving source of the external world, inanimate and human; then the guiding power of the nation, its soul, its hope; and finally the consolation and refuge of the individual." The chapter on "The Day of Pentecost" deals with the spiritual phe-

nomena of that day of days far better than we have seen it discussed anywhere. The gift of tongues consisted of "sounds that conveyed a meaning without what we now call language." The disciples in their highest joy spoke "the elemental notes of language, the evident and convincing symbols which all men, responding as with the strains of some mystic music, could feel to be clear to the primitive sense within them." One of the conclusive proofs of this divine energizing by the Spirit of Christ was the eager readiness to share the highest spiritual privileges. This is a marked feature of the Christian experience, totally unlike that of the Oriental enthusiast who, in his exalted seasons, demands isolation, with time for meditation. The Fourth Gospel is described as "the most exalted word about the Holy Spirit in the New Testament, and perhaps for all time." Well has the Church agreed to distinguish it as the *spiritual* gospel containing a consummate revelation of the history of the Holy Spirit in the consciousness of men. Chapter Seven, on "A Thousand Christian Years," is a valuable discussion of post-apostolic teaching on the Holy Spirit. It is much more than a study of the doctrinal utterances of Church Councils and various heresies like Sabellianism, with its insistence on one Person in the Godhead and Tritheism, which went to the other extreme. It is also concerned with the Christian life of this period in its individual and corporate aspects. Concerning the decisions of Church Councils we read: "We know that the Holy Spirit does speak through great geniuses; but we know also that he speaks through the earnest consultation of many minds, in so far as they come together with an openness of heart and a wish to be led by the highest. . . . We do not need to look on these ancient Councils as a mechanical means of securing the judgment of the Holy Spirit. By meditating upon the Church as we see it to-day we can know what the silent voting of the saints might mean in the early centuries; we may believe that by them the grosser elements, evident to every reader of the history, were transcended; we may see how the Councils were means of revealing the wisdom of the Holy Spirit." In a later section of the book there is a criticism of the Councils which is none too severe: "The worst that can be said of them is that less and less did men come together to listen humbly for the directing Voice of the Holy Ghost; more and more a majority came with their minds firmly and fiercely made up what they would do." The next chapter, on "Six Centuries of Freedom," makes special mention of Mysticism and its exponents, like Eckhart and Tauler, and also of architecture, painting, and the New Learning, through which the Holy Spirit was taking of the things of God and showing them unto men, and so preparing the way for the outburst of spiritual liberty in the Reformation. "By placing the Bible as the test of the Voice within our hearts, Luther was guarding himself and his followers against the failure of many who have depended on the Inner Light. The right of private judgment was not circumscribed by any human medium or mediator; for the meaning of the Scripture was left to the individual. Luther and the others who translated the Bible into the languages of Europe were laying upon the common people the task and the responsibility of knowing the Word of God for themselves,

and nothing whatever could stand between them and the Voice of the Holy Spirit to their consciences. The Bible was no longer an ecclesiastical law book; it was a book for the individual heart seeking to know the living God." Would that modern Protestants realized this fact more thoroughly! The progress made up to and through the period of the Reformation left much more to be desired. A great deal of this was obtained during the next three centuries when Christians began to see that the Holy Spirit was unfolding and interpreting the revelation of God through sacred music and oratorios; through the natural sciences, which gave a new respect for law and confirmed the doctrine of design; through psychology, which made clear the intimate relations between the spiritual part of man and the physical and also earnestly exhorted men to cultivate their wills. One of the most encouraging aspects of these three centuries of loyalty was the series of movements concerned with the revival of the spiritual in religion. The first was Quakerism, next was Pietism, but "incomparably the most telling reaction against the dryness of these three hundred years was the rise of Methodism under John Wesley's leadership in the eighteenth century." The concluding chapter is a prophetic forecast in the light of the achievements of the past. It is decidedly optimistic, in spite of the fearful war which has been a veritable "insult to humanity." The devotional spirit of this volume is highly commendable, as it is also one of its most helpful features. With this is combined a scholarly grasp of the subject in all its aspects, making it from every hand of exceptional value to the preacher, who is still called upon to exercise the prophetic office in the name of the living God.

Some Christian Convictions. A Practical Restatement in Terms of Present-day Thinking. By HENRY SLOANE COFFIN. 12mo, pp. ix+222. New Haven: Yale University Press. Price, cloth, net, $1.

What Is a Christian? A Book for the Times. By JOHN WALKER POWELL. 12mo, pp. xxix+201. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price cloth, net, $1.

THESE two books supplement each other and should be read together. They are positive in their conclusions and will help many who are afflicted by doubts and bewildered in the presence of the harsh contradictions of modern society. Dr. Coffin has had exceptional opportunities in addressing college students and these lectures are the outgrowth of that work. "Some of my listeners had been trained in the church, but had thrown off their allegiance to it; others had been reared in Judaism or in agnosticism; others considered themselves 'honorary members' of various religious communions—interested and sympathetic, but uncommitted and irresponsible; more were would-be Christians somewhat restive intellectually under the usual statements of Christian truths." This description equally applies to many who are outside university circles, and the preacher who recognizes this type of mind and spirit with intent to help them into the light is certainly rendering a great service to the Kingdom

of God. We are surely in need of interpreters who sympathetically understand the thoughts and aspirations of the people and who have clear convictions how to meet the complex situation. Dr. Coffin's volume is of decided value for this purpose. The introductory chapter discusses some of the recent movements of thought which have affected Christian beliefs, like romanticism, humanitarianism, physical science, biblical criticism, psychology, comparative religion, and the social upheaval. The results have been wholesome, for Christianity is seen to be the only faith which enriches the whole man and the whole race of man. The authority of Christian experience is radiantly advocated in all these chapters. "Religious experience is self-evidencing to the religious. God is as real to the believer as beauty to the lover of nature on a June morning, or to the artistic eye in the presence of a canvas by a great master. Men are no more argued into faith than into an appreciation of lovely sights and sounds; they are immediately and overwhelmingly aware of the Invisible. Faith does not require authority, it confers it." Let this truth be acknowledged and the whole round of Christian teaching will receive an increment of power which will assuredly satisfy the present generation. The chapter on the Bible points out that it is a spiritually selected literary record of religious experience which is both historic and progressive. The self-evidencing power of the Scripture is refreshingly considered. Just as the works of Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth have won their own place in English literature, so the books of the Bible have gained their positions because they could not be barred from them; they possess power to re-canonize themselves. The Bible then does not need defenders, but exponents of its message, who will point out its excellencies and encourage people to become better acquainted with it. Here is a striking discrimination: "Only as Jesus comes to have a supreme worth to any man can he believe that the estimate of their Master in the minds of the first disciples can be the accurate impression of a real man. When, then, we speak of the Christ of history, we mean not the figure of Jesus as reproduced by scientific research apart from Christian faith, but the Christ of the four Gospels, whose figure corresponds to the religious impression received from the historic Jesus by his earliest followers." Another pointed issue is clearly faced in these sentences: "A Christianity which disregards its origin in the Jesus of genuine memory may label anything 'Christian' that it fancies, and end by losing its own identity; and a Christianity which does not constantly keep learning of the Jesus of the New Testament, and renewing its convictions, ideals, and purposes from Him ceases to be vital." The convictions are expressed with breadth of view, clearness of insight, full understanding of the Christian position, and joy in the only evangel of redemption. Dr. Powell's timely interpretation shows marks of much earnest thinking in view of the terrible war. The consideration of all the issues is marked by the optimistic temper which is so characteristically Christian. "Jesus Christ is more than an ideal. He is the unfailing fountain of spiritual power; and he holds that place in virtue of the totality of his human experience, whereby he can enter sympathetically into the struggles and passions of the weakest of his brethren and can enable them

to be more than conquerors in life's battle." After stating that the Christian life on its positive side is characterized by the recognition of spiritual forces and relations, he thus answers the question which is the title of his book: "A Christian is one who is engaged upon the great task of building a character worthy to endure beyond this brief experience; of establishing in the world the great ideals of purity and justice and truth; of helping his fellowmen in their sorrows and struggles; of establishing the kingdom of righteousness and peace and joy in holiness of spirit." The chapter on "The Christian Church" contains some sharp criticisms, but there is nothing bitter and cynical: "The Church is nothing after all but the attempt of the Christian ideal to embody itself in institutional form for the sake of perpetuating itself in the world, of implanting its ideals in the human heart, and stamping its impress upon human history." If every Christian and church member would more thoroughly realize this, there need be no difficulty in delivering the world from the thraldom of wickedness which expresses itself in such divers and diabolical forms. No book published in these months of travail for the world can omit references to the war. Some sensible things are said on the Christian and war. The happy day will dawn when nations practice hospitality toward each other, rid themselves of race hatred and suspicion, come to trust each other and to subordinate their selfish impulses to the interest of peace and mutual welfare. This day need not be in the distant horizon but very near at hand, if we allow the Christian ideal actually to control all our lives all the time. These two studies of vital and triumphant Christianity must be reckoned with by every preacher and thoughtful layman.

Paul and His Epistles. By D. A. Hayes, Professor of New Testament Interpretation in the Graduate School of Theology, Garrett Biblical Insitute. 8vo, pp. 508. New York and Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern. Price, cloth, $2, net.

Jerusalem to Rome. The Acts of the Apostles. A New Translation and Commentary, with Introduction, Maps, Reconstructions and Illustrations from Christian Art. By Charles Fremont Sitterly, Professor in Drew Theological Seminary. 8vo, pp. 293. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

He is a bold man who would write a book on the life and work of the great apostle to the Gentiles, when there are so many books of first excellence on the subject. Professor Hayes is well aware of this fact, to judge from his extensive bibliography, but he is nevertheless justified in giving to the public his own interpretation of Paul. It is just the sort of a handy volume which the average student, both preacher and layman, will find to be of practical usefulness. It deserves a place by the side of Deissmann, Ramsay, Kennedy, Knowling, and other moderns who have made the apostle live anew. Professor Hayes introduces us to Paul in a concise and complete chapter which considers his personal preparation, appearance, and characteristics. This first chapter is a marvel of lucid

condensation, for every question of interest is ably dealt with in forty-seven pages. The same is true of the second chapter on "The Epistles," which covers sixty-seven pages. It is interesting to be told from a new angle and with a new application that, prior to his entering on his larger field, Paul spent about ten or twelve years in Syria and Cilicia, to which very brief reference is made in Galatians 1. 21. "We know little or nothing about him in this time. We are sure that he was busy in evangelistic service, and we think it altogether probable that he was trying different methods and plans and thus was laying the foundation of his future success. To Paul himself these were unquestionably the most important years of his ministry. They were not years of sweeping victory, but they were years when he was getting ready for such things. If Paul could work for ten years in obscurity, surely any young man can be content to labor for the same length of time before he is called into any prominent field." The exceedingly human side of Paul is recovered for us in these pages, so that we are enabled to think of him and see him as a Christian man, "of tender sensibilities, of boundless affection for his friends and his converts, and all who need his help and his gospel." His inability to appreciate the beauties of nature was a mark of limitation, and it was not due to his absorption in spiritual things. In this respect he was unlike Jesus, who was a prophet and also a poet, and who brought out hidden meanings from field, flower, and bird, and all things both great and small. The uncalled-for contrast between Jesus and Paul is impressively dealt with and disposed of. Incidentally a good word is spoken for theology, which is the scientific and systematic presentation of religious truth; the need for which is most apparent in these days of confused religious thought and incoherent conclusions. "The better we know Paul the more we will love this doughty little champion of the Christian faith. The more we read these epistles the more fully we will realize his ardor and devotion, his flaming heart and saintly life. The inspiration of his life was to be found in his theology, and his theology is to be found in his epistles. They reflect his life, and his life interprets them. We cannot love them without loving him and we cannot love him without constantly studying them." A careful study of these writings under the exceptionally reliable guidance of Professor Hayes will enable many a preacher to obtain the perspective of the gospel, to appreciate its spiritual opulence, and to rejoice in its fertile adaptability to all of our complex and complicated needs. What gives increased value to this volume is the constant recognition by the author that the epistles were written to help real people. While academic aspects are not neglected in this scholarly study, it is the practical appeal of Paul's writings which is admirably emphasized. We can, therefore, safely say that Professor Hayes has produced the best and most reliable introduction to the epistles of Paul in English. Professor Sitterly's volume on the Acts can very profitably be read in connection with the one on Paul, as it furnishes an excellent background. The work of translation is done with care, and there are many pleasant and vivid touches which bring out the meaning of the Greek text in a striking way. A comparison with Moffatt's well known translation in-

duced us to prefer Sitterly, both on account of fidelity to the original and the clearer rendering into English. Here are some passages: "I myself also am only a man" (10. 26); Barnabas "kept encouraging them all to remain faithful to the Lord with heartfelt purpose" (11. 23); "thus reflecting on the situation he came to the house of Mary" (12. 12); "what would this philosophic scrap-collector say?" (17. 18); Paul's nephew was asked by the Commander to "tell no man that you have given me these facts" (23. 22); Paul preached in Rome "with all freedom of speech and no embarrassment" (28. 31). The commentary takes the form of an extended paraphrase into which are woven necessary explanations. This is a popular volume, and it is not burdened with learned foot-notes. The chief purpose of the author is to induce others to read the Acts, without prejudice or prepossession, so that the spell of the stirring story may rest on them, as it certainly has on him. The numerous half-tone illustrations and maps add to the value of the volume. Particular mention should be made of the suggestive reconstruction pictures of Jerusalem, Antioch, the Areopagus and Acropolis, Corinth, Ephesus, and the Roman Forum. Altogether it is a valuable help to the better understanding of the early Church.

The Essentials of Methodism. By Francis J. McConnell. 16mo, pp. 88. New York and Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern. Price, cloth, 40 cents, net.

It scarcely need be said that this valuable little book from the brain and heart of Bishop McConnell is characterized in every sentence by the insight, clarity, sanity, sound sense, and essential orthodoxy with which Methodism and regions beyond are familiar in his voluminous utterances and in a half-dozen previous books, as well as in various articles in this Review. We believe that we serve the author and publishers as well as the Church by copying here the Introduction, without quotation marks: In discussing the essentials of Methodism it is well for us to remind ourselves at the outset that Methodism shares with other churches the common heritage of catholic Christianity. As an offshoot of the Established Church of England Methodism has always held fast to the cardinal doctrines which have come down from the beginning of Christianity. The doctrines of God, of Christ, of the meaning and dignity of human life which prevail in Methodism are essentially the same as those of all the churches which we call evangelical. If, for example, it were proposed to try a Methodist minister for heretical views as to the Person of Christ, there would be no distinctively Methodist phrasing of the doctrine to be accepted as standard. No doubt certain Methodist authors would be quoted, but the quotations would be found to embody the doctrine which the church has held from the beginning. If a Methodist minister should be tried for disbelief in immortality, defense and prosecution would both soon discover that belief in immortality has reached no distinctive formulation at the hands of Methodism. The belief has been assumed as

part of the common heritage of the Christian Church. If we look at Methodism historically, we soon discern that all its doctrines and ceremonials and rules for practice have to do with their effect on inner spiritual experience. The Methodist movement arose as a protest against formalism in theology and ritual and practice. The early Methodists made no war on the Church of England except in the attack upon its lack of spirituality. It has been said that Methodism began when John Wesley found his heart "strangely warmed," and that the center of the power of Methodism has always been its emphasis upon inner experience. It is as if our forefathers found ready-to-hand doctrinal statements and ritualistic observances and rules of conduct which they proceeded to fill with a new life. What is distinctive in Methodism, then, is the emphasis upon religious experience. There are not Methodist doctrines so much as Methodist accents upon commonly accepted doctrines. There is not a Methodist ritual so much as a Methodist spirit in the observance of ritual. There is not Methodist conduct so much as an inner life out of which conduct is supposed spontaneously to arise. In this booklet we propose to call attention to four points upon which Methodist emphasis distinctly falls. The Methodist believes in conversion, by which he means a passage from moral deadness to moral life which profoundly affects the whole course of the life. Historically the church has stood for a belief in entire sanctification, by which is meant practically the extension of spiritual influences to all parts of a man's nature. Further, the church believes in the religious training of children, holding to the doctrine that the child born in a Christian home belongs by birth to the kingdom of God, in the sense that he is entitled to and can respond to divine influences from the beginning. Finally, the Methodist, true-to-type, believes in an inner satisfaction of spiritual life which he calls assurance, or the witness of the Spirit. As a practical implication of this doctrine, the church has maintained from the beginning that the claims of spiritual life have the right of way in the treatment of dogmas and rituals and schemes of church organization. Of course it will be understood that this does not mean that any Methodist who understands himself will claim that his denomination has a monopoly of the emphasis on the points of view just mentioned. In some form conversion and sanctification and the training of childhood and the insistence upon the primacy of the rights of intimate religious experience are given emphasis in all evangelical churches. As a matter of fact, however, the Methodist emphasis turns distinctively around these four points. These comprise the practical working creed of Methodism. It is to these essentials of Methodism, as they have force in the life of the church to-day, that we wish to call attention in the following pages. From the body of the book we select the discussion of Childhood Religion, as follows: Methodism, taking its start from an emphasis on the need of conversion, is borne on by an inner spiritual logic. The early leaders felt that no limit must be placed upon the extent to which the kingdom of God could extend in the conquest of all parts of a man's nature. The leaders soon saw that before the work of grace could reach the ideal in the human life it must start with the

life at the earliest possible moment. Hence they early came to an emphasis on childhood religion. It will be seen that the three essentials which we have thus far mentioned belong together by a kind of logical consistency. Conversion leads on to the ideal of entire sanctification, and entire sanctification suggests the need of holding fast the soul to the Kingdom from earliest childhood. Here again we must distinguish between the essential aim of a doctrine and the manner in which the doctrine is put into practice. John Wesley himself seems to have known little about the true methods for making religion attractive to childhood. The age itself was rather gloomy and somber, so that the brightness which should mark childhood piety was missing. The accounts of childhood experiences which come down to us from early Methodist days are rather disheartening. The aim seemed to be to put mature experiences upon the lives of children, and the result was not much more edifying than is usually the case with such experiments. John Wesley once tried to run a school for boys on the plan that the youngsters should rise at five o'clock in the morning, and that all play should be forbidden. We of this later day record with considerable satisfaction that the school failed. But all this error in practice must be put to one side before the evident truth that the Methodists were fundamentally on the right track. The age itself did not make much provision for normal childhood experiences, so that we must not blame the Methodists too severely if they made blunders in child training. We must remember that the converts of Methodists came chiefly from the laboring classes. Wages were low. Parents sent their children out to work at very tender years. The crudeness of their approach to the child problem was a part of the general ignorance of the age concerning the child. Over against the crudeness was the persevering attempt of Methodism to meet the religious needs of childhood by doctrinal statement and by church procedure. All of Methodism's doctrinal phrasings have come out of the stress of practical emergencies. The Methodists aimed at developing the highest types of religious experience. To do this they must start with children. Their first need was a statement which would enable them to meet the charge that the child is by nature depraved. The doctrine of total depravity, as we have before indicated, has never been taken by Methodists with any especial seriousness; but there are enough tendencies toward evil in the life of the ordinary child to make the religious handling of the child an affair of serious importance. To meet the doctrinal difficulties of the situation the Methodists spoke of "prevenient grace," by which they meant that even if the child came into the world with tendencies toward evil, the Spirit of God was round about the child from the beginning to aid in keeping him from the evil. This phrase, "prevenient grace," must be understood in its purpose rather than in its exact theological implications. The Methodists were confronted by facts. Evil lives could be made good. To make the lives good it was necessary to start as early as possible. In this saving work the Spirit of God would help. This practical statement gave the early Methodists all the theological foundation they needed for dealing with the child problem. As to church prac-

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is a word of our own making. The Master's term is new birth. In a spiritual sense a growing life is progressively born into higher and higher kingdoms. When a child begins to take an interest in the realm of books it is permissible for us to say that he is, in a sense, born into a new kingdom. There are kingdoms of learning and of patriotism and of art. Lives reach these kingdoms as they respond to the influences which point them toward the kingdoms. No man can become a citizen of the kingdom of science or of art without surrendering to the influences which bear him toward that kingdom. Just so, there is a kingdom of spiritual understanding. A child born in a Christian home might conceivably never know transgression, and yet be in need of ratifying for himself the rule of life which he had received from his parents. It is hard to read the Gospel of Luke without feeling that the experience of the boy Jesus in the temple marked a sharp crisis in his life. There ought to come a time in the life of every child when he makes a decision, or takes a stand in ratification of the truth which he has been taught. In all this the largest liberty should be left for individual expression. This whole realm requires the utmost wisdom on the part of pastors and teachers, but it is a mistake to assume that Christian nurture does away with the possibility of beneficial crisis in the life of the child, or that it is not necessary for children, nurtured by Christian leaders, themselves to take a stand for the truth which they have been taught. Part of our confusion as to the doctrine of conversion comes of a false conception of the supernatural. If God is supposed to work merely, or chiefly, in startling or spectacular terms of experience, we shall, of course, have as our standard conversion one which few children can ever be expected to meet. If, on the other hand, the divine force has seemed to work through the guidance of parents and the counsels of teachers, and the orderly unfolding of the child's own nature, and in the blossoming and flourishing periods which mark successive stages of development, we shall find the new birth, by which we mean a birth through self-surrender into a realm of spiritual insight and devotion, within the reach of all children.

The Old Testament in Life and Literature and *The New Testament in Life and Literature*. By Jane T. Stoddart. 8vo, pp. x + 512 and x + 508. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, each $2.00, net.

The best testimonial to the Bible comes from life, and literature is the literary expression of life. Unlike any other book the Bible has entered deeply and widely into the civilization of Western Europe and America, and its mission through translations is increasing from more to more. It was Professor Peake, that able Methodist scholar, who remarked not long ago that the neglect of the Bible in daily life is one of the causes of the lowered spiritual vitality of the churches. If that is the case, the remedy is very manifest. We are glad to have it shown in these two volumes what the Bible has done for former generations

and how it has been indispensable in influencing the thought and shaping the style of the world's best literature. Appropriate quotations from biography, history, travel, poetry, fiction, theology, and belles lettres further illustrate the remarkably beneficial influence of the Bible on Christian life and preaching. We thus have here a practical, literary, and religious commentary on the Scriptures. Miss Stoddart, as assistant editor of The British Weekly and colleague of that brilliant editor, Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, has had unusual opportunities to become acquainted with the byways of literature. The Old Testament volume opens with a refreshing chapter on Lovers of the Bible. How enthusiastic are their testimonials to what the blessed Book has been to them! The New Testament volume is introduced with a chapter on The New Testament as a Whole. We are glad to read what Erasmus, Luther, Melanchthon, Lefevre, Tyndale, Hernandez, and others did to popularize it, and also to read a group of grateful eulogies from Stanley, Barrie, Diessmann, De Quincey, Blackie, F. W. Robertson, and many more. Helpful light is thrown on difficult passages. It is not an easy matter to quote any passage so as to convey an adequate idea of the rare treasures in these two volumes. As an example, however, of the author's style of weaving in quotations from different sources, the following is typical: "The Psalms have comforted lonely wanderers on the darkest continents of the soul. 'When I feel I cannot make headway in devotion,' wrote James Gilmour, of Mongolia, 'I open at the Psalms and push in my canoe, and let myself be carried along in the stream of devotion which flows through the whole Book. The current always sets toward God, and in most places is strong and deep.' Morning and evening, summer and winter, boats are putting off from Psalm-wharf. The 'canoe' in early Christian ages was sometimes a fighting barque, for, as John Hill Burton reminds us, one of Saint Columba's battles raged about a transcript of the Psalms. 'The river of God is full of water,' and there are landing-places all along the shore. The child-saint Elizabeth of Hungary saw the river flowing through the chapel of Wartburg, for her ladies often found her lying in front of the altar, with her small hands folded and the Psalms spread open before her, as if she were praying from the illuminated book. Amid the droughts of Estremadura, the Emperor Charles V sang psalms on sleepless nights with the gentlemen of his chamber. This river flowed with the Elbe current past the walls of Wittenberg in the same century. George Ellinger tells how Melanchthon's students made notes with reverent care from the Lectures on the Psalms which belong to the Preceptor's closing years. These were not intended for publication, but they afford us a truer insight into his mode of teaching than the commentaries he prepared for a wider circulation. His one purpose was to make the Psalms religiously fruitful." The story of Abraham has fourteen pages, the story of Joseph thirteen, the Lord's Prayer ten, and there are quotations from Dante, Green, Holmes, Borrow, Jowett, Mrs. Browning, Lamb, Livingston, and Kingsley. In view of its unique teaching, it was to be expected that the Book of Devotion, as the Psalms may well be called, has rich illustrations from a variety of sources and that 141 pages

are devoted to this single book. Next comes the Gospel of Matthew with 94 pages. Every book of the Bible is furthermore introduced with some choice extracts relating to its particular message. Each of these volumes has an index of texts illustrated, which show the extent of the author's reading and how much has been used from every field of literature. There are also general indexes so that the extensive material can be made use of without any difficulty. These two volumes will be greatly appreciated not only by preachers but by the laity. They should furthermore encourage everybody to a more diligent study of the Book of life.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Theism and Humanism. The Gifford Lectures. By the Rt. Hon. Arthur James Balfour, M.A., F.R.S., LL.D., D.C.L. 8vo, pp. 274. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1.75 net.

It is very noteworthy that the First Lord of the British Admiralty should have taken time in the midst of a very great national crisis to prepare these Gifford Lectures for the press. His recognized ability for public duties is explained by the fact that he has breathed as his native air the atmosphere of philosophical and religious thought. His previous volume on The Foundations of Belief pointed out that belief or disbelief is based on authority, and that this appeal to authority is not peculiar to religion, for it has also been used by art, science, and ethics. He further expressed his conviction concerning a God who is capable of "preferential action"; in an inspiration which is limited to no age, country, or people, and in a Christianity which is effectively fitted to minister to our ethical needs. By the terms of the Gifford Lectures, he was prevented from discussing the subject of revelation, and so he has dealt in these lectures with natural religion in its theistic aspects. He demonstrates with striking ability that life has value only as it is rooted in God. "My desire has been to show that all we think best in human culture, whether associated with beauty, goodness, or knowledge, requires God for its support, that humanism without theism loses more than half its value. Though, therefore, the subjects discussed are embarrassing in their variety, no diminution of their number seems possible. The argument would have broken down had I confined myself to a narrower scope—had I, for example, been content to show the importance of theism for morality, leaving untouched its importance for science and æsthetics. Such a limitation would have shattered the whole design." Throughout these discussions Mr. Balfour has in mind not the plain man who accepts a theistic view of the universe, nor the trained man of speculation, who has already found a theory of things which satisfies his reason, or who is sure no such theory exists. The lecturer is more keenly interested in those persons, both earnest and sincere, who are perplexed by the conclusions of modern naturalism which deny or ignore God in the world, for that would imply that the higher values of life would be greatly impoverished.

It is interesting to read a book whose author respects science and yet recognizes its limitations, and who espouses the plain man's point of view. His creed of common sense particularly contains formulas which represent some "inevitable beliefs." What Mr. Balfour means by this is explained in a later lecture as those beliefs which possess the highest degree of intuitive probability. "Now this category of 'inevitableness' is not often met with in metaphysics; indeed, so far as I know, it is not met with at all. We hear of innate beliefs, a priori judgments, axioms, laws of thought, truths of reason, truths the opposite of which is 'inconceivable,' and so forth." The metaphysical conception of God furthermore emphasizes his more conclusive unity while the religious conception emphasizes his ethical personality. The God of religion is thus not the Absolute, a cold and distant Being residing in the clouds beyond the reach of mortals; he is rather "a God whom men can love, a God to whom men can pray, who takes sides, who has purposes and preferences, whose attributes, howsoever conceived, leave unimpaired the possibility of a personal relation between Himself and those whom He has created." It is concerning this God that Mr. Balfour discourses so luminously in these lectures. He appeals to a wide variety of subjects, like history, morals, the theory of probability, to illustrate the imperative necessity for a theistic setting of the universe, which is so fruitful, as over against a naturalistic setting which is arid and barren. In short, he makes a comprehensive survey of all life and reaches the conclusion that "All's law, yet all's love." When we read some superficial utterances which decry creeds, it is refreshing to be told by a thinker of Mr. Balfour's standing that "A creed of some kind, religious or irreligious, is a vital necessity for all, not a speculative luxury for the few; and the practical creed of the few who speculate has a singular, and even suspicious, resemblance to that of the many who do not. While those rare individuals who have thought deeply about the theory of knowledge are profoundly divided as to *why* we should believe, they largely agree as to *what* we should believe with that vast multitude who, on the theory of knowledge, have never thought at all. Is not this a circumstance in itself most worthy of closer consideration?" When there is such a painful eagerness on the part of some in striving for modernity as though knowledge began and will end with themselves, it is very pleasing to read what one in the forefront of philosophical thought has to say in favor of such terms as Providence and Inspiration. Although such words tend toward a philosophy of the universe, he nevertheless concentrates attention on the humanistic side of theism, on the relation of God to man, and to man's higher spiritual needs. The familiar argument from design is so interpreted in the light of ethics and æsthetics that it becomes the argument from value or rather the argument *to* design. His conclusions are thus richer than the traditional because they are based not merely on external nature but on the mind and spirit of man. We hear a great deal about efficiency in these days, but it is at best a mechanical term, and we must be careful to discriminate between original and external tests on the one hand and spiritual and permanent tests on the other. The lecture on "Ethics and The-

ism" is of value because of the clear distinctions which are made between primitive instincts and developed morality, between the ethics of instinct and of reflection, between the struggle for existence and for domination, between the appeals to selfishness and to altruism. His contention throughout rests not upon the difficulty of maintaining moral ends in a Godless universe, but upon the difficulty of maintaining moral values if moral origins are purely naturalistic. He concludes that if the noblest ideals are to lose all power of appeal, then ethics must have its roots in the divine and in the divine it must find its consummation. This book contains a needed message to the times. It is written in a style which is clear and polished. The thought is deep and discussions are profound and the conclusions sustain and strengthen Christian theism. For this reason alone, if for no other, the book deserves and will repay repeated readings with the closest attention. The preacher who studies it will better understand the deep interest of the present generation in things spiritual. He will thus be enabled to place history in a clear theistic setting, to give a permanent value to all human efforts and to meet the deep needs of those to whom he ministers.

The Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists. By ROBERT TRESSALL, House-painter. Pp. 285. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

AN English house-painter, so the story runs, weary of the struggle against the present order of things, slipped out of it all, leaving behind him a dependent family—and a manuscript in which he had recorded his criticism of the system under which he had lived and died. The manuscript lay untouched until one day his daughter, a nurse maid, brought it to the attention of her mistress, who in turn persuaded one of the editors of Punch to look it over. "I consented without enthusiasm," says the editor, "expecting to be neither interested nor amused, and found that I had chanced upon a remarkable human document. With grim humor and pitiless realism the workingman has revealed the lives and hearts of his mates, their opinions of their betters, their political views, their attitude toward Socialism. Through the busy din of the hammer and the scraping knife, the clang of the pail, the swish of the whitewash, the yell of the foreman, comes the talk of the men, their jokes and curses, their hopes and terrors, the whimpering of their old people, the cry of their children." Here is a story without a plot, a novel in which there is no attempt to turn polished or clever phrases, no apparent effort to construct a piece of literature; nothing but a grim, sordid story of a score of laborers as they go about their daily work when work is to be had and their dull, hopeless search for it when the job fails. Yet it is a tale which from the first page, where the men are discovered busily remodeling "The Cave," until the last, when the tubercular Socialist is thinking it will be better to take his family with him than to leave them for society to rend as soon as he is gone, grips with the intensity of life itself. Gaunt hunger, ignorance, disease, and death stalk through its drab pages,

but always with the monotony of the commonplace, never with the dignity of tragedy. Along with them, a silent but persistent shadow, walks the pursuing fear of unemployment, never far from the thoughts of every character in the story, from the chief of the bosses down to the boy Bert, who, pale and thin from long hours and lack of sufficient food, drags the tool handcart from place to place at the behest of the not over-patient toilers. To little purpose does the socialistic member of their company try to explain to them the follies and cruelties of the system under which they live. His elaborate explanations of the "Money Trick" and the reasons for their miserable condition bring only jeers and ridicule from his dull and sodden mates, who follow unthinkingly the leadership of one or another party, refusing to give serious thought to the root causes of their misery. Ignorant and vicious they remain to the end, revealing with pitiless veracity the weaknesses of their own class. Now and again sardonic humor glints across the dreary chronicle, but for the most part these "ragged philanthropists" live and work hopelessly, giving all, receiving scarcely enough to keep the souls within their bodies. "It is a masterpiece of realism," says Robert Hunter. "The work of a craftsman, it is true, unerring, and pitiless in its delineation of men and life. Were Zola and Tolstoi living I am sure they would look upon this common house-painter with envy, as one whose novice hand had outdone them."

Farcs, Please. And Other Essays on Practical Themes. By HALFORD E. LUCCOCK. 12mo, pp. 203. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, 75 cents, net.

FOR their practical suggestiveness and fresh illustrations of a wide variety of subjects, we advise the purchase of these thirty-eight short essays. They offer many "starting-points for thought." The new author's over-modest Foreword is this: "It is a happy book whose chapters live and work together as a family of blood relatives. This little volume cannot aspire to such felicity. Its covers open on an orphan asylum rather than a family. Like the inmates of an orphans' home, its chapters are many and are all small; they are dressed in but the plainest workaday gingham and calico; they are all waifs—picked up on widely scattered lanes of observation. Yet for a' that, they are not entirely unrelated. They are on speaking terms with one another, and try, at least, to speak a common language of faith and hope. They all believe that life is an affair of great zest and great prizes, and they share together the conviction of Arthur Hugh Clough that 'Life loves no lookers on at his great game.'" We know not how we can do better for author, publishers, and our public than by presenting samples of this book's quality, chosen at random. Take this on "The Highest Heredity": "The phrase belongs to that maker of splendid phrases, David Starr Jordan. The most determining factor in every man's inheritance is not that which he gets from his grandfather but what he gets from himself. Every man is his own most important ancestor. The nineteenth century gave us two dramatic literary pictures

of heredity in striking contrast. One of them was Ibsen's Ghosts. It is a play full of characteristic Scandinavian gloom, showing the progress to tragic climaxes of a group of people under the relentless automatic control of the spent passions of their ancestors. It is full of a morbid fatalism, depicting a world where men move under the hopeless control of a dead hand. Its philosophy chains up human freedom in the meshes of an iron necessity more binding than the most rigid kind of foreordination ever conceived. Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley pictures a very different kind of force, still terrible, still unescapable, but with a very different kind of source. Her Frankenstein tells the story of a student who constructed out of the fragments of bodies picked from churchyards and dissecting rooms a human form without a soul. The monster had muscular strength, animal passions, and an active life, but no 'breath of divinity.' It longed for animal love and sympathy but was shunned by all. For a time it followed obediently the dictates of its master, but gradually got away from his control, till finally, so far from being his servant, it becomes his ruler. It was most powerful for evil, and being fully conscious of its own defects and deformities, sought with persistency to inflict retribution on the young student who had called it into being. Mrs. Shelley did not write Frankenstein primarily as an allegory but as a wild and powerful romance. It is all the more effective as a work of art in that it draws no lessons. The tragic movement of the tale is a living representation of the way a man's days and years gradually build up within a force of character whose movements he finally does not direct but obey. Christ's last words to Peter, as recorded by John, have a startling, though wholly unintended application to the realm of character-building through habit formation: 'When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself and walkedst whither thou wouldest; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands and another shall gird thee and carry thee whither thou wouldest not.' The 'other' who finally girds and carries us is the unconscious force which our yesterdays have created and placed on the throne. The heredity we receive from others is never to be lightly regarded. The twentieth century is young, barely entered on its adolescence, yet it has already added distinctly to our knowledge and appreciation of the importance and laws of heredity. The whole new science of eugenics has been marked out and pretty well staked off in fifteen years. The future will give not less but more importance to the problems of heredity than ever before. But no possible advance in our knowledge of ancestral heredity will ever subtract from the truth that it is from ourselves that we receive the most determining inheritance. The classic pictures of 'The Three Fates,' blindly spinning and cutting the thread of life, is an anachronism. We handle the shears for ourselves. The man of forty is under the 'grip of a dead hand,' but it is not so much that of his father as that of the boy of fifteen or twenty that he used to be. It is 'the vanished yesterdays' which are the tyrants of to-morrow. Ruskin declares, with a fine appreciation of this truth, that he had rather hear people speak of thoughtless old age, than indulgently excuse 'the thoughtlessness of youth.' 'Youth thoughtless, when the career of all his days

depends on the chances or passions of an hour or the opportunities of a moment! A youth thoughtless, when his every act is as a torch to the laid train of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life and death! Be thoughtless in future years rather than now, though, indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his death-bed.' There is only one real ghost who will ever haunt us. It is the vision of the man we might have been. In our brightest success and most abject failure he will be there, with a sad and wistful glance. The action of to-day, so apparently insignificant in itself, is determining whether we will leave to the man we will be to-morrow the fine inheritance of a mind unspoiled by dissipation, trained to think and act, or whether we will throw away his inheritance before he has had a chance to touch it. 'The highest heredity' is, at bottom, a great message of hope. To think that the limits of possibility are finally set at birth makes for inertia, irresponsibility, and despair. But to know that to-day we are creating our own to-morrow is a sobering and ennobling inspiration.

> One ship goes east, another west,
> By the selfsame winds that blow;
> 'Tis the set of the sail, and not the gale,
> That determines the way they go.

Never should this subject be left, however, without the remembrance that in addition to being the heirs of all the ages and of ourselves, we are 'joint heirs with Jesus Christ.' We are not left to work out our own salvation as a lonely *tour-de-force*, for it is God which worketh in us to will and to do of his good pleasure." When Billy Sunday was doing his eleven-weeks work in Philadelphia, an officer of a large iron company went to hear him out of curiosity. Being asked next day his opinion of the evangelist, he replied that he thought some of his language improper and objectionable. Being asked what the objectionable words were, he answered: "Well, he said 'I'm an heir of God and a joint heir with Christ.' I think that is irreverent, almost blasphemous." The other participant in the conversation was a life-long Bible class teacher, who exclaimed: "Why, man, go get your Bible; read the eighth chapter of Romans—greatest thing ever written; you'll find it there; those are Paul's own words." This is our highest and most potent heredity. In it, there is more for us than all that can be against. That is the only thing that makes our case hopeful. Take also this second sample on "Clouding the Issue": "In all the catalogue of political tricks there is no form of cleverness which brings larger returns than skill in 'clouding the issue.' This art carries an argument by discussing something distantly related to it and succeeds in making the whole thing turn on a point which has little or nothing to do with it. Millions of unsophisticated citizens have voted to have the city treasury looted by a gang of thieves because the scheme was cleverly draped with the national flag while the band played 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' We may smile at the Carolina mountaineer who came up to the polling booth a few years ago to cast his ballot for Jefferson Davis; but it is not quite so amusing to think that there are large numbers of people who vote the

Republican or Democratic ticket at strictly local elections because of their admiration of Lincoln or their reverence for the memory of the late Thomas Jefferson. This is the high art of the liquor propagandist who seeks to cloud the question of the moral and economic curse of the saloon with the specious issue of 'personal liberty.' Looked at in view of all its consequences, this guileless 'innocence' of allowing the judgment to be confused by things irrelevant, is a deadly form of sin. The cleverness which causes it is part of that strategy which makes up the largest part of the destructive power of all sin, its ingenuity of disguise. It is an ingenuity which dates from Eden, and everything new to be said about it was old centuries ago. It is a question, however, whether the old pitfall of the disguises and fictions of sin does not merit a freshened attention because of a sure growth of softening the asperities of life in the language used in the social and business world. Whatever may be the reason, whether from an advance in politeness or a more adroit salesmanship, old-fashioned plain and harsh words are giving place to more subdued and inviting ones. What used to be called 'cast-off' clothing is advertised and sold as 'slightly used'—a much more mild and agreeable term. Instead of the old term 'boarders' we see frequent advertisements which refer to 'table guests.' Who ever hears of a second-hand typewriter now? It is always a 'rebuilt machine.' The clerk in the department store is instructed never to ask if the buyer wishes something 'cheaper.' She deftly suggests 'something less expensive'—a much more flattering way of saying the same thing. When a man is sick we learn that he is 'indisposed.' The old-fashioned cabinet photograph which etched our features with pitiless truth has given place to the 'art study' which endows us all with the distinction of beauty. That all this makes for pleasantness no one can deny. But with the glossing over of hard and plain names of things in the minor departments of life, there is the very real danger of transferring the same pleasant process to its major departments and ending up with toning down the asperities of sin. There is danger of a kind of moral 'aphasia,' which malady consists in being unable to remember the right names of things. And 'that way lies madness.' It is hard enough at the best. The same thing which is 'stubbornness' in another is usually labeled 'firmness' when it appears in ourselves. The 'stinginess' of some one else is only 'prudence' when we act the same way. And the same words which on the other fellow's tongue show 'cowardice,' on our own are an instance of a 'wise caution.' The strategy of sin has won its battle when it gets us to call it by another name. One of the most perfect pictures of the strategy of sin is the story in the book of Joshua, of the device of the Gibeonites who wished to form, for their own advantage, an alliance with Israel. Israel had been forbidden to make alliances of any kind, and the ambassadors of the Gibeonites put forward three pleas to show why this alliance with them could do no harm. These three pleas voice in absolutely perfect form the three main strokes of sin in clouding the issue. They said: 1. '*We are come from a far country.*' This was the ingratiating start. 'There can be no evil consequences, for we live so far away.' So speaks the voice of every temptation from that of Eve down to the one we met

an hour ago. The danger seems remote, chimerical. Others might possibly be harmed but not *us*. 2. '*We are come on account of Jehovah, your God.*' Here is diplomacy of the highest order. Temptation never suggests that we part with our religion. It whispers that there is no real antagonism between our religion and the course suggested. Unthinkable! It will even help Jehovah! There is hardly any sin whose real character cannot be clouded with a religious motive. When a fresh shipload of slaves from Africa was unloaded at Newport in colonial days the minister publicly rendered fervent thanks to God for his providence in 'bringing these benighted blacks under the blessed influence of the gospel.' He probably deceived every one—including himself—except the Almighty. 3. '*We are your servants.*' Here was the oily culmination. Temptation comes as opportunity. It is the chance of a lifetime for knowledge, power, advancement, all of which, of course, will be put to a fine use! The Israelites learned that all this golden eloquence boiled down finally into one 'short and ugly word.' They were lies. Sin is always *near* in its results; it is *atheistic;* it never serves but always *rules*. The approach to Constantinople reveals the most beautiful city in the world. The glamour and romance of the East become for the moment realities. But presently the onlooker begins to lose the *ensemble*. The forms of the buildings become grotesque; the streets grow squalid and the people and dogs make up a mean and hideous entanglement of life. A fair picture of the refractions of sin. The only sure method of correcting them is the daring of Joshua's dealing with the unknown angel, to demand, clear down to the end of every serpentine coil of reasoning, 'Art thou for us or for our enemies?'" Even better things than these are in Halford E. Luccock's first book, which will not be his last.

Foundations of Christian Belief. Studies in the Philosophy of Religion. By Francis L. Strickland, Professor of Philosophy in the University of West Virginia. 8vo, pp. 319. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Cloth, net, $1.50.

This volume may be regarded as an excellent supplement to Dr. McGiffert's volume on The Rise of Modern Religious Ideas, in which advanced ground is taken on some of the essential truths of Christianity. Professor Strickland is not only a philosopher but also a historian, and that which gives increased value to his discussion is the subjectively weighted definings and the note of Christian experience. He has cultivated his theistic instincts to advantage and it is not difficult to see his indebtedness to the late Professor Bowne. But he is an independent thinker and he has succeeded in setting forth with clearness and freshness some adequate grounds for religious certainty. What is said on the subject of pantheism is particularly strong, and it was necessary in view of the increasing tendency toward this theory on the part of some thinkers. The question of personality is viewed in different aspects in chapters on "The Meaning and Implications of Personality," "Divine Personality,"

"Conceptions of the Divine Activity," "The Revelation of God in Human Personality." If the most fundamental and determinative characteristic of any religion is its conception of the divine, then Christianity stands in the forefront because it sets forth the truth of God in terms of the highest ethical and religious values. Indeed, we can think of God not by abstract speculation but by practical experimentation. Just as the mind controls the body, although confined within it, and is not necessarily localized in any physical way, so also the presence of the Divine Spirit is to be tested not spatially but dynamically. Personality does not suggest limitation, but is expressive of mental and moral freedom, the denial of which is the ethically and religiously paralyzing weakness of determinism. "The answer of theism," says Strickland, "to this great problem of the relation of the Infinite to the world is that the Infinite, or Absolute, is a personal ethical Spirit, in vital moral relations with finite spirits; and that the relation of the world of things to the Infinite is that of dependence. The world of things is the manifestation or revelation of the purposeful activity of the Divine Spirit." By the side of this statement let us place the professor's definition of faith as "the whole personal relationship of the soul to the object of its trust and love"; and we can then fully appreciate his excellent section on prayer (pages 229-238). If God the Infinite communes with man the finite, the conclusion is that he is actively present in the world. The idea that creation is a continuous process is confirmed by the findings of science, which declare that the mighty changes through which the earth has passed are not all complete. The chapter on "The Revelation of God in Nature" shows that this divine manifestation is inadequate and that it does not afford any profound moral satisfaction. It must be supplemented by the revelation of God in humanity. What is said in this connection on the subject of the incarnation is exceedingly helpful. The underlying truth is the kinship between the finite and the Infinite. This experience was demonstrated to perfection in Jesus Christ, who is "the great Mediator between the divine and the human; that is, himself completely human, and divine with a fullness possible to no other man, he stands as the great High Priest of humanity. We come to God through him, therefore, not only because we must come to God by way of the human, but because his humanity is linked with a measure of divinity which makes him the one human Being who has entered perfectly into the heart and mind of the eternal God." The title of one of the chapters, "The Bible as a Record of Divine Revelation," indicates the trend of its argument. Here is a clear discrimination which saves a great deal of difficulty: "The biblical writers speak constantly of the spiritual life. They seek to make real the inner experiences of the soul, and in doing so they must use the terms of the sense life. This is why there is so much language in the Bible which must be interpreted not literally for what it says, but logically for what it means." Professor Strickland has certainly produced a thought-stimulating and thought-clarifying book. It is one of the most satisfying interpretations of Christianity, and those who are looking for guidance in matters of faith are heartily recommended to study these luminous pages.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

The Three Religious Leaders of Oxford and Their Movements: John Wycliffe, John Wesley, John Henry Newman. By S. Parkes Cadman. 8vo, pp. xv+596. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $2.50, net.

Dr. Cadman needs no introduction to Methodist readers. He is one of the first preachers and lecturers of the age. His little volume on William Owen was a fragrant portraiture of a Methodist saint. His next volume, on Charles Darwin and Other English Thinkers, showed a thorough acquaintance with the main currents of nineteenth century scientific and philosophical thought—so much so that it was given a favorable reception in America and Great Britain. His latest volume is a decided advance, and it will at once place him in the front rank of historical writers. On every page there are marks of extensive research and mature judgment. His descriptions of contemporary conditions are marked by keen analysis, clear insight, and the historical sense which avoids both exaggeration and prejudice. The sketch of England in the eighteenth century is a masterly survey of the currents and cross currents of social, political, and religious life during that disturbed and troubled period of English history. The outlines of scholastic and utilitarian philosophy, of the transcendentalism of Coleridge, the deism of the days of Wesley, and the theology of the men with whom the volume more directly deals, will be read with great interest. The student of church history will find much of value in the discussions on the mediæval papacy and the Avignon schism. Special mention should be made of the lucid characterizations of Marsiglio of Padua, Hildebrand, Grosseteste, Saint Francis, Dante, Anselm, Whitefield, Charles Wesley, Asbury, Coke, Embury, Keble, Coleridge, Froude, Pusey, and many others too numerous to mention. A few quotations will give some idea of the author's style in character portraiture. This is a reference to Mrs. Susannah Wesley: "Her Anglicanism was blended with the sterner qualities of her Puritan father, and her zeal was no less ardent because it was equable. Although deficient in some milder attributes of the feminine nature, and without that sense of humor which would have softened the rigidities of her domestic rule, she excelled in simplicity, dignity, practicality, and firmness of purpose, traits which made her affection a source of strength and security." The eager spirit of Bishop Asbury is thus described, and there are many other notices of this valiant soldier of the cross, who has been well called "the prophet of the long road" by Dr. Tipple in his enthusiastic volume on this noble pioneer of American Methodism: "Tall, gaunt, and ascetic in appearance, clad in a plain drab suit, a stock, and a low, broad-brimmed hat, and married only to the Church, twice yearly he rode along the Atlantic seaboard from Connecticut to the Carolinas, and westward through the mountains to the farther slopes of the Alleghanies, then the frontiers of civilization. He forded rivers and followed trails which led to the fastnesses of the virgin forest. Indian savages or white fugitives from justice were frequently his only companions in the wilderness. If his horse cast a shoe, he bound

the hoof with bull's hide and pushed on. In a time when steamboats and railroads were unknown and coaches rare, he made his tours of four to five thousand miles annually, preaching at least once a day, and three times on the Lord's Day. The families he encountered in these solitary journeyings were not always decent or hospitable, but he never called on them without prayer, or left them without a blessing. Quarterly meetings, camp meetings, and seven Annual Conferences, all widely apart, were the rallying points of his activity, and he visited them at least once a year, besides writing a thousand letters annually to his preachers and helpers. This prodigious exertion was accomplished under constant bodily suffering; yet aches and pains, chills and fever, were mere trifles to his superior spirit, and could not daunt him." The characteristic weaknesses of Tractarianism are shown in the following picturesque description of John Keble, the real founder of this movement: "Resentful of the preponderant intellectualism of the day, with its attendant egotism and sterility in motive power; given to allegorical and fanciful interpretation; subservient to patristic illustrations of ritual and worship; as a rule mild as a lamb but liable to outbreaks of temper when his pet theories were assailed; and separated from the social existence of the majority of his fellow countrymen; such was John Keble, the saint and singer, who lived to see his principles promulgated in countless parishes and his ministrations extended throughout England and America." The criticisms of this remarkable revival in Anglicanism are both searching and impartial, and throughout we feel that we are in the hands of a historian who is well informed and therefore fair to all concerned. The mystery and pathos of Newman's career were the logical outcome of his gifted but strange personality. There is a striking passage which describes how Newman wrested victory out of defeat through the publication of the Apologia. There was, however, an element of sadness even in his final triumph, "for his honors came too late to be much more than an official vindication and a source of personal comfort." The growth of Wesley into the remarkable experience which he transmitted to millions of his followers, and the analysis of that experience, both its strength and weakness, will be read with much profit, especially by Methodists. Book II contains one of the most complete and concise discussions of this remarkably fruitful movement to be found in the English langauge. The fine conclusion is worth quoting: "If Wesley presented an extraordinary combination of characteristics seldom found in any individual, it is also of the first importance to remember that, unlike strong men in other spheres, he had the satisfaction of carrying out his own ideas. The sequence of events placed him in the unique position for which his qualities were exactly fitted; even the contradictions of his age enlarged his capacity for arousing and handling passional forces that previously had no outlet in religion. He made such diligent use of his entire equipment that the Church which was his own embodiment became to Britain and America the purveyor of his affection, his courage, his prudence, his detestation of sin, his love of the sinner, and his faith in a Higher Power. Memory frequently tells a tale almost as flattering as that of hope, but few characters appear

in the teeming fields of retrospect which justify its optimism more than does that of Wesley. Happy is the nation which gave him to the highest possible service. Incalculable are the obligations North America and the world at large owe her for such a gift. Blessed are the people in whose midst he moved, vigorous without vehemence, neither loud nor labored, but as a fixed star of truth and goodness, a pattern of private excellence and public virtue." Dr. Cadman corrects the popular supposition that Wesley had the decisive experience of conversion at a Moravian gathering; it was at a meeting of the Anglican Society in Nettleton Court, conducted by James Hutton. It is well that this fact is known, not to reduce our indebtedness to Moravianism, which is surely very great, but rather in the interest of accuracy. Each of the large sections concludes with an epilogue which clearly summarizes its essential teachings. When the claims and contentions of Protestantism are in the crucible at the present time, this volume by Dr. Cadman, dealing with the distinctive elements of evangelical Christianity, meets an urgent need and deserves to be widely welcomed. Young preachers will find it specially helpful in obtaining a stronger grasp of the essentials of evangelism.

Seventeen Years in the Underworld. By Wellington Scott. Introduction by Lynn Harold Hough. 12mo, pp. 119. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, 50 cents, net.

Probably the best notice we can give of this little book is Dr. Hough's introduction, which is given without quotation marks. Here it is: The two of us were sitting in a large park in an Eastern city, one beautiful summer evening. As the rich afterglow of the sunset turned to twilight and then to dark, my friend began to talk about the old furtive days in the underworld. He told me how in many an American city he had stood before some house of an evening when the shades were not drawn. Within he would see the father and the mother, and the happy little children, and all the bright light of home. He would turn away abruptly and walk into the dark, trying to forget it. He could never have a home like that. Somehow there flashed upon me that night such an intimate sense of the tragic loneliness which a man can know in the underworld as I had never felt before. Two years later I stood in the home of this same friend who for so many years had been a social outlaw. He had fought his battle and won. He was happily married, and his wife and he together were meeting life with quiet strength and courage. A little girl had come to them. I held this tiny baby in my arms as I pronounced the great old words, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." A great light was in the eyes of the father, and the mother's eyes shone with the same gladness. The furtive man who had walked away in the dark trying to forget the sight of a happy home was replaced by a strong, capable citizen, a proud father, in a happy home. I first met this friend of mine—Wellington Scott he calls himself in this narrative—in a certain State penitentiary. It was in the old days when stripes were

still in evidence, and with the prison pallor on his face, and clad in the uniform of the institution, there was no mistaking the fact that he was under sentence. But even then there was something incongruous about it all. The powerfully built frame did suggest deeds which required strength and daring, but the face, ready to light up with friendliness and kindly humor, the eyes ready to brighten with hearty good comradeship, the whole bearing, despite a certain embarrassment at meeting a stranger at that place and under those conditions, suggested a man who might make a great deal of life, and who might mean much to his friends. As an old pal of his in the underworld said to me at a later time, "It never seemed that Wellington Scott belonged there." It did not take us long to become friends. We looked each other in the eye. There were a few words of straight, honest talk, and we had found each other. After that day I kept in close touch with him. I watched his fight for a straight life when he came from the institution where he was confined. I came to know him with an increasing understanding. He had hard things to meet. He felt the tug of the undertow of the old life. But he held to his new purpose. His unusual powers of observation, his capacity for thought, and his gift of expression made the following narrative of absorbing interest. The reader will come to have a new understanding of the forces which drag boys down, and of the underworld which waits for them with wide-open doors. He will understand better how to deal with the boys in his own home, his own Sunday school, and his own community, when he has read this revealing document. The whole problem of the prison and prison reform will appear in a new light. And the reader will come to think of the prisoner, not as a wastrel, but as a man who has lost his way. The iron entered into the soul of the man who writes this little book, and sometimes the intensity of his feeling is felt in his writing. Do some of his terrible memories make him "see red," and ought some of his vigorous statements to be taken with a grain of salt? I do not think that those familiar with prison conditions under the old regime will be inclined to that opinion. Donald Lowrie's My Life in Prison may well be read by the man who thinks that this is an overdrawn picture. That striking volume Within Prison Walls, by Thomas Mott Osborne, blazes with an ethical indignation much stronger than any which finds expression in this book. That Wellington Scott is entirely sincere, that he is level-headed and not inclined to extreme views, and that he believes he has given a fair account of conditions, I know. I am ready to vouch for this narrative, not as the report of a judicial commission, but as a sincere and revealing document, in which, with the endeavor to be both candid and fair, the author gives us many significant chapters from his life. When the judicial appraisal of the old regime in prisons comes in, it will be a more terrible arraignment than this book by Wellington Scott. The crook is waiting for a friend. He has amazing capacity for loyalty. No man in the world is more appreciative of genuine friendship. The ways to prevent men from returning to prison are many. One of the most important is by providing every man who comes out of prison with a friend—human, red-blooded, hearty in all his relations, ready to enter

into the life and see out of the eyes of the man who has come forth to try his fortune in a none too friendly world. At this point the doubter and the cynic may lift their voices. How do I know that the men will respond to friendship? The answer is ready. I know because I have seen the response. That, however, is another story. Some day I may try to tell it. Now it is time for Wellington Scott to speak for himself.

From Alien to Citizen. The Story of My Life in America. By EDWARD A. STEINER. 8vo, pp. 332. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

Tahan. Out of Savagery Into Civilization. An Autobiography. By JOSEPH K. GRIFFIS. 12mo, pp. 263. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

WE are rich in autobiographies which truly reflect the social conditions of American life. The Making of an American, by Jacob A. Riis, is a tribute to the ideals of democracy under which the foreigner becomes acclimated and receives the distinctive American spirit. Up from Slavery, by Booker T. Washington, is a reliable picture of one phase of Southern life, from the standpoint of the Negro people. Now we have two more books which will help toward a better understanding of our complex life. Professor Steiner is a recognized authority on questions relating to the immigrant, and in several volumes he has dealt with this subject with remarkable insight. His latest volume, entitled Introducing the American Spirit, is a series of interviews with a foreigner, to whom he interprets the unique gifts of this country and helps him not only to understand but also to appreciate the American nation. But it is his autobiography to which we desire to call special attention in this notice. He came to this country from Austria-Hungary as a lad, and the marvelous experiences which he has had in his climb up to a place in our American life are related with graphic touches in this very readable volume. It is wonderful how he was able to endure as much as he did, and how every rebuff reacted to his ultimate advantage. "I have suffered much here, I have gone the whole scale of hunger, sorrow, and despair; yet I say it again and again, Holy America! Holy America! And I want all men to be able to say it, as they said it with me under the lee of the land where free men live." This is surely optimistic, but it is the spirit which pervades the whole volume and which makes the reading of it a most wholesome tonic. After lecturing before a woman's club, he was asked by his hostess whether he was not too optimistic. He replied: "I am doing everything to tone down my optimism. I go back and forth in the steerage, I come here, to the East Side, and live again among these people; but invariably I leave them with a song of hope in my heart." "The East Side isn't the place to grow pessimistic; you have to come to Fifth Avenue," replied this distinguished lady. In another place he relates the transition from being a subject of a foreign ruler to becoming a citizen of the United States, and he adds: "If I have preached this doc-

trine of fellowship in a hundred variations from one end of the country to the other—and I have done it almost with a fanatic's zeal—those who have read the story of my life will understand the reason. I have preached this doctrine with a passion, not only because America gave me the chance to achieve certain things, or because it has granted me certain rights and privileges, but because this country ought to be able to keep itself young and virile and vital enough to bestow these blessings upon all who crowd our shores, filling our cities and entering daily into our inner life." The book is a page right out of life, with which the average person is not familiar. All the more necessary, therefore, to become acquainted with these first-hand experiences and impressions. Professor Steiner is one of the most apt students of human nature and a very skillful interpreter of the ups and downs of life. He sees, as few people are able to do, the poetry of the commonplace, and he points out in season and out of season the inner kinship of the human. The character, ambitions, and disadvantages of the immigrant, as well as the conditions in the American industrial world, are described by him with a wealth of insight, and one feels the throb of a great, big heart. Here is a notable conclusion: "For some reason anti-religious movements cannot be propagated in this country. No matter how virile the movement in its beginning, it dwindles and dies, and the second generation of even the most radical propagandists becomes either respectably religious or blends with that great mass of people who are neither hot nor cold in their attitude toward the things of the spirit." From this volume we turn to another which gives the Red Man's point of view and an insight into the conditions and needs of the North American Indian. The spirit of the book is seen in the dedication: "To the Red Heroes and Patriots of America who fought to the last gasp for their rights and suffered defeat without self-pity, and to those who with resolution are struggling to adjust themselves to the trend of modern progress." Chief Tahan is better known as Rev. Joseph K. Griffis. Mr. Arthur C. Parker, State Archæologist of New York, in an introductory chapter says: "Tahan is a man who has passed through a series of transitions that have led him up from savagery, through the experiences of an Indian warrior, a medicine man, an outlaw, a scout, a deserter under sentence of death, a tramp, a Salvation Army captain, a successful evangelist and a clergyman, to the state of broad culture that fits him for his association and friendship with scientists, statesmen, and leaders of world-thought." How lessons on self-reliance, courage, self-help, industry are taught to the Indian boy and Indian girl, their sports and games, the marriage customs and moral code of the Indian, his idea of prayer, his adventures and misadventures and hair-breadth escapes—all this you find related in this epic of the Indian, which may also be called his swan-song. A side-light on the Red Man's religious view of life is seen in the following quotation: "To us God was everywhere. The life in a tree, the beauty in a flower, the curative properties in an herb, the gorgeous-hued cloud, each was the Great Mysterious One. We worshiped life. . . . We never mentioned the name of God except with reverence. Indeed, there were no words in which blasphemy could

be expressed; and this is true of every Indian language of which I have any knowledge. 'The fire burn you; the water drown you; the cold freeze you,' were our curse words. Before the Indian could blaspheme he had to learn the white man's tongue." The second part of the book deals with life in the underworld among the submerged tenth of American civilization. Tahan's experiences as a tramp and a parasite of our social order are related with a liveliness and vividness of style which belong to the whole book. His work as a Salvation Army officer and later as a Christian minister and missionary furnishes important data to those interested in the social and religious conditions of this country. Both Steiner and Griffis have gone through severe struggles in this land, and yet the conclusions of both these men breathe a spirit of Christian optimism. Steiner says: "If to-morrow my part in the battle ends, I shall thank God for the share I have had in it thus far. I shall thank God for the way he has led me into it; through hunger, homelessness, and loneliness; the drudgery of work, the pangs of poverty, and even the fires of affliction. If I am to be kept in the struggle, then for each day of it new thanks; nor do I ask that the wind be tempered, the floods assuaged, or the fires cooled; just this one thing I ask, That I keep faith unto the end." Griffis reaches practically a similar conclusion: "A thought which to me has been a water-spring under a shady tree in the desert when the sun above was a coal of fire and the earth beneath an ash-heap, is this: I am more than anything that can happen. For I cannot believe that heart-hunger grows only for the famine, but that the Master of life will some day stoop down and kiss into life and beauty those whom we've loved and lost awhile; and that together we shall rejoice where the hills are glad of the morning and there shall be no more night."

The Greater Men and Women of the Bible. Edited by JAMES HASTINGS, D.D. Four volumes, 8vo, pp. x+500 each. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, subscription rates each $2, net; separately, $3, net.

WE have tested these volumes for several months and have used them in preparation for the pulpit. They are altogether satisfactory and have furnished material to illustrate and illuminate the truth. These are not volumes of ready-made sermons, which can be easily appropriated at the eleventh hour for next Sunday's ministration. Many libraries have been ransacked, the best authorities consulted and appropriate quotations from their writings are interspersed with considerable original matter. The preacher who turns to these pages will find much to stimulate his thought and aid him in the highest sort of Scripture exposition. What is written of the characters in the Book of Job is equally true of all the people who are mentioned in the Bible. "At every page that we turn, from the first to the last, we feel that if we are transported to another age, other manners, and a far-off land, we are still among our kindred and our brothers. The men who speak to us are men with the same joys, the same affections,

the same difficulties, the same failings; they are children of the same God, exposed to the same temptations, vexed by the same doubts, the same fears, and upheld, if not by the same hopes, yet by much at least of the same faith and the same guidance." We do not think of the Bible as a national volume, but as having a universal appeal. The men and women who appear in its pages do not represent racial traits, but are moral and spiritual types of unusual diversity. What a rich field for biographical preaching! If it is done with accuracy and attractiveness, it will certainly increase the authority and value of the pulpit. When it is further remembered that the Bible is fair to all parties, with the impartiality of the most exacting judiciary, we can accept as final its searching diagnosis of character. No leniency is shown to sin, no palliation of evil, no excuse for distinguished persons, but absolute fidelity to right and truth in the name of the God of justice and mercy. "The Bible is a book of life, and it is true to life. God's dealings are alike in nature and in history; hill follows valley, light follows shadow, beauty and sublimity stand over against each other." Concerning the exact and honest delineation of life we read: "It is one of the many signs of the reality and truthfulness of Scripture history, that the examples most held up for our warning are not those of the worst men, but those of persons in whom there has been a doubtful conflict between good and evil, and the evil has ultimately prevailed; or of men who having been placed in the midst of high privileges and responsibilities, have fallen back on their ordinary characters and natural enjoyments, and despised their loftier calling. To the latter of these classes belongs Esau, whose character is referred to in the Epistle to the Hebrews for our avoidance; to the former belongs Saul, the first king of Israel. As if to throw a stronger light on the character of the unhappy Saul by comparison or contrast, the Scriptures present him along with Samuel, the man of prayer, with David, the man after God's own heart, with his son Jonathan, so lovely yet so truly great. Saul might have prayed like Samuel, might have waited upon God as David did, might have loved with largeness of heart like Jonathan. But his story is the story of the downward progress of the soul; his life is a succession of gradual changes, and in his successive trials evil prevails over the spirit of grace and opportunities of good. As a day that begins with sunshine and then clouds over gloomily and at last closes over with a storm, so is the life of Saul. He is the most tragic character in the Old Testament records; historically tragic in the solitary awfulness of his might and the unutterable pathos of his fall; yet more ethically tragic, a soul of noblest endowments and highest aspirations struggling against and overborne by surroundings, duties, claims, to which his nature was unequal. It is the theme of the old Greek tragedians; they lay it on an irresistible, cruel, overruling Fate. It is the theme of Shakespeare; he bares the springs of moral and mental weakness causing it. It is the theme of the Hebrew historian; he sees in it the contest between a good and an evil spirit from the Lord." This is the introductory paragraph of the chapter on Saul and Samuel, and in illustration of the discussion there are twelve liberal quotations from Carlyle, Benson, Jowett, Gosse, Tolstoy,

Browning, and others. Here is another opening paragraph dealing with a wholly different character: "How admirable and wonderful is the skill of the biblical narrative which in so brief a compass, by the slightest nail-impressions upon the plastic material, contrives to convey to us a complete portrait of this instructive character. Here is the plot of a fine romance—a story told in a few minutes, which an ingenious author might spin out with unflagging interest into a volume. Where writing is so condensed and significant, reading should be careful and meditative. For the writer trusts to the imagination and reflection of the reader to work out the hints that he has given. A wise Bible student will meditate upon the story and the persons, until all their detailed beauty and all their implicit lessons unfold themselves before him. Abigail is the most attractive woman in the histories of the Old Testament." In connection with the call of Abraham we read: "God's commands are not always accompanied by reasons, but always by promises, expressed or understood. To give reasons would excite discussion; but to give a promise shows that the reason, though hidden, is all-sufficient. We can understand the promise, though the reason might baffle and confuse us. The reason is intellectual, metaphysical, spiritual; but a promise is practical, positive, literal. As a shell incloses a kernel, so do the Divine commands hide promises in their heart." The chapter on "Samson—the Glory of Strength," has these interesting sentences: "Some evangelical preachers have displayed Samson to us solely as a type and pattern of Jesus Christ. They have selected texts out of Samson's extraordinary history, and they have suspended excellent New Testament sermons on these adapted texts, hanging great weights on small wires." One more quotation, and this from the chapter on Jonah: "The story of the willful prophet is one of the best known and most misunderstood in the Old Testament—an occasion for jest to the mocker, a cause of bewilderment to the literalist believer, but a reason for joy to the critic. The Old Testament reaches here one of its highest points, for the doctrine of God receives in it one of its clearest and most beautiful expressions, and the spirit of prophetic religion is revealed at its truest and best." The historical values of the Old Testament are conserved throughout these studies; the best results of biblical scholarship are reckoned with; but the great interest is in the portrayal of character; and the intense reality of these worthies of a former day is made vivid by apt extracts from history, biography, fiction, poetry, belles lettres, sermons, travel, and periodical literature, all of recent publication. The more prominent characters are treated with greater fullness. Fourteen chapters are given to Moses, twelve to Abraham, eight to David, three to Joshua, Elijah, Elisha, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Job, and Ezekiel. Mention must also be made of the select literature which is referred to with each chapter. When the remaining two volumes appear, dealing with the New Testament, the hard-working preacher will have a homiletical thesaurus of the greatest service.